*Collier's Junior Classics*

# THE YOUNG FOLKS SHELF OF BOOKS

# Collier's *Junior* Classics

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**Margaret E. Martignoni**

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# once upon a time

*A completely new selection of outstanding children's stories and poems compiled for enrichment reading by a distinguished editorial board of children's librarians.*

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Collier's *Junior* Classics Series

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Once Upon a Time

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# Introduction

*Collier's Junior Classics Series*

We are children only once, and then only for a few brief years. But these are the most impressionable years of a lifetime. Never again will the world and everything in it be so eternally new, so filled with wonder. Never again will physical, mental, spiritual growth be so natural and unavoidable. During these years, habits become ingrained, tastes are developed, personality takes form. The child's whole being is geared toward learning. He instinctively reaches out for truth and, having no prejudices, seizes upon that which is good, just, beautiful. For these reasons, a child deserves what Walter de la Mare has called "only the rarest kind of best."

What do we mean by "best" in a book for children? Best books reflect universal truths with clarity and artistry. Such books reveal that man is essentially good and that life is infinitely worth living. They do not deny the existence of evil, but rather emphasize man's thrilling struggle against evil through faith, courage, and perseverance. They awaken the young reader's imagination, call forth his laughter as well as his tears, help him to understand and to love his fellow man. The reading of such books constitutes a rich heritage of experience which is every child's birthright.

The librarian-editors of *Collier's Junior Classics* have combed the best children's books of the past and present to assemble in a single series a sampling of the finest literature for boys and girls. High standards have been maintained for the art work also, which in most instances has been taken from the original book. No attempt has been made to cover all fields of knowledge or to include factual material for its own sake. The emphasis here is on good literature, chiefly fiction and biography, folk lore and legend, and some poetry. Special attention is given to the American scene and American democratic ideals, but many selections cover other cultures, geographical areas, and historical periods.

The purpose of *Collier's Junior Classics* is to introduce boys and girls to some of the best books ever written for children, to stimulate young readers to seek for themselves the books from which the selections have been drawn as well as other good books of similar appeal, and to encourage children to become discriminating, thoughtful, life-time readers. Author, title, and publisher are given at the foot of the page on which each selection opens. This enables readers to ask for the complete book at a library or bookstore. When necessary, brief introductions set the scene for the selection, while follow-up recommendations, complete with publishers' names, appear at the end of most stories.

*Collier's Junior Classics* is a series of ten individually indexed volumes. A, B, C: GO! has been lovingly compiled for the youngest, and consists of nursery rhymes, favorite folk tales, best-loved poems, and stories for reading aloud. Four volumes have been assembled for the intermediate group: ONCE UPON A TIME, a wonderous collection of fables, world folk tales, and modern fairy tales; MAGIC IN THE AIR, selections from great masterpieces of fantasy; JUST AROUND THE CORNER, excerpts from warm-hearted stories of other lands; and IN YOUR OWN BACKYARD, selections from stirring books about our own country. Four additional volumes cater to the interests of more mature boys and girls: GIFTS FROM THE PAST, memorable selections from world classics; LEGENDS OF LONG AGO, selections from great myths, epics, and American tall tales; ROADS TO GREATNESS, excerpts from biographies of some of the greatest men and women of the world; and CALL OF ADVENTURE, selections from action and suspense stories of today and yesterday. Finally, and most unusual of all, is the volume entitled HARVEST OF HOLIDAYS, a feast of stories, poems, documents, and factual material about twenty-two American national and religious holidays. Although perhaps of greatest interest to the intermediate group, HARVEST OF HOLIDAYS will intrigue and delight all ages.

The tables of contents for the ten volumes read like an all-time Who's Who of distinguished writers. A brief mention of only a few of these authors would include such names as Lewis Carroll, Kenneth Grahame, Charles Dickens, Mark Twain, Louisa May Alcott, Pearl Buck, Laura Ingalls Wilder, Eleanor Estes, Genevieve Foster, Robert Louis Stevenson, Robert McCloskey, Valenti Angelo, Carl Sandburg, A. A. Milne, Eleanor Farjeon, Elizabeth Enright, and Margaret Wise Brown. Among the illustrators, many of whom are also authors, are to be found the Petershams, the d'Aulaires, Wanda Gág, Louis Slobodkin, Helen Sewell, Lois Lenski, Roger Duvoisin, Maurice Sendak, Kurt Wiese, Marguerite de Angeli, Steele Savage, Howard Pyle, Lynd Ward, James Daugherty, Arthur Rackham, Fritz Kredel, and Gustave Dore.

*Collier's Junior Classics* is intended primarily for the home, although libraries will find the series valuable for browsing as well as for introducing children to many different books. Because each book is an individual volume, complete with its own index, it can be shelved where the librarian believes it will be most useful to the children.

No pains have been spared to make the individual volumes a series of stepping stones to all that is best in the magic world of children's books.

*Margaret E. Martignoni*
SERIES EDITOR

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# Once Upon a Time

A blazing campfire . . . a busy marketplace . . . a village square . . . a quiet, shaded porch—these are the places where folk tales grow. From earliest times people made up stories of events that occurred in their families, their clans, their tribes, and eventually, their nations. These stories grew with the people. They were told by fathers to sons and spread by traveling minstrels and bards. For hundreds of years folk tales journeyed by word of mouth; no one ever wrote them down. Soon, there were thousands of tales that lived only in the minds of the people.

In the early 1800's the Grimm brothers traveled through Germany, collecting and writing the tales of the folk. They brought us *Rapunzel, The Elves and the Shoemaker,* and the many other Grimm tales. In other countries, too, collectors sought stories in the homes and haunts of the people. Together they have brought us a huge written literature of folk tales.

ONCE UPON A TIME is a collection of tales from twenty countries, with an added dash of fables and modern fairy tales. There are adventure tales, tales that teach a moral, tales that tell about silly people doing nonsensical things. There are stories about magic, stories about animals, and stories about bravery and courage. Whatever the topic, wherever the land of origin, folk tales have a universal appeal, for they are products of the people, read and loved by people everywhere.

ELIZABETH H. GROSS
*Associate Professor,*
*School of Library Science,*
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# *FABLES*

# Aesop's Fables

EDITED BY JOSEPH JACOBS

*Illustrations by Irwin Greenberg*

## *THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE*

THE hare was once boasting of his speed before the other animals. "I have never yet been beaten," said he, "when I put forth my full speed. I challenge anyone here to race with me."

The Tortoise said quietly: "I accept your challenge."

"That is a good joke," said the Hare; "I could dance round you all the way."

"Keep your boasting till you've beaten," answered the Tortoise. "Shall we race?"

So a course was fixed and a start was made. The Hare darted almost out of sight at once, but soon stopped and, to show his contempt for the Tortoise, lay down to have a nap. The Tortoise plodded on and plodded on, and when the Hare awoke from his nap, he saw the Tortoise just near the winning-post and could not run up in time to save the race. Then said the Tortoise:

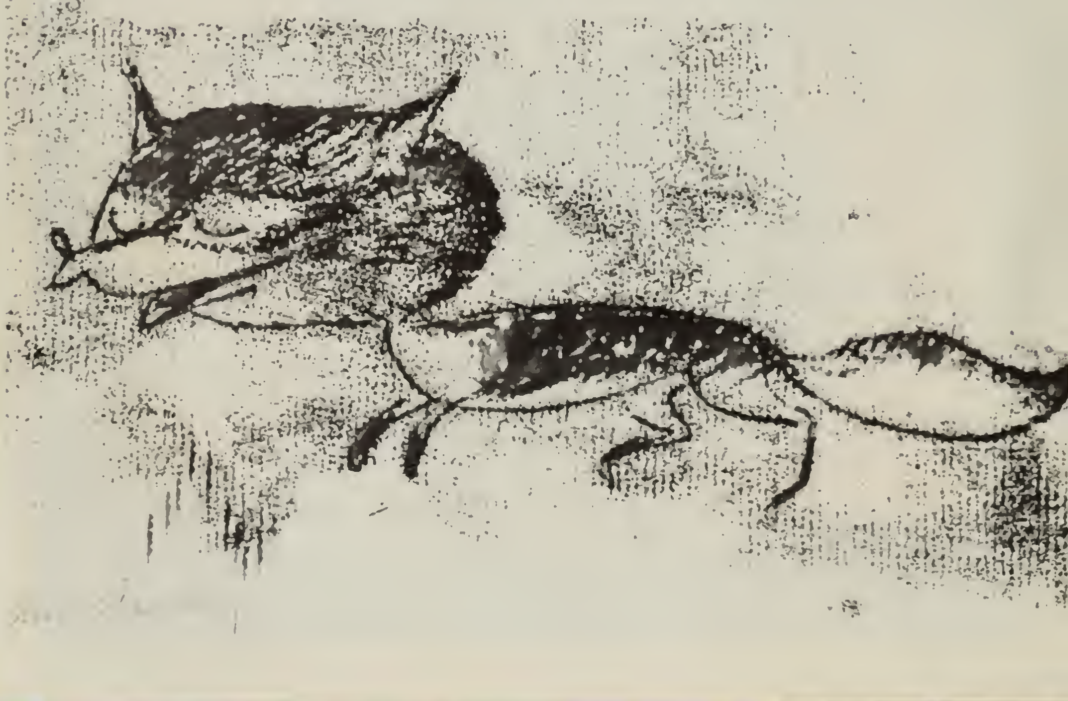
*"Plodding wins the race."*

From *The Fables of Aesop*, edited by Joseph Jacobs. Copyright 1950 by The Macmillan Company.

# THE FOX AND THE GRAPES

ONE hot summer's day a Fox was strolling through an orchard till he came to a bunch of Grapes just ripening on a vine which had been trained over a lofty branch. "Just the thing to quench my thirst," quoth he. Drawing back a few paces, he took a run and a jump, and just missed the bunch. Turning round again with a One, Two, Three, he jumped up, but with no greater success. Again and again he tried after the tempting morsel, but at last had to give it up, and walked away with his nose in the air, saying: "I am sure they are sour."

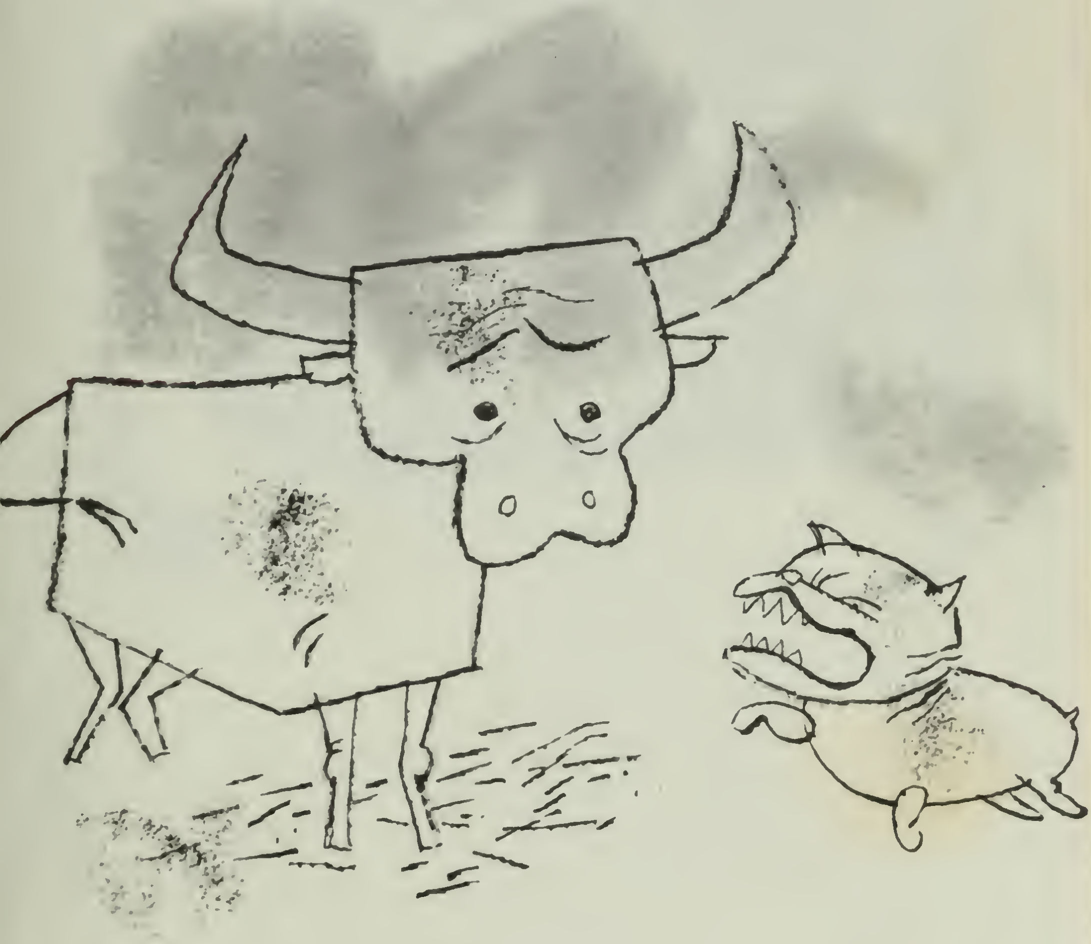
*It is easy to despise what you cannot get.*



## *THE DOG IN THE MANGER*

A DOG looking out for its afternoon nap jumped into the Manger of an Ox and lay there cosily upon the straw. But soon the Ox, returning from its afternoon work, came up to the Manger and wanted to eat some of the straw. The Dog in a rage, being awakened from its slumber, stood up and barked at the Ox, and whenever it came near attempted to bite it. At last the Ox had to give up the hope of getting at the straw, and went away muttering:

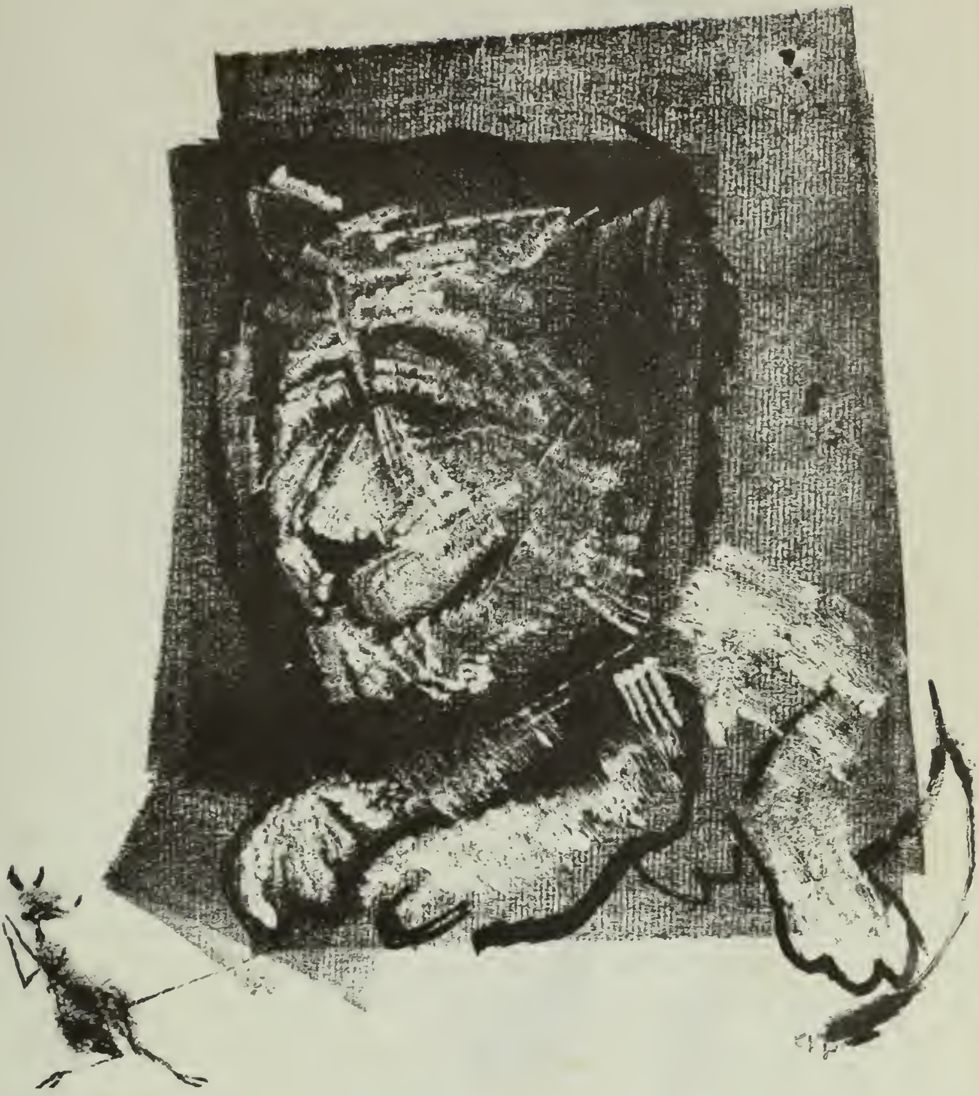
*"Ah, people often grudge others what they cannot enjoy themselves."*



## *THE LION AND THE MOUSE*

ONCE when a Lion was asleep a little Mouse began running up and down upon him; this soon wakened the Lion, who placed his huge paw upon him, and opened his big jaws to swallow him. "Pardon, O King," cried the little Mouse; "forgive me this time, I shall never forget it: who knows but what I may be able to do you a turn some of these days?" The Lion was so tickled at the idea of the Mouse being able to help him, that he lifted up his paw and let him go. Some time after the Lion was caught in a trap, and the hunters, who desired to carry him alive to the King, tied him to a tree while they went in search of a waggon to carry him on. Just then the little Mouse happened to pass by, and seeing the sad plight in which the Lion was, went up to him and soon gnawed away the ropes that bound the King of the Beasts. "Was I not right?" said the little Mouse.

*Little friends may prove great friends.*



## THE TOWN MOUSE AND THE COUNTRY MOUSE

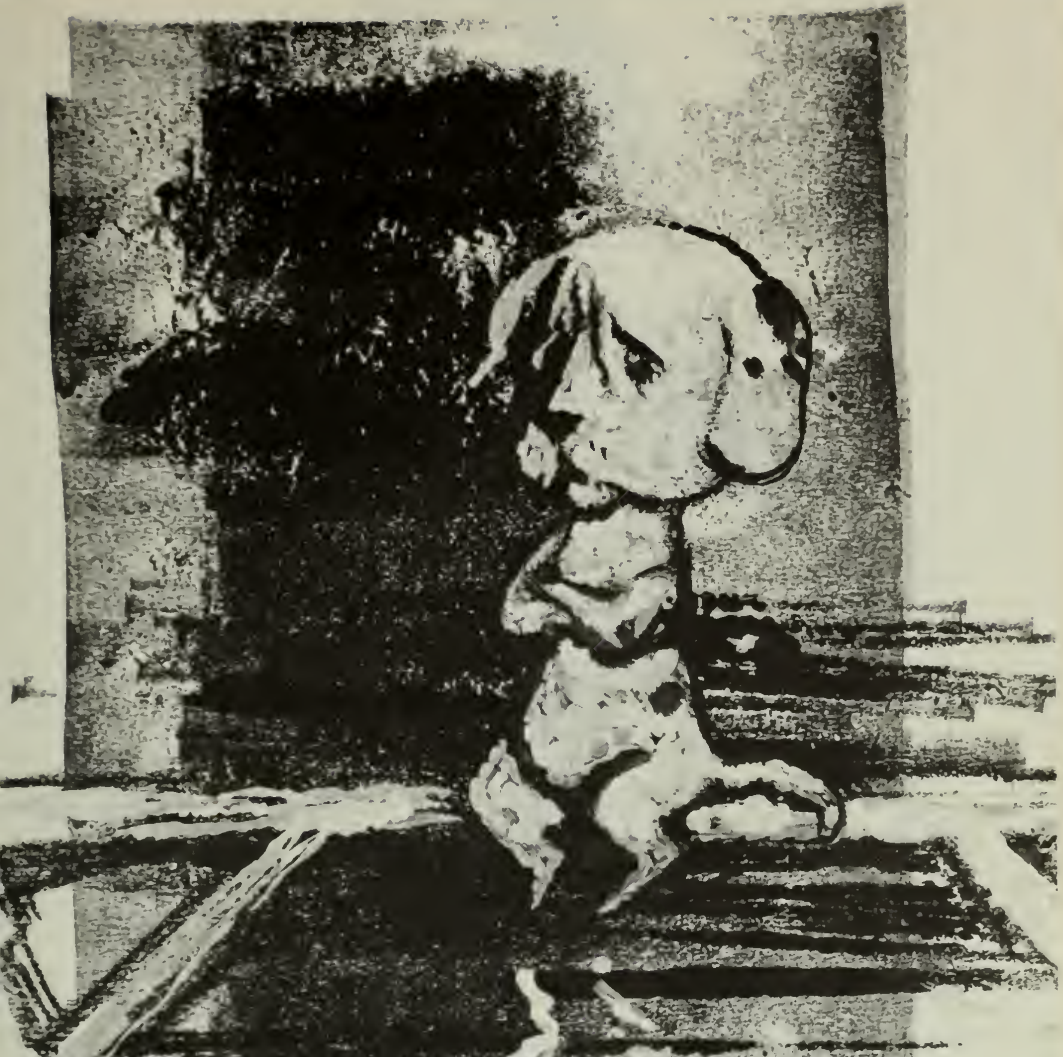
NOW you must know that a Town Mouse once upon a time went on a visit to his cousin in the country. He was rough and ready, this cousin, but he loved his town friend and made him heartily welcome. Beans and bacon, cheese and bread, were all he had to offer, but he offered them freely. The Town Mouse rather turned up his long nose at this country fare, and said: "I cannot understand, Cousin, how you can put up with such poor food as this, but of course you cannot expect anything better in the country; come you with me and I will show you how to live. When you have been in town a week you will wonder how you could ever have stood a country life." No sooner said than done: the two mice set off for the town and arrived at the Town Mouse's residence late at night. "You will want some refreshments after our long journey," said the polite Town Mouse, and took his friend into the grand dining-room. There they found the remains of a fine feast, and soon the two mice were eating up jellies and cakes and all that was nice. Suddenly they heard growling and barking. "What is that?" said the Country Mouse. "It is only the dogs of the house," answered the other. "Only!" said the Country Mouse. "I do not like that music at my dinner." Just at that moment the door flew open, in came two huge mastiffs, and the two mice had to scamper down and run off. "Good-bye, Cousin," said the Country Mouse. "What! Going so soon?" said the other. "Yes," he replied:

*"Better beans and bacon in peace*
*than cakes and ale in fear."*

## *THE DOG AND THE SHADOW*

IT happened that a Dog had got a piece of meat and was carrying it home in his mouth to eat it in peace. Now on his way home he had to cross a plank lying across a running brook. As he crossed, he looked down and saw his own shadow reflected in the water beneath. Thinking it was another dog with another piece of meat, he made up his mind to have that also. So he made a snap at the shadow in the water, but as he opened his mouth the piece of meat fell out, dropped into the water and was never seen more.

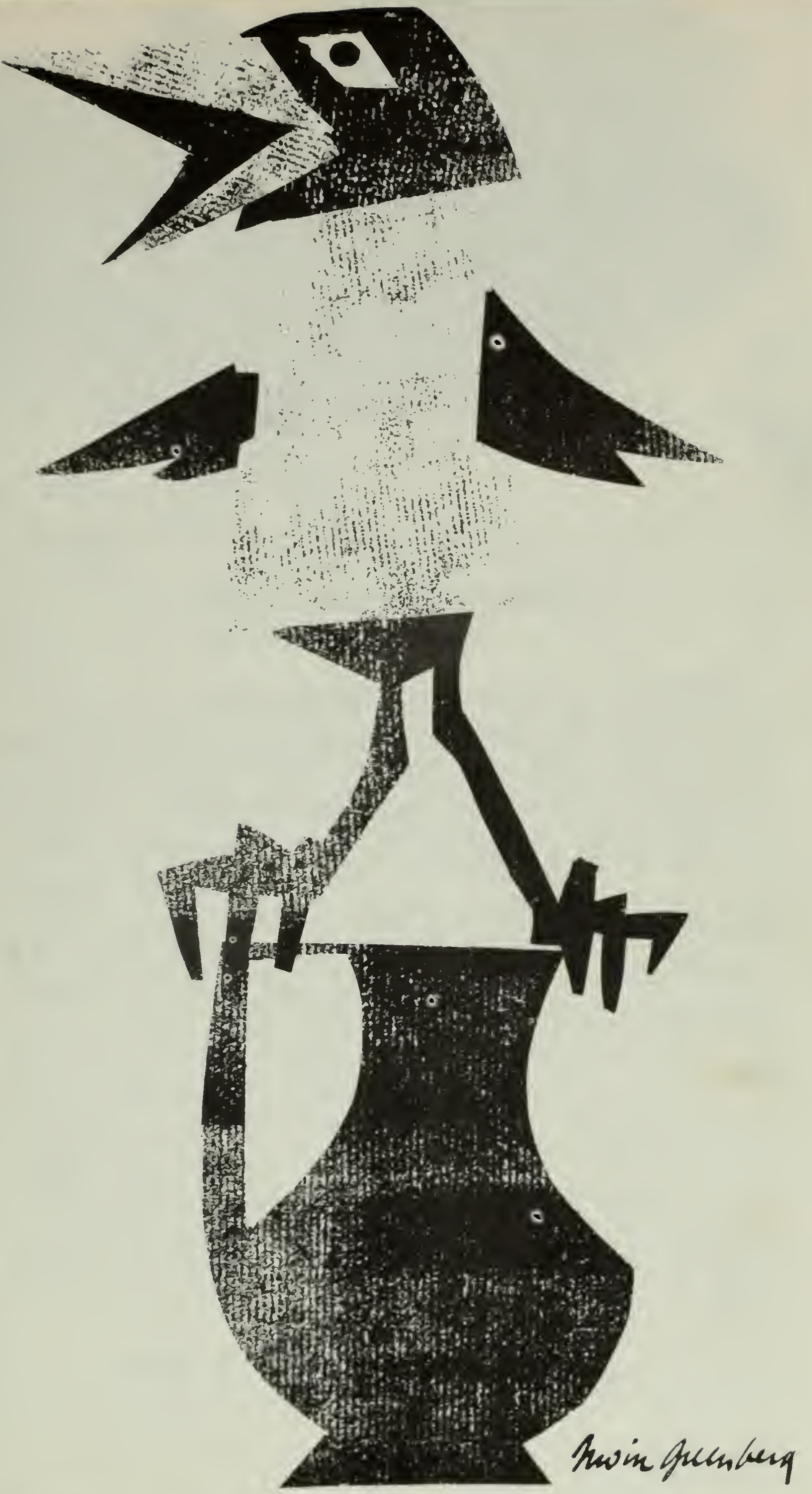
*Beware lest you lose the substance*
*by grasping at the shadow.*

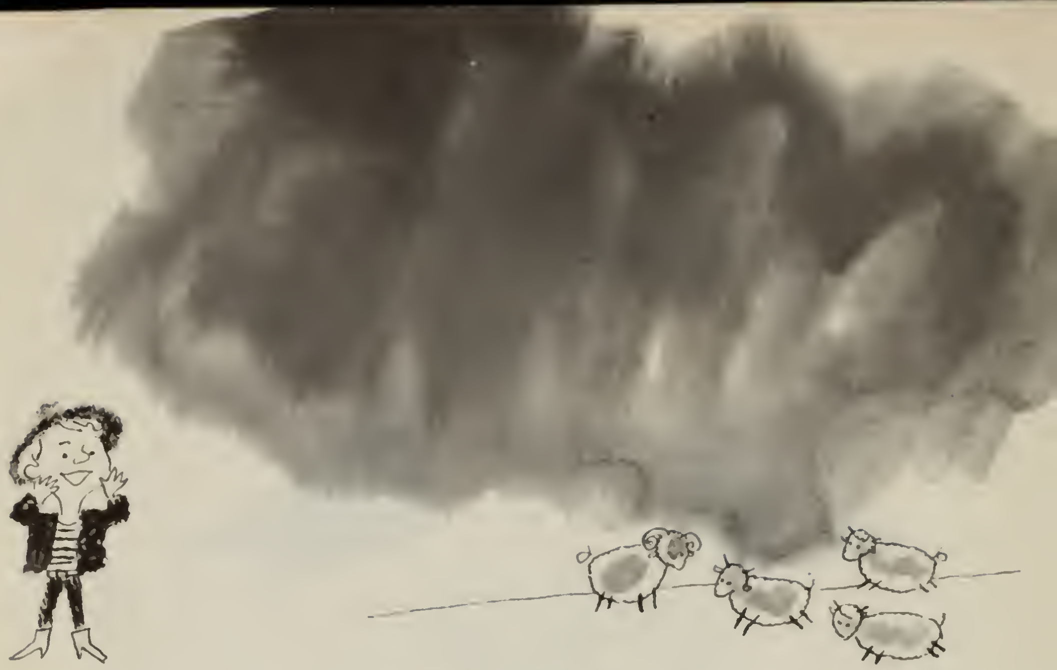


## *THE CROW AND THE PITCHER*

A CROW, half-dead with thirst, came upon a Pitcher which had once been full of water; but when the Crow put its beak into the mouth of the Pitcher he found that only very little water was left in it, and that he could not reach far enough down to get at it. He tried, and he tried, but at last had to give up in despair. Then a thought came to him, and he took a pebble and dropped it into the Pitcher. Then he took another pebble and dropped it into the Pitcher. Then he took another pebble and dropped that into the Pitcher. Then he took another pebble and dropped that into the Pitcher. Then he took another pebble and dropped that into the Pitcher. Then he took another pebble and dropped that into the Pitcher. At last, at last, he saw the water mount up near him; and after casting in a few more pebbles he was able to quench his thirst and save his life.

*Little by little does the trick.*





# *THE SHEPHERD BOY*

THERE was once a young Shepherd Boy who tended his sheep at the foot of a mountain near a dark forest. It was rather lonely for him all day, so he thought upon a plan by which he could get a little company and some excitement. He rushed down towards the village calling out "Wolf, Wolf," and the villagers came out to meet him, and some of them stopped with him for a considerable time. This pleased the boy so much that a few days afterwards he tried the same trick, and again the villagers came to his help. But shortly after this a Wolf actually did come out from the forest, and began to worry the sheep, and the boy of course cried out "Wolf, Wolf," still louder than before. But this time the villagers, who had been fooled twice before, thought the boy was again deceiving them, and nobody stirred to come to his help. So the Wolf made a good meal off the boy's flock, and when the boy complained, the wise man of the village said:

*"A liar will not be believed, even when*
*he speaks the truth."*

# Jataka Tales of India

RETOLD BY ELLEN C. BABBITT

*Illustrations by Robert Reed Macguire*

## *HOW THE TURTLE SAVED HIS OWN LIFE*

A king once had a lake made in the courtyard for the young princes to play in. They swam about in it, and sailed their boats and rafts on it. One day the king told them he had asked the men to put some fishes into the lake.

Off the boys ran to see the fishes. Now, along with the fishes, there was a Turtle. The boys were delighted with the fishes, but they had never seen a Turtle, and they were afraid of it, thinking it was a demon. They ran back to their father, crying, "There is a demon on the bank of the lake."

The king ordered his men to catch the demon, and to bring it to the palace. When the Turtle was brought in, the boys cried and ran away.

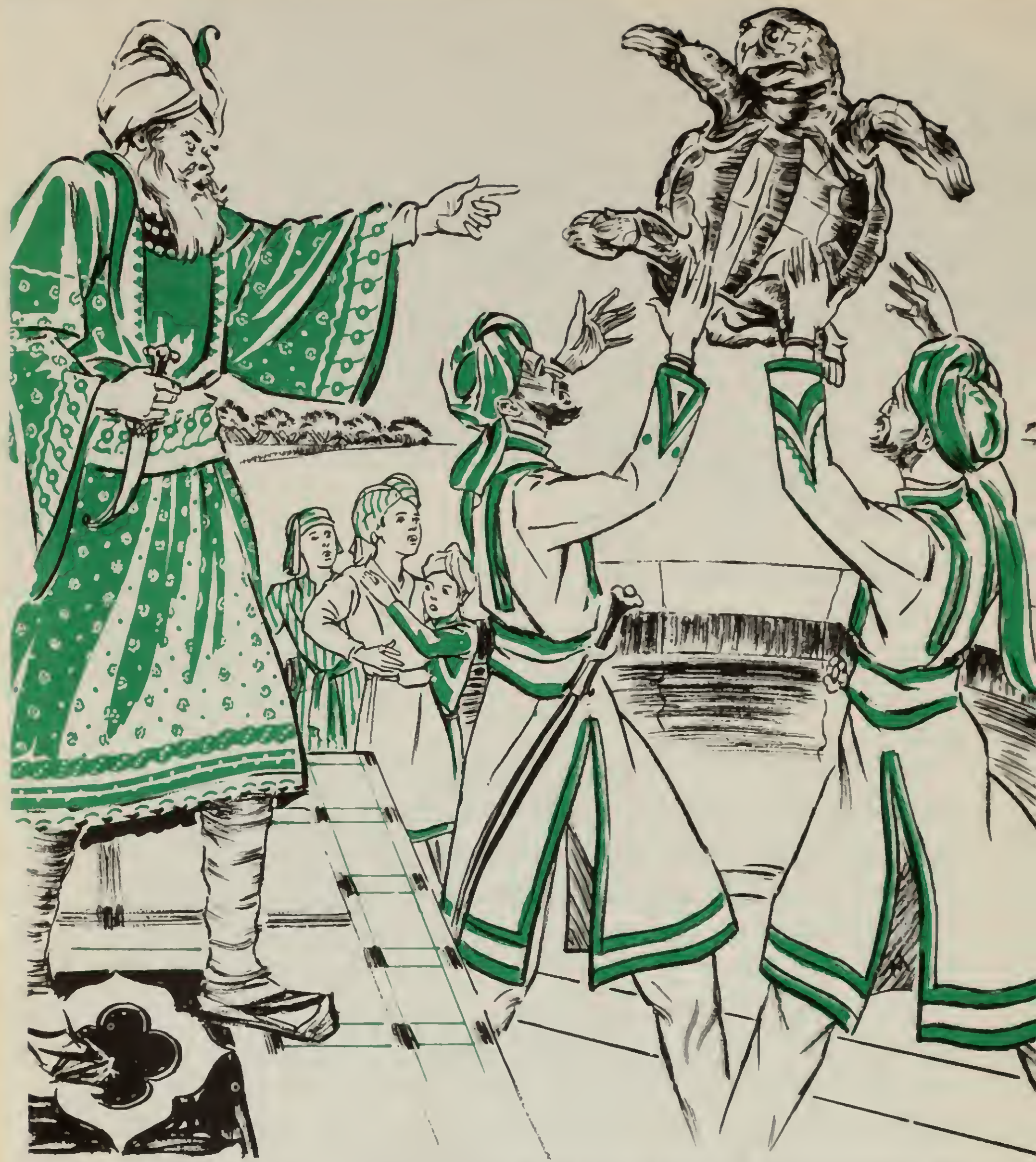
The king was very fond of his sons, so he ordered the men who had brought the Turtle to kill it.

"How shall we kill it?" they asked.

"Pound it to powder," said some one. "Bake it in hot coals," said another.

So one plan after another was spoken of. Then an old man who had always been afraid of the water said: "Throw the thing into the lake where it flows out over the rocks into the river. Then it will surely be killed."

From *The Jataka Tales*, retold by Ellen C. Babbitt, copyright 1912 by The Century Co., 1940 by D. Appleton-Century Co., Inc. Published by Appleton-Century-Crofts, Inc.



When the Turtle heard what the old man said, he thrust out his head and asked: "Friend, what have I done that you should do such a dreadful thing as that to me? The other plans were bad enough, but to throw me into the lake! Don't speak of such a cruel thing!"

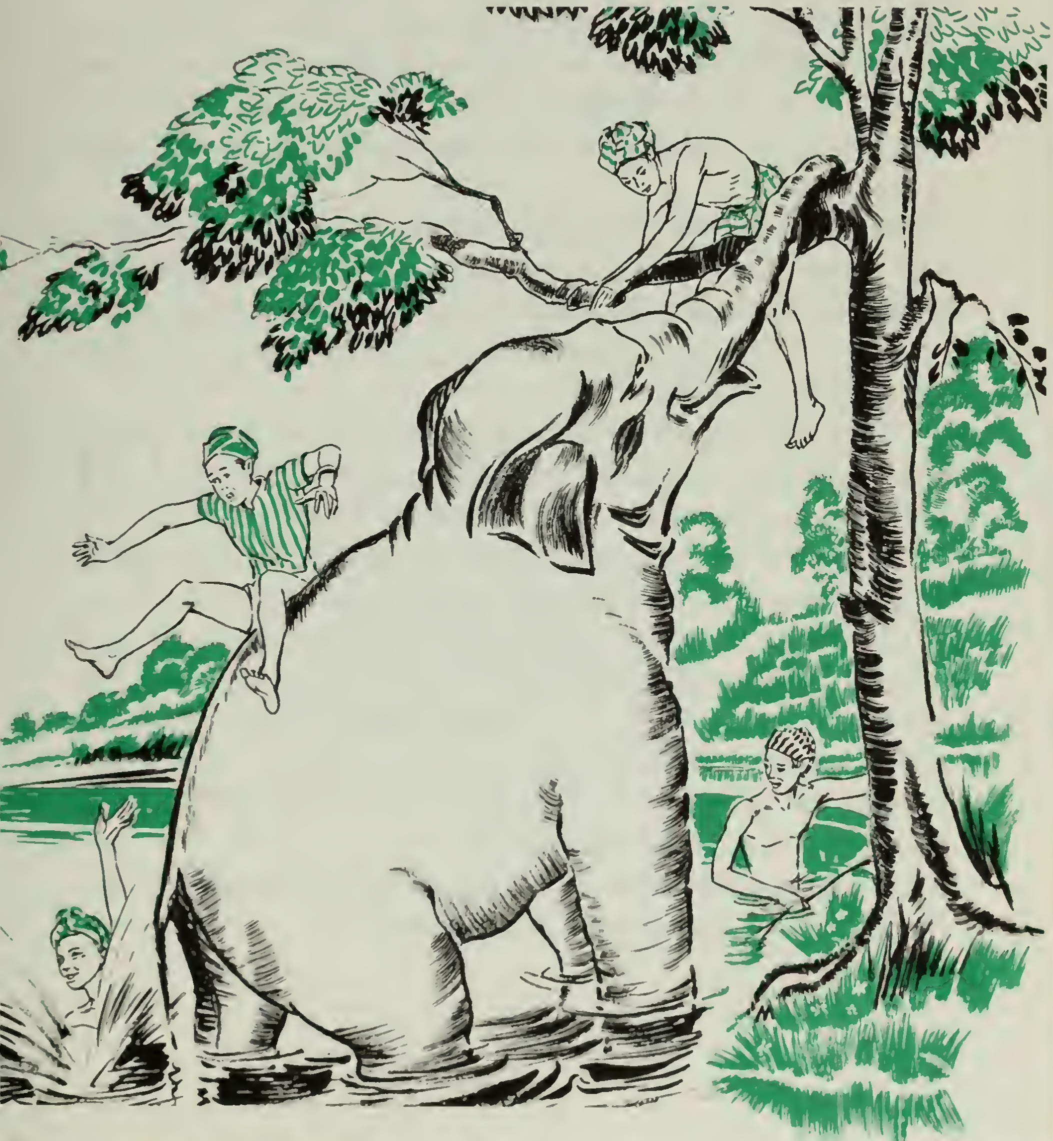
When the king heard what the Turtle said, he told his men to take the Turtle at once and throw it into the lake.

The Turtle laughed to himself as he slid away down the river to his old home. "Good!" he said, "those people do not know how safe I am in the water!"

# THE KING'S WHITE ELEPHANT

ONCE upon a time a number of carpenters lived on a river bank near a large forest. Every day the carpenters went in boats to the forest to cut down the trees and make them into lumber.

One day while they were at work an Elephant came limping on three feet to them. He held up one foot and the carpenters saw that it was swollen and sore. Then the Elephant lay down and the men saw that there was



a great splinter in the sore foot. They pulled it out and washed the sore carefully so that in a short time it would be well again.

Thankful for the cure, the Elephant thought: "These carpenters have done so much for me, I must be useful to them."

So after that the Elephant used to pull up trees for the carpenters. Sometimes when the trees were chopped down he would roll the logs down to the river. Other times he brought their tools for them. And the carpenters used to feed him well morning, noon and night.

Now this Elephant had a son who was white all over —a beautiful, strong young one. Said the old Elephant to himself, "I will take my son to the place in the forest where I go to work each day so that he may learn to help the carpenters, for I am no longer young and strong."

So the old Elephant told his son how the carpenters had taken good care of him when he was badly hurt and took him to them. The white Elephant did as his father told him to do and helped the carpenters and they fed him well.

When the work was done at night the young Elephant went to play in the river. The carpenters' children played with him, in the water and on the bank. He liked to pick them up in his trunk and set them on the high branches of the trees and then let them climb down on his back.

One day the king came down the river and saw this beautiful white Elephant working for the carpenters. The king at once wanted the Elephant for his own and paid the carpenters a great price for him. Then with a last look at his playmates, the children, the beautiful white Elephant went on with the king.

The king was proud of his new Elephant and took the best care of him as long as he lived.

## *THE FOOLISH, TIMID RABBIT*

ONCE upon a time, a Rabbit was asleep under a palm-tree.

All at once he woke up, and thought: "What if the world should break up! What then would become of me?"

At that moment, some Monkeys dropped a cocoanut. It fell down on the ground just back of the Rabbit.

Hearing the noise, the Rabbit said to himself: "The earth is all breaking up!"

And he jumped up and ran just as fast as he could, without even looking back to see what made the noise.

Another Rabbit saw him running, and called after him, "What are you running so fast for?"

"Don't ask me!" he cried.

But the other Rabbit ran after him, begging to know what was the matter.

Then the first Rabbit said: "Don't you know? The earth is all breaking up!"

And on he ran, and the second Rabbit ran with him.

The next Rabbit they met ran with them when he heard that the earth was all breaking up.

One Rabbit after another joined them, until there were hundreds of Rabbits running as fast as they could go.

They passed a Deer, calling out to him that the earth was all breaking up. The Deer then ran with them.

The Deer called to a Fox to come along because the earth was all breaking up.

On and on they ran, and an Elephant joined them.

At last the Lion saw the animals running, and heard their cry that the earth was all breaking up.

He thought there must be some mistake, so he ran to the foot of a hill in front of them and roared three times.

This stopped them, for they knew the voice of the King of Beasts, and they feared him.

"Why are you running so fast?" asked the Lion.

"Oh, King Lion," they answered him, "the earth is all breaking up!"

"Who saw it breaking up?" asked the Lion.

"I didn't," said the Elephant. "Ask the Fox—he told me about it."

"I didn't," said the Fox.

"The Rabbits told me about it," said the Deer.

One after another of the Rabbits said: "I did not see it, but another Rabbit told me about it."

At last the Lion came to the Rabbit who had first said the earth was all breaking up.

"Is it true that the earth is all breaking up?" the Lion asked.

"Yes, O Lion, it is," said the Rabbit. "I was asleep under a palm-tree. I woke up and thought, 'What would become of me if the earth should all break up?' At that very moment, I heard the sound of the earth breaking up, and I ran away."

""Then," said the Lion, "you and I will go back to the place where the earth began to break up, and see what is the matter."

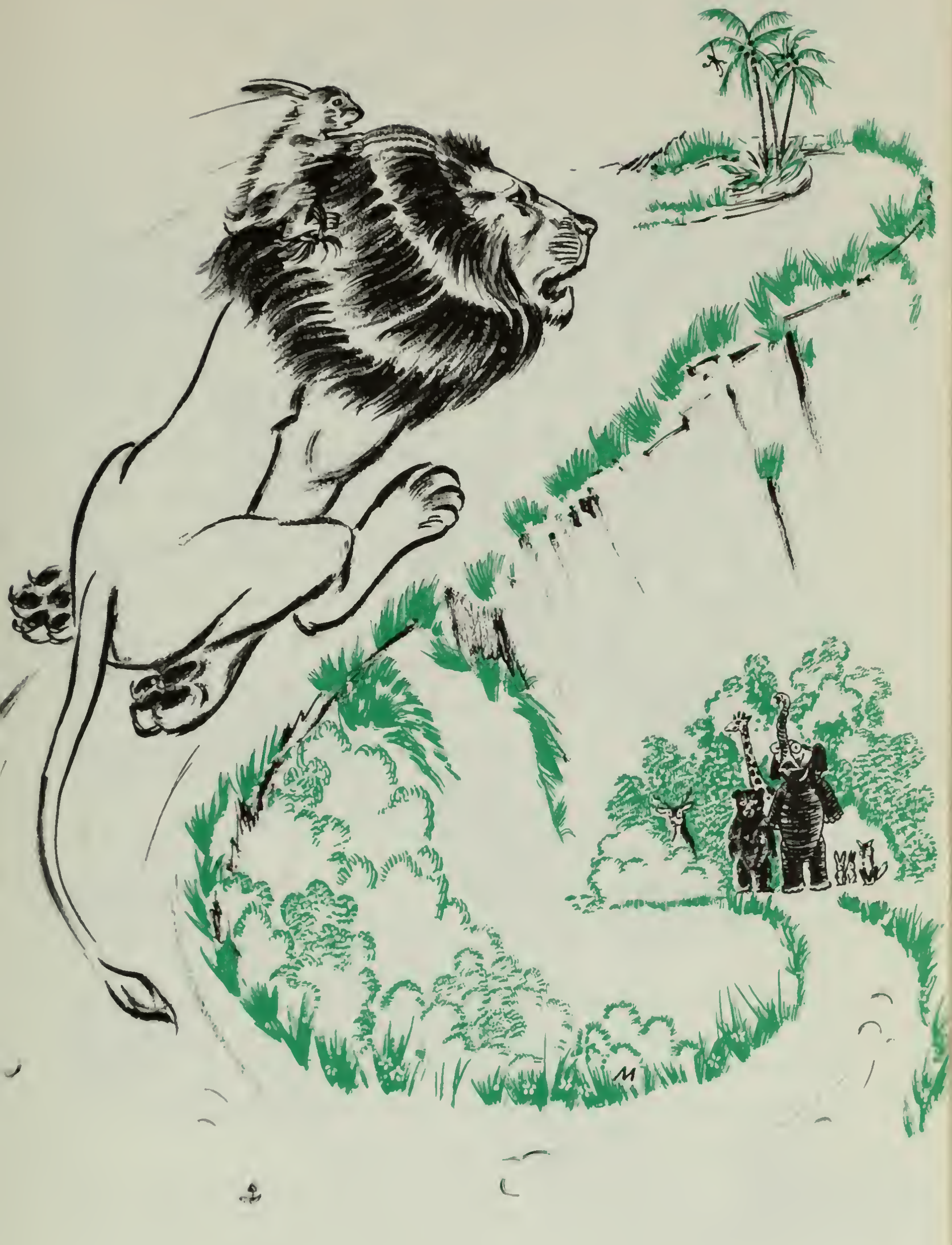
So the Lion put the little Rabbit on his back, and away they went like the wind. The other animals waited for them at the foot of the hill.

The Rabbit told the Lion when they were near the place where he slept, and the Lion saw just where the Rabbit had been sleeping.

He saw, too, the cocoanut that had fallen to the ground near by. Then the Lion said to the Rabbit, "It must have been the sound of the cocoanut falling to the ground that you heard. You foolish Rabbit!"

And the Lion ran back to the other animals, and told them all about it.

If it had not been for the wise King of Beasts, they might be running still.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## *THE QUARREL OF THE QUAILS*

ONCE upon a time many quails lived together in a forest. The wisest of them all was their leader.

A man lived near the forest and earned his living by catching quails and selling them. Day after day he listened to the note of the leader calling the quails. By and by this man, the fowler, was able to call the quails together. Hearing the note the quails thought it was their leader who called.

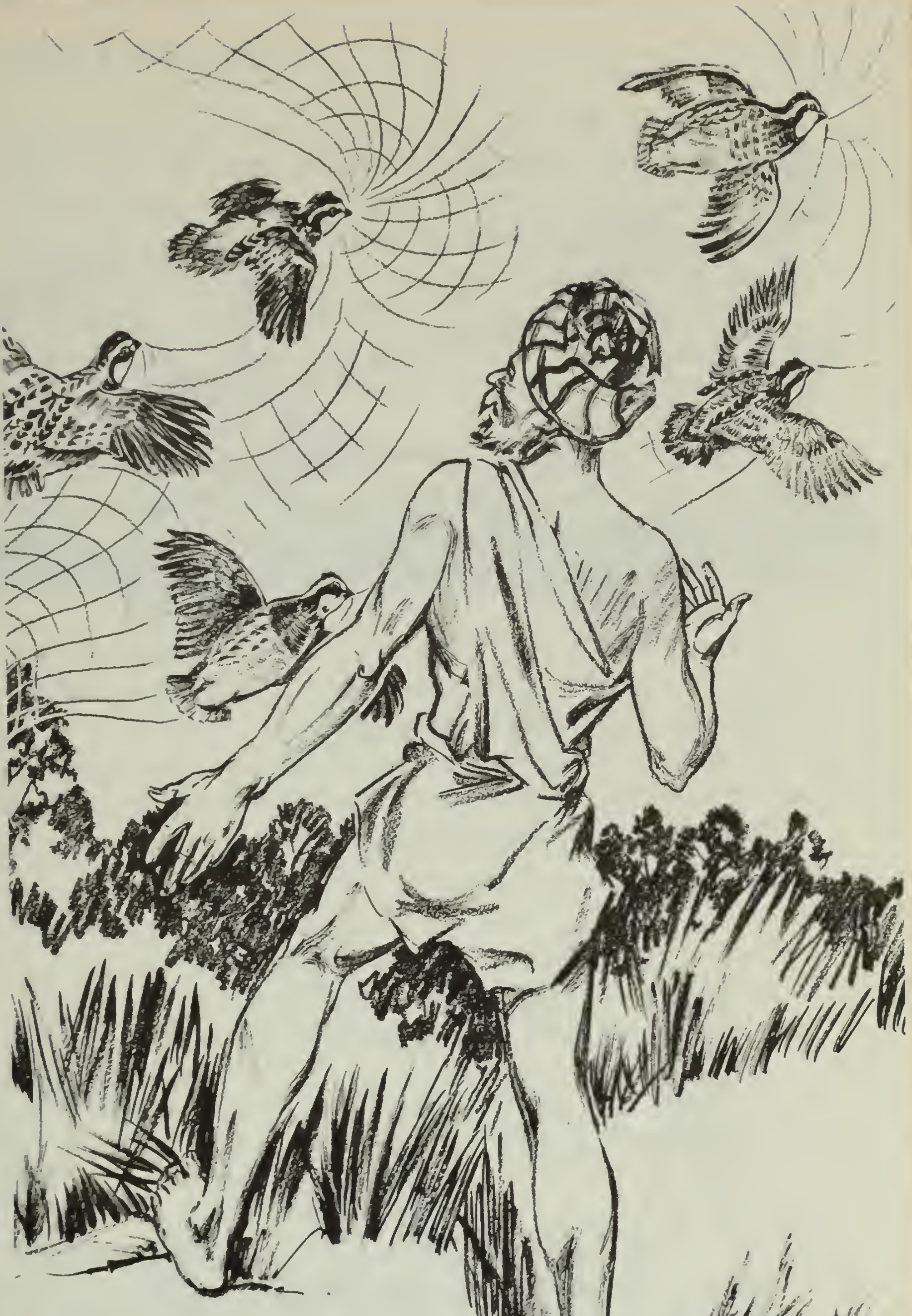
When they were crowded together, the fowler threw his net over them and off he went into the town, where he soon sold all the quails that he had caught.

The wise leader saw the plan of the fowler for catching the quails. He called the birds to him and said, "This fowler is carrying away so many of us, we must put a stop to it. I have thought of a plan; it is this: The next time the fowler throws a net over you, each of you must put your head through one of the little holes in the net. Then all of you together must fly away to the nearest thorn-bush. You can leave the net on the thorn-bush and be free yourselves."

The quails said that was a very good plan and they would try it the next time the fowler threw the net over them.

The very next day the fowler came and called them together. Then he threw the net over them. The quails lifted the net and flew away with it to the nearest thorn-bush where they left it. They flew back to their leader to tell him how well his plan had worked.

The fowler was busy until evening getting his net off the thorns and he went home empty-handed. The next day the same thing happened, and the next. His wife was angry because he did not bring home any money, but the fowler said, "The fact is those quails are work-



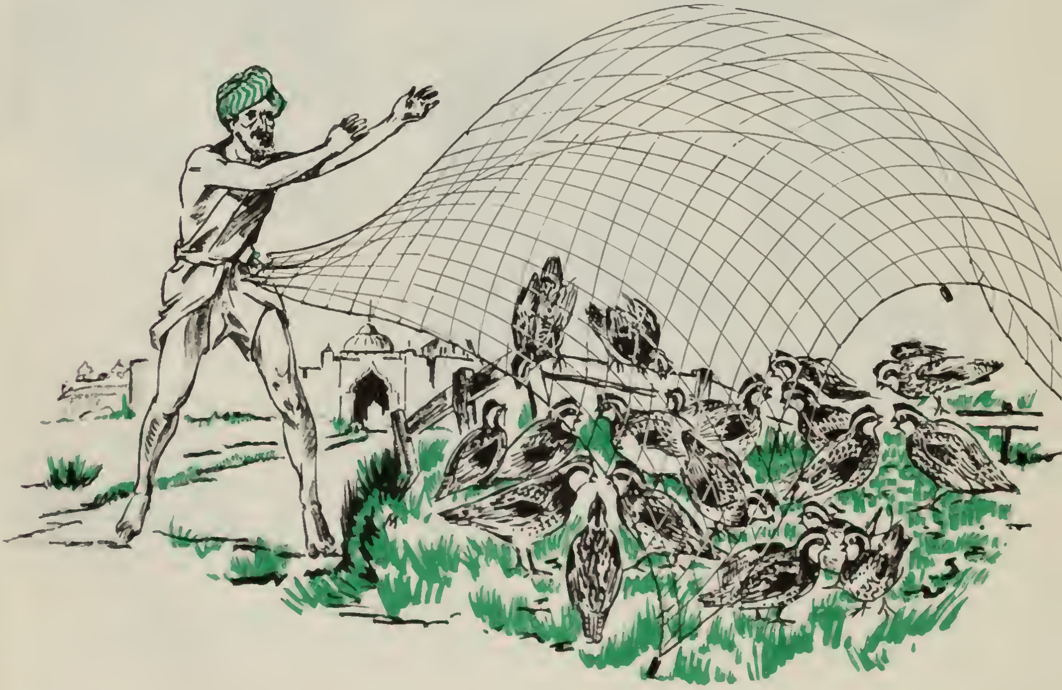
ing together now. The moment my net is over them, off they fly with it, leaving it on a thorn-bush. As soon as the quails begin to quarrel I shall be able to catch them."

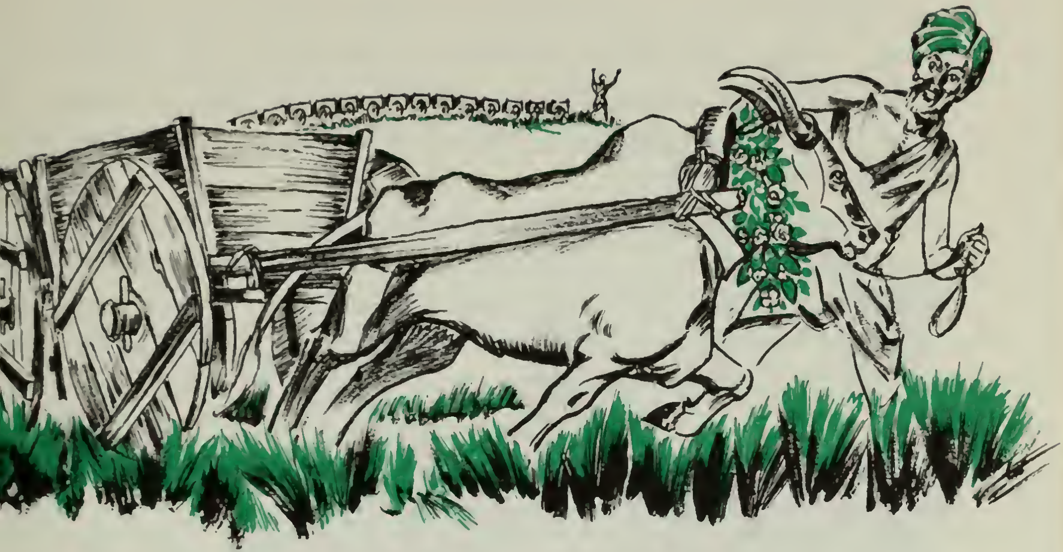
Not long after this, one of the quails in alighting on their feeding ground, trod by accident on another's head. "Who trod on my head?" angrily cried the second. "I did; but I didn't mean to. Don't be angry," said the first quail, but the second quail was angry and said mean things.

Soon all the quails had taken sides in this quarrel. When the fowler came that day he flung his net over them, and this time instead of flying off with it, one side said, "Now, you lift the net," and the other side said, "Lift it yourself."

"You try to make us lift it all," said the quails on one side. "No, we don't!" said the others, "you begin and we will help," but neither side began.

So the quails quarreled, and while they were quarreling the fowler caught them all in his net. He took them to town and sold them for a good price.





## THE OX WHO WON THE FORFEIT

LONG ago a man owned a very strong Ox. The owner was so proud of his Ox, that he boasted to every man he met about how strong his Ox was.

One day the owner went into a village, and said to the men there: “I will pay a forfeit of a thousand pieces of silver if my strong Ox cannot draw a line of one hundred wagons.”

The men laughed, and said: “Very well; bring your Ox, and we will tie a hundred wagons in a line and see your Ox draw them along.”

So the man brought his Ox into the village. A crowd gathered to see the sight. The hundred carts were in line, and the strong Ox was yoked to the first wagon.

Then the owner whipped his Ox, and said: “Get up, you wretch! Get along, you rascal!”

But the Ox had never been talked to in that way, and he stood still. Neither the blows nor the hard names could make him move.

At last the poor man paid his forfeit, and went sadly home. There he threw himself on his bed and cried: "Why did that strong Ox act so? Many a time he has moved heavier loads easily. Why did he shame me before all those people?"

At last he got up and went about his work. When he went to feed the Ox that night, the Ox turned to him and said: "Why did you whip me to-day? You never whipped me before. Why did you call me 'wretch' and 'rascal'? You never called me hard names before."

Then the man said: "I will never treat you badly again. I am sorry I whipped you and called you names. I will never do so any more. Forgive me."

"Very well," said the Ox. "To-morrow I will go into the village and draw the one hundred carts for you. You have always been a kind master until today. To-morrow you shall gain what you lost."

The next morning the owner fed the Ox well, and hung a garland of flowers about his neck. When they went into the village the men laughed at the man again.

They said: "Did you come back to lose more money?"

"To-day I will pay a forfeit of two thousand pieces of silver if my Ox is not strong enough to pull the one hundred carts," said the owner.

So again the carts were placed in a line, and the Ox was yoked to the first. A crowd came to watch again. The owner said: "Good Ox, show how strong you are! You fine, fine creature!" And he patted his neck and stroked his sides.

At once the Ox pulled with all his strength. The carts moved on until the last cart stood where the first had been.

Then the crowd shouted, and they paid back the forfeit the man had lost, saying: "Your Ox is the strongest Ox we ever saw."

And the Ox and the man went home, happy.

# *FOLK TALES*

# Hudden and Dudden and Donald O'Neary

EDITED BY JOSEPH JACOBS

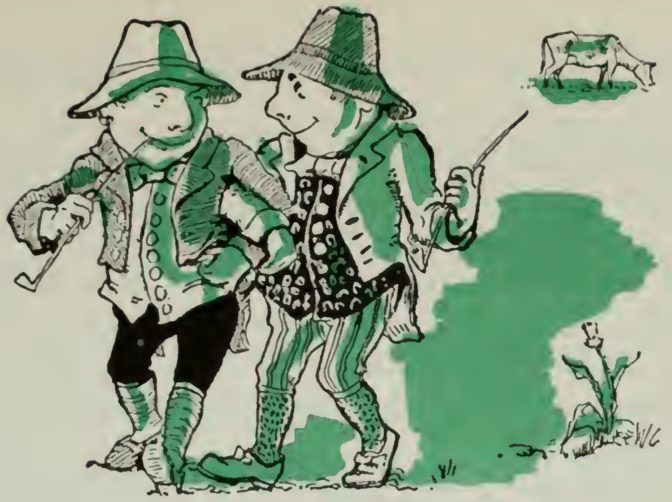
*Illustrations by John D. Batten*

THERE was once upon a time two farmers, and their names were Hudden and Dudden. They had poultry in their yards, sheep on the uplands, and scores of cattle in the meadow-land alongside the river. But for all that they weren't happy. For just between their two farms there lived a poor man by the name of Donald O'Neary. He had a hovel over his head and a strip of grass that was barely enough to keep his one cow, Daisy, from starving, and, though she did her best, it was but seldom that Donald got a drink of milk or a roll of butter from Daisy. You would think there was little here to make Hudden and Dudden jealous, but so it is, the more one has the more one wants, and Donald's neighbours lay awake nights scheming how they might get hold of his little strip of grass-land. Daisy, poor thing, they never thought of; she was just a bag of bones.

One day Hudden met Dudden, and they were soon grumbling as usual, and all to the tune of "If only we could get that vagabond Donald O'Neary out of the country."

"Let's kill Daisy," said Hudden at last; "if that doesn't make him clear out, nothing will."

From *Celtic Fairy Tales*, edited by Joseph Jacobs. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.



No sooner said than agreed; and it wasn't dark before Hudden and Dudden crept up to the little shed where lay poor Daisy trying her best to chew the cud, though she hadn't had as much grass in the day as would cover your hand. And when Donald came to see if Daisy was all snug for the night, the poor beast had only time to lick his hand once before she died.

Well, Donald was a shrewd fellow, and downhearted though he was, began to think if he could get any good out of Daisy's death. He thought and he thought, and the next day you could have seen him trudging off early to the fair, Daisy's hide over his shoulder, every penny he had jingling in his pockets. Just before he got to the fair, he made several slits in the hide, put a penny in each slit, walked into the best inn of the town as bold as if it belonged to him, and, hanging the hide up to a nail in the wall, sat down.

"Some of your best whisky," says he to the landlord. But the landlord didn't like his looks. "Is it fearing I won't pay you, you are?" says Donald; "why I have a hide here that gives me all the money I want." And with that he hit it a whack with his stick and out hopped a penny. The landlord opened his eyes, as you may fancy.

"What'll you take for that hide?"

"It's not for sale, my good man."

"Will you take a gold piece?"

"It's not for sale, I tell you. Hasn't it kept me and mine for years?" and with that Donald hit the hide another whack and out jumped a second penny.

Well, the long and the short of it was that Donald let the hide go, and, that very evening, who but he should walk up to Hudden's door?

"Good-evening, Hudden. Will you lend me your best pair of scales?"

Hudden stared and Hudden scratched his head, but he lent the scales.

When Donald was safe at home, he pulled out his pocketful of bright gold and began to weigh each piece in the scales. But Hudden had put a lump of butter at the bottom, and so the last piece of gold stuck fast to the scales when he took them back to Hudden.

If Hudden had stared before, he stared ten times more now, and no sooner was Donald's back turned, than he was off as hard as he could pelt to Dudden's.

"Good-evening, Dudden. That vagabond, bad luck to him—"

"You mean Donald O'Neary?"

"And who else should I mean? He's back here weighing out sackfuls of gold."

"How do you know that?"

"Here are my scales that he borrowed, and here's a gold piece still sticking to them."

Off they went together, and they came to Donald's door. Donald had finished making the last pile of ten gold pieces. And he couldn't finish because a piece had stuck to the scales.

In they walked without an "If you please" or "By your leave."

"Well, *I* never!" that was all *they* could say.

"Good-evening, Hudden; good-evening, Dudden. Ah! you thought you had played me a fine trick, but you never did me a better turn in all your lives. When I found poor Daisy dead, I thought to myself, 'Well, her hide may fetch something'; and it did. Hides are worth their weight in gold in the market just now."

Hudden nudged Dudden, and Dudden winked at Hudden.

"Good-evening, Donald O'Neary."

"Good-evening, kind friends."

The next day there wasn't a cow or a calf that belonged to Hudden or Dudden but her hide was going to the fair in Hudden's biggest cart drawn by Dudden's strongest pair of horses.

When they came to the fair, each one took a hide over his arm, and there they were walking through the fair, bawling out at the top of their voices: "Hides to sell! hides to sell!"

Out came the tanner:

"How much for your hides, my good men?"

"Their weight in gold."

"It's early in the day to come out of the tavern." That was all the tanner said, and back he went to his yard.

"Hides to sell! Fine fresh hides to sell!"

Out came the cobbler:

"How much for your hides, my men?"

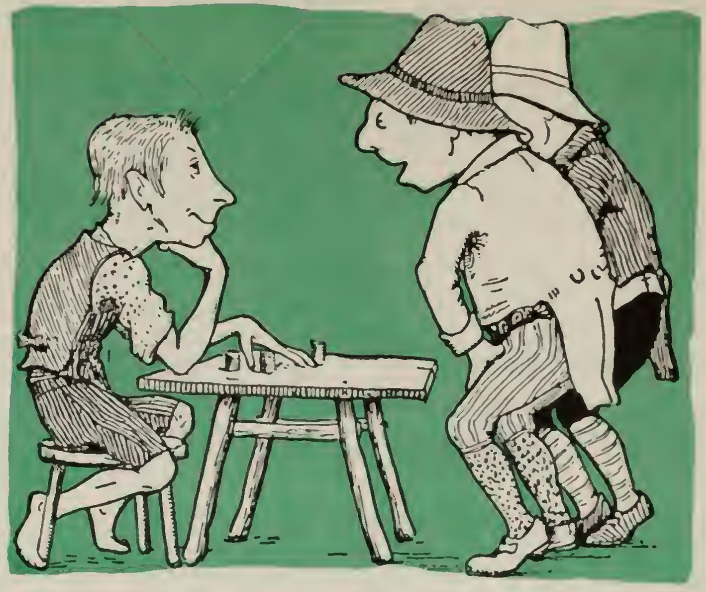
"Their weight in gold."

"Is it making game of me you are! Take that for your pains," and the cobbler dealt Hudden a blow that made him stagger.

Up the people came running from one end of the fair to the other. "What's the matter? What's the matter?" cried they.

"Here are a couple of vagabonds selling hides at their weight in gold," said the cobbler.

"Hold 'em fast; hold 'em fast!" bawled the innkeeper, who was the last one to come up, he was so fat. "I'll wager it's one of the rogues who tricked me out of thirty gold pieces yesterday for a wretched hide."



It was more kicks than halfpence that Hudden and Dudden got before they were well on their way home again, and they didn't run the slower because all the dogs of the town were at their heels.

Well, as you may fancy, if they loved Donald little before, they loved him less now.

"What's the matter friends?" said he, as he saw them tearing along, their hats knocked in, and their coats torn off, and their faces black and blue. "Is it fighting you've been? or mayhap you met the police, ill luck to them?"

"We'll police you, you vagabond. It's mighty smart you thought yourself, deluding us with your lying tales."

"Who deluded you? Didn't you see the gold with your own two eyes?"

But it was no use talking. Pay for it he must, and should. There was a meal-sack handy, and into it Hudden and Dudden popped Donald O'Neary, tied him up tight, ran a pole through the knot, and off they started for the Brown Lake of the Bog, each with a pole-end on his shoulder, and Donald O'Neary between.

But the Brown Lake was far, the road was dusty, Hudden and Dudden were sore and weary, and parched with thirst. There was an inn by the roadside.

"Let's go in," said Hudden; "I'm dead beat. It's heavy he is for the little he had to eat."

If Hudden was willing, so was Dudden. As for Donald, you may be sure his leave wasn't asked, but he was lumped down at the inn door for all the world as if he had been a sack of potatoes.

"Sit still, you vagabond," said Dudden; "if we don't mind waiting, you needn't."

Donald held his peace, but after a while he heard the glasses clink, and Hudden singing away at the top of his voice.

"I won't have her, I tell you; I won't have her!" said Donald. But nobody heeded what he said.

"I won't have her, I tell you; I won't have her!" said Donald; and this time he said it louder; but nobody heeded what he said.

"I won't have her, I tell you; I won't have her!" said Donald; and this time he said it as loud as he could.

"And who won't you have, may I be so bold as to ask?" said a farmer, who had just come up with a drove of cattle, and was turning in for a glass.

"It's the king's daughter. They are bothering the life out of me to marry her."

"You're the lucky fellow. I'd give something to be in your shoes."

"Do you see that now! Wouldn't it be a fine thing for a farmer to be marrying a princess, all dressed in gold and jewels?"

"Jewels, do you say? Ah, now, couldn't you take me with you?"

"Well, you're an honest fellow, and as I don't care for the king's daughter, though she's as beautiful as the day, and is covered with jewels from top to toe, you shall have her. Just undo the cord and let me out; they tied me up tight, as they knew I'd run away from her."

Out crawled Donald; in crept the farmer.

"Now lie still, and don't mind the shaking; it's only rumbling over the palace steps you'll be. And maybe they'll abuse you for a vagabond, who won't have the king's daughter; but you needn't mind that. Ah! it's a deal I'm giving up for you, sure as it is that I don't care for the princess."

"Take my cattle in exchange," said the farmer; and you may guess it wasn't long before Donald was at their tails driving them homewards.

Out came Hudden and Dudden, and the one took one end of the pole, and the other the other.

"I'm thinking he's heavier," said Hudden.

"Ah, never mind," said Dudden; "it's only a step now to the Brown Lake."

"I'll have her now! I'll have her now!" bawled the farmer, from inside the sack.

"By my faith and you shall though," said Hudden, and he laid his stick across the sack.

"I'll have her! I'll have her!" bawled the farmer, louder than ever.

"Well, here you are," said Dudden, for they were now come to the Brown Lake, and, unslinging the sack, they pitched it plump into the lake.

"You'll not be playing your tricks on us any longer," said Hudden.

"True for you," said Dudden. "Ah, Donald, my boy, it was an ill day when you borrowed my scales."

Off they went, with a light step and an easy heart, but when they were near home, whom should they see but Donald O'Neary, and all around him the cows were grazing, and the calves were kicking up their heels and butting their heads together.

"Is it you, Donald?" said Dudden. "Faith you've been quicker than we have."

"True for you, Dudden, and let me thank you kindly; the turn was good, if the will was ill. You'll have heard, like me, that the Brown Lake leads to the Land of Promise. I always put it down as lies, but it is just as true as my word. Look at the cattle."

Hudden stared, and Dudden gaped; but they couldn't get over the cattle; fine fat cattle they were too.

"It's only the worst I could bring up with me," said Donald O'Neary; "the others were so fat, there was no driving them. Faith, too, it's little wonder they didn't care to leave, with grass as far as you could see, and as sweet and juicy as fresh butter."

"Ah, now, Donald, we haven't always been friends," said Dudden, "but, as I was just saying, you were ever a decent lad, and you'll show us the way, won't you?"

"I don't see that I'm called upon to do that; there is a power more cattle down there. Why shouldn't I have them all to myself?"

"Faith, they may well say, the richer you get, the harder the heart. You always were a neighbourly lad, Donald. You wouldn't wish to keep the luck all to yourself?"

"True for you, Hudden, though 'tis a bad example you set me. But I'll not be thinking of old times. There is plenty for all there, so come along with me."

Off they trudged, with a light heart and an eager step. When they came to the Brown Lake the sky was full of little white clouds, and, if the sky was full, the lake was as full.

"Ah! now, look, there they are," cried Donald, as he pointed to the clouds in the lake.

"Where? where?" cried Hudden, and "Don't be greedy!" cried Dudden, as he jumped his hardest to be up first with the fat cattle. But if he jumped first, Hudden wasn't long behind.

They never came back. Maybe they got too fat, like the cattle. As for Donald O'Neary, he had cattle and sheep all his days to his heart's content.

# The History of Tom Thumb

BY JOSEPH JACOBS

*Illustration by Irwin Greenberg*

IN the days of the great Prince Arthur, there lived a mighty magician, called Merlin, the most learned and skillful enchanter the world has ever seen.

This famous magician, who could take any form he pleased, was traveling about as a poor beggar, and being very tired, he stopped at the cottage of a plowman to rest himself, and asked for some food.

The countryman bade him welcome, and his wife, who was a very good-hearted woman, soon brought him some milk in a wooden bowl, and some coarse brown bread on a platter.

Merlin was much pleased with the kindness of the plowman and his wife; but he could not help noticing that though everything was neat and comfortable in the cottage, they both seemed to be very unhappy. He therefore asked them why they were so melancholy, and learned that they were miserable because they had no children.

The poor woman said, with tears in her eyes: "I should be the happiest creature in the world if I had a son; although he was no bigger than my husband's thumb, I would be satisfied."

Merlin was so much amused with the idea of a boy no bigger than a man's thumb, that he determined to grant the poor woman's wish. Accordingly, in a short

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time after, the plowman's wife had a son, who, wonderful to relate! was not a bit bigger than his father's thumb.

The queen of the fairies, wishing to see the little fellow, came in at the window while the mother was sitting up in the bed admiring him. The queen kissed the child, and, giving it the name of Tom Thumb, sent for some of the fairies, who dressed her little godson according to her orders:

"An oak-leaf hat he had for his crown;
His shirt of web by spiders spun;
With jacket wove of thistle's down;
His trowsers were of feathers done.
His stockings, of apple-rind, they tie
With eyelash from his mother's eye:
His shoes were made of mouse's skin,
Tann'd with the downy hair within."

Tom never grew any larger than his father's thumb, which was only of ordinary size; but as he got older he became very cunning and full of tricks. When he was old enough to play with the boys, and had lost all his own cherry stones, he used to creep into the bags of his playfellows, fill his pockets, and, getting out without their noticing him, would again join in the game.

One day, however, as he was coming out of a bag of cherry stones, where he had been stealing as usual, the boy to whom it belonged chanced to see him. "Ah, ah! my little Tommy," said the boy, "so I have caught you stealing my cherry stones at last, and you shall be rewarded for your thievish tricks." On saying this, he drew the string tight round his neck, and gave the bag such a hearty shake, that poor little Tom's legs, thighs, and body were sadly bruised. He roared out with pain, and begged to be let out, promising never to steal again.

A short time afterwards his mother was making a batter-pudding, and Tom, being very anxious to see how it was made, climbed up to the edge of the bowl; but his foot slipped, and he plumped over head and ears into the batter, without his mother noticing him, who stirred him into the pudding-bag, and put him in the pot to boil.

The batter filled Tom's mouth, and prevented him from crying; but, on feeling the hot water, he kicked and struggled so much in the pot, that his mother thought that the pudding was bewitched, and, pulling it out of the pot, she threw it outside the door. A poor tinker, who was passing by, lifted up the pudding, and putting it into his budget, he then walked off. As Tom had now got his mouth clear of the batter, he then began to cry aloud, which so frightened the tinker that he flung down the pudding and ran away. The pudding being broke to pieces by the fall, Tom crept out covered all over with the batter, and walked home. His mother, who was very sorry to see her darling in such a woeful state, put him into a teacup, and soon washed off the batter; after which she kissed him, and laid him in bed.

Soon after the adventure of the pudding, Tom's mother went to milk her cow in the meadow, and she took him along with her. As the wind was very high, for fear of being blown away, she tied him to a thistle with a piece of fine thread. The cow soon observed Tom's oak-leaf hat, and liking the appearance of it, took poor Tom and the thistle at one mouthful. While the cow was chewing the thistle, Tom was afraid of her great teeth, which threatened to crush him in pieces, and he roared out as loud as he could:

"Mother, mother!"

"Where are you, Tommy, my dear Tommy?" said his mother.

"Here, mother," replied he, "in the red cow's mouth."

His mother began to cry and wring her hands; but the cow, surprised at the odd noise in her throat, opened her mouth and let Tom drop out. Fortunately his mother caught him in her apron as he was falling to the ground, or he would have been dreadfully hurt. She then put Tom in her bosom and ran home with him.

Tom's father made him a whip of a barley straw to drive the cattle with, and having one day gone into the fields, Tom slipped a foot and rolled into the furrow. A raven, which was flying over, picked him up, and flew with him over the sea, and there dropped him.

A large fish swallowed Tom the moment he fell into the sea, which was soon after caught, and bought for the table of King Arthur. When they opened the fish in order to cook it, evryone was astonished at finding such a little boy, and Tom was quite delighted at being free again. They carried him to the king, who made Tom his dwarf, and he soon grew a great favorite at court; for by his tricks and gambols he not only amused the king and queen, but also all the Knights of the Round Table.

It is said that when the king rode out on horseback, he often took Tom along with him, and if a shower came on, he used to creep into his majesty's waistcoat pocket where he slept till the rain was over.

King Arthur one day asked Tom about his parents, wishing to know if they were as small as he was, and whether they were well off. Tom told the king that his father and mother were as tall as anybody about the court, but in rather poor circumstances. On hearing this, the king carried Tom to his treasury, the place where he kept all his money, and told him to take as much money as he could carry home to his parents, which made the poor little fellow caper with joy. Tom went immediately to procure a purse, which was made of a water-bubble, and then returned to the treasury, where he received a silver three-penny-piece to put into it.

Our little hero had some difficulty in lifting the burden upon his back; but he at last succeeded in getting it placed to his mind, and set forward on his journey. However, without meeting with any accident, and after resting himself more than a hundred times by the way, in two days and two nights he reached his father's house in safety.

Tom had traveled forty-eight hours with a huge silver-piece on his back, and was almost tired to death, when his mother ran out to meet him, and carried him into the house. But he soon returned to court.

As Tom's clothes had suffered much in the batter-pudding, and the inside of the fish, his majesty ordered him a new suit of clothes, and to be mounted as a knight on a mouse.

"Of Butterfly's wings his shirt was made,
His boots of chicken's hide;
And by a nimble fairy blade,
Well learnèd in the tailoring trade,
His clothing was supplied.
A needle dangled by his side;
A dapper mouse he used to ride,
Thus strutted Tom in stately pride!"

It was certainly very diverting to see Tom in this dress and mounted on the mouse, as he rode out a-hunting with the king and nobility, who were all ready to expire with laughter at Tom and his fine prancing charger.

The king was so charmed with his address that he ordered a little chair to be made, in order that Tom might sit upon his table, and also a palace of gold, a span high, with a door an inch wide, to live in. He also gave him a coach, drawn by six small mice.

The queen was so enraged at the honors conferred on Sir Thomas that she resolved to ruin him, and told the king that the little knight had been saucy to her.

The king sent for Tom in great haste, but being fully aware of the danger of royal anger, he crept into an empty snail-shell, where he lay for a long time until he was almost starved with hunger; but at last he ventured

to peep out, and seeing a fine large butterfly on the ground, near the place of his concealment, he got close to it and jumping astride on it, was carried up into the air. The butterfly flew with him from tree to tree and from field to field, and at last returned to the court, where the king and nobility all strove to catch him; but at last poor Tom fell from his seat into a watering pot, in which he was almost drowned.

When the queen saw him, she was in a rage, and said he should be beheaded; and he was put into a mouse trap until the time of his execution.

However, a cat, observing something alive in the trap, patted it about till the wires broke, and set Thomas at liberty.

The king received Tom again into favor, which he did not live to enjoy, for a large spider one day attacked him; and although he drew his sword and fought well, yet the spider's poisonous breath at last overcame him.

"He fell dead on the ground where he stood,
And the spider suck'd every drop of his blood."

King Arthur and his whole court were so sorry at the loss of their little favorite that they went into mourning and raised a fine white marble monument over his grave with the following epitaph:

"Here lies Tom Thumb, King Arthur's knight,
Who died by a spider's cruel bite.
He was well known in Arthur's court,
Where he afforded gallant sport;
He rode a tilt and tournament,
And on a mouse a-hunting went.
Alive he filled the court with mirth;
His death to sorrow soon gave birth.
Wipe, wipe your eyes, and shake your head
And cry—Alas! Tom Thumb is dead!"

# Jack and the Beanstalk

BY JOSEPH JACOBS

*Illustrations by Irwin Greenberg*

THERE was once upon a time a poor widow who had an only son named Jack, and a cow named Milky-white. And all they had to live on was the milk the cow gave every morning, which they carried to the market and sold. But one morning Milky-white gave no milk, and they didn't know what to do.

"What shall we do, what shall we do?" said the widow, wringing her hands.

"Cheer up, mother, I'll go and get work somewhere," said Jack.

"We've tried that before, and nobody would take you," said his mother; "we must sell Milky-white and with the money start shop, or something."

"All right, mother," said Jack; "it's market-day today, and I'll soon sell Milky-white, and then we'll see what we can do."

So he took the cow's halter in his hand, and off he started. He hadn't gone far when he met a funny-looking old man, who said to him:

"Good morning, Jack."

"Good morning to you," said Jack, and wondered how he knew his name.

"Well, Jack, and where are you off to?" said the man.

"I'm going to market to sell our cow here."

"Oh, you look the proper sort of chap to sell cows,"

From *English Fairy Tales*, by Joseph Jacobs. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

said the man; "I wonder if you know how many beans make five."

"Two in each hand and one in your mouth," says Jack, as sharp as a needle.

"Right you are," says the man, "and here they are, the very beans themselves," he went on, pulling out of his pocket a number of strange-looking beans. "As you are so sharp," says he, "I don't mind doing a swop with you —your cow for these beans."

"Go along," says Jack; "wouldn't you like it?"

"Ah! you don't know what these beans are," said the man; "if you plant them over-night, by morning they grow right up to the sky."

"Really?" said Jack; "you don't say so."

"Yes, that is so, and if it doesn't turn out to be true you can have your cow back."

"Right," says Jack, and hands him over Milky-white's halter and pockets the beans.

Back goes Jack home, and as he hadn't gone very far it wasn't dusk by the time he got to his door.

"Back already, Jack?" said his mother; "I see you haven't got Milky-white, so you've sold her. How much did you get for her?"

"You'll never guess, mother," says Jack.

"No, you don't say so. Good boy! Five pounds, ten, fifteen, no, it can't be twenty."

"I told you you couldn't guess. What do you say to these beans; they're magical, plant them over-night and——"

"What!" says Jack's mother, "have you been such a fool, such a dolt, such an idiot, as to give away my Milky-white the best milker in the parish, and prime beef to boot, for a set of paltry beans? Take that! Take that! Take that! And as for your precious beans here they go out of the window. And now off with you to bed. Not a sup shall you drink, and not a bit shall you swallow this very night."

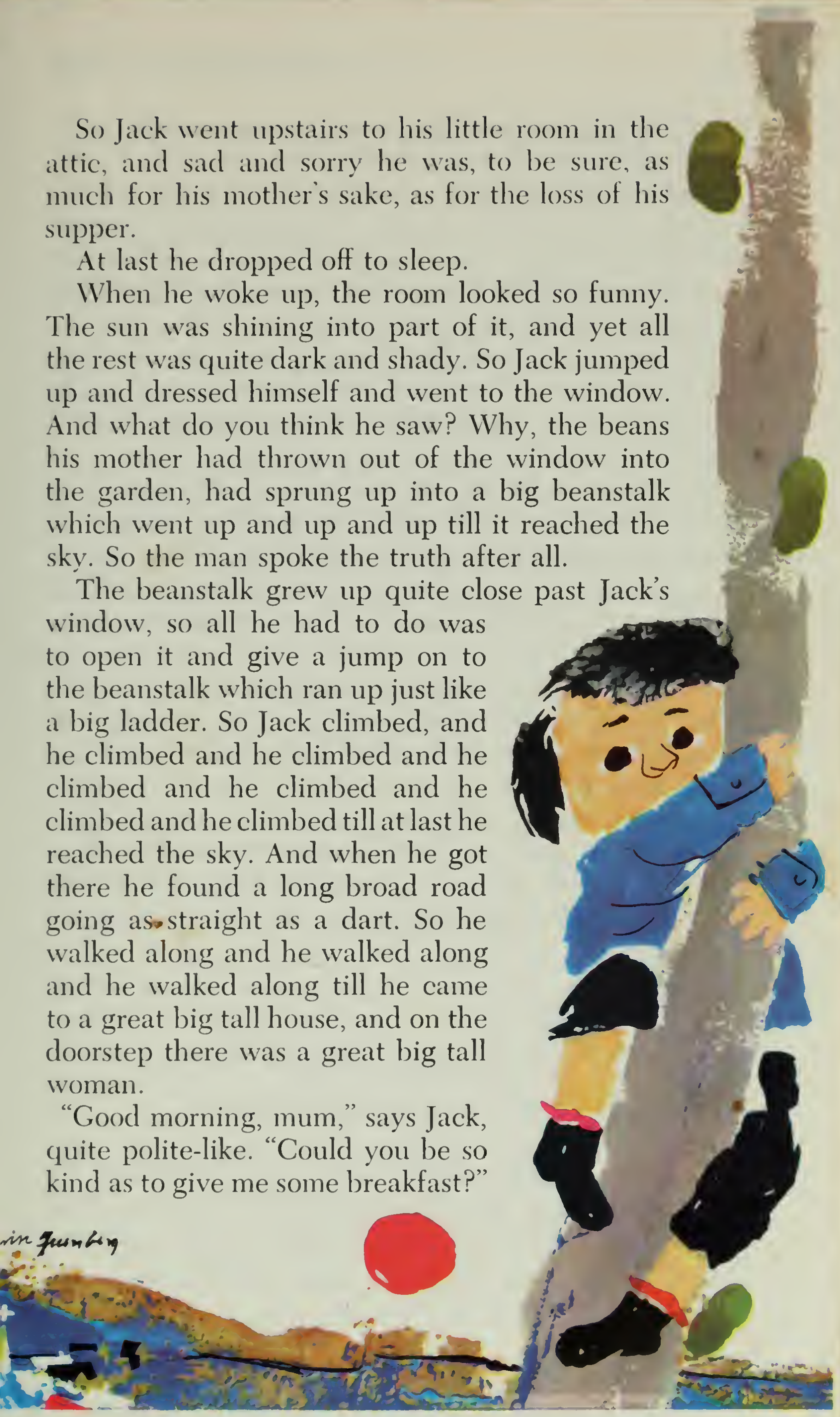
So Jack went upstairs to his little room in the attic, and sad and sorry he was, to be sure, as much for his mother's sake, as for the loss of his supper.

At last he dropped off to sleep.

When he woke up, the room looked so funny. The sun was shining into part of it, and yet all the rest was quite dark and shady. So Jack jumped up and dressed himself and went to the window. And what do you think he saw? Why, the beans his mother had thrown out of the window into the garden, had sprung up into a big beanstalk which went up and up and up till it reached the sky. So the man spoke the truth after all.

The beanstalk grew up quite close past Jack's window, so all he had to do was to open it and give a jump on to the beanstalk which ran up just like a big ladder. So Jack climbed, and he climbed and he climbed and he climbed and he climbed and he climbed and he climbed till at last he reached the sky. And when he got there he found a long broad road going as straight as a dart. So he walked along and he walked along and he walked along till he came to a great big tall house, and on the doorstep there was a great big tall woman.

"Good morning, mum," says Jack, quite polite-like. "Could you be so kind as to give me some breakfast?"



For he hadn't had anything to eat, you know, the night before and was as hungry as a hunter.

"It's breakfast you want, is it?" says the great big tall woman, "it's breakfast you'll be if you don't move off from here. My man is an ogre and there's nothing he likes better than boys broiled on toast. You'd better be moving on or he'll soon be coming."

"Oh! please, mum, do give me something to eat, mum. I've had nothing to eat since yesterday morning, really and truly, mum," says Jack. "I may as well be broiled as die of hunger."

Well, the ogre's wife was not half so bad after all. So she took Jack into the kitchen, and gave him a chunk of bread and cheese and a jug of milk. But Jack hadn't half finished these when thump! thump! thump! the whole house began to tremble with the noise of someone coming.

"Goodness gracious me! It's my old man," said the ogre's wife. "What on earth shall I do? Come along quick and jump in here." And she bundled Jack into the oven just as the ogre came in.

He was a big one, to be sure. At his belt he had three calves strung up by the heels, and he unhooked them and threw them down on the table and said: "Here, wife, broil me a couple of these for breakfast. Ah! what's this I smell?

"Fee-fi-fo-fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishman,
Be he alive, or be he dead,
I'll have his bones to grind my bread."

"Nonsense, dear," said his wife, "you're dreaming. Or perhaps you smell the scraps of that little boy you liked so much for yesterday's dinner. Here, you go and have a wash and tidy up, and by the time you come back your breakfast'll be ready for you."

So off the ogre went, and Jack was just going to jump out of the oven and run away when the woman told him not. "Wait till he's asleep," says she; "he always has a doze after breakfast."

Well, the ogre had his breakfast, and after that he goes to a big chest and takes out of it a couple of bags of gold, and down he sits and counts till at last his head began to nod and he began to snore till the whole house shook again.

Then Jack crept out on tiptoe from his oven, and as he was passing the ogre he took one of the bags of gold under his arm, and off he pelters till he came to the beanstalk, and then he threw down the bag of gold, which, of course, fell into his mother's garden, and then he climbed down and climbed down till at last he got home and told his mother and showed her the gold and said: "Well, mother, wasn't I right about the beans? They are really magical, you see."

So they lived on the bag of gold for some time, but at last they came to the end of it, and Jack made up his mind to try his luck once more up at the top of the beanstalk. So one fine morning he rose up early, and got on to the beanstalk, and he climbed and he climbed and he climbed and he climbed and he climbed and he climbed till at last he came out on to the road again and up to the great big tall house he had been to before. There, sure enough, was the great big tall woman a-standing on the doorstep.

"Good morning, mum," says Jack, as bold as brass, "could you be so good as to give me something to eat?"

"Go away, my boy," said the big tall woman, "or else my man will eat you up for breakfast. But aren't you the youngster who came here once before? Do you know, that very day, my man missed one of his bags of gold."

"That's strange, mum," said Jack. "I dare say I could tell you something about that, but I'm so hungry I can't speak till I've had something to eat."

Well the big tall woman was so curious that she took him in and gave him something to eat. But he had scarcely begun munching it as slowly as he could when thump! thump! thump! they heard the giant's footstep, and his wife hid Jack away in the oven.

All happened as it did before. In came the ogre as he did before, said: "Fee-fi-fo-fum," and had his breakfast off three broiled oxen. Then he said: ""Wife, bring me the hen that lays the golden eggs." So she brought it, and the ogre said: "Lay," and it laid an egg all of gold. And then the ogre began to nod his head, and to snore till the house shook.

Then Jack crept out of the oven on tiptoe and caught hold of the golden hen, and was off before you could say "Jack Robinson." But this time the hen gave a cackle which woke the ogre, and just as Jack got out of the house he heard him calling: "Wife, wife, what have you done with my golden hen?"

And the wife said: "Why, my dear?"

But that was all Jack heard, for he rushed off to the beanstalk and climbed down like a house on fire. And when he got home he showed his mother the wonderful hen, and said "Lay" to it; and it laid a golden egg every time he said "Lay."

Well, Jack was not content, and it wasn't very long before he determined to have another try at his luck up at the top of the beanstalk. So one fine morning, he rose up early, and got on to the beanstalk, and he climbed and he climbed and he climbed and he climbed till he got to the top. But this time he knew better than to go straight to the ogre's house. And when he got near it, he waited behind a bush till he saw the ogre's wife come out with a pail to get some water, and then he crept into the house and got into the copper. He hadn't been there long when he heard thump! thump! thump as before, and in came the ogre and his wife.

Greenberg

"Fee-fi-fo-fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman," cried out the ogre. "I smell him, wife, I smell him."

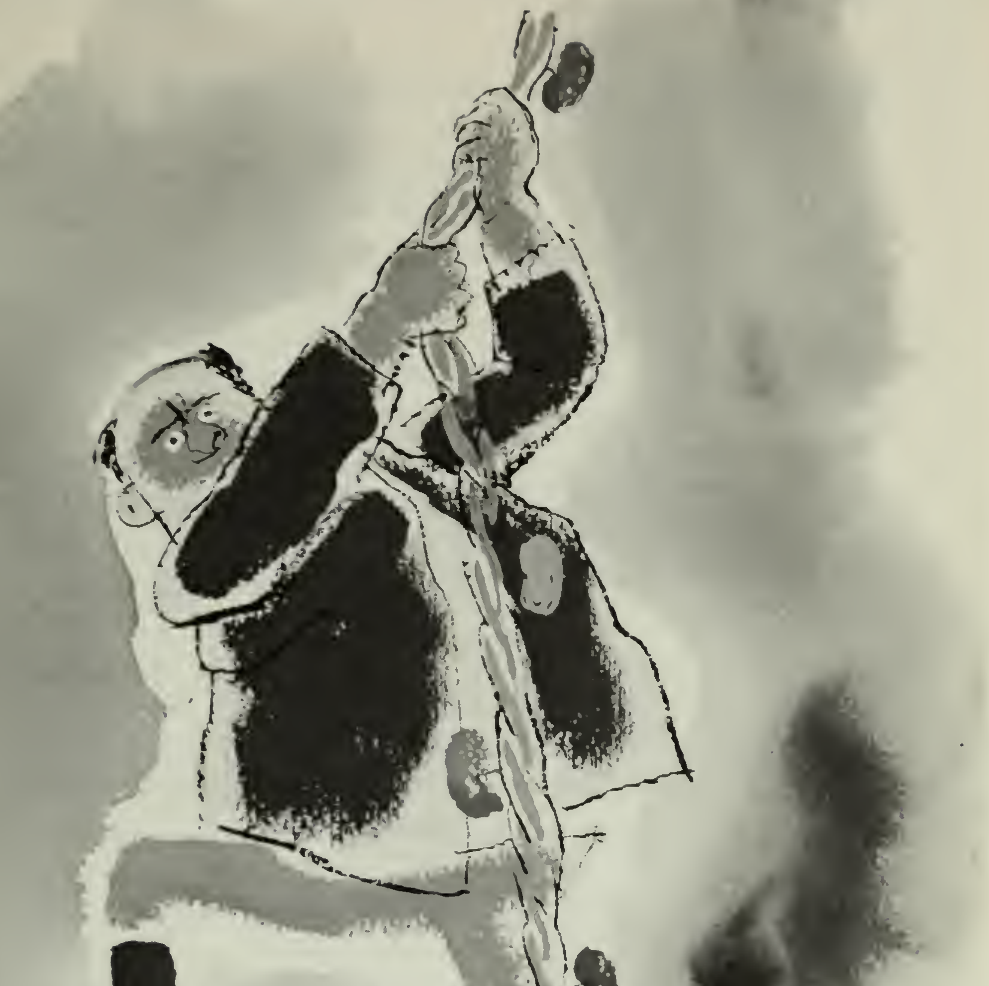
"Do you, my dearie?" says the ogre's wife. "Then, if it's that little rogue that stole your gold and the hen that laid the golden eggs he's sure to have got into the oven." And they both rushed to the oven. But Jack wasn't there, luckily, and the ogre's wife said: "There you are again with your fee-fi-fo-fum. Why, of course it's the boy you caught last night that I've just broiled for your breakfast. How forgetful I am, and how careless you are not to know the difference between live and dead after all these years."

So the ogre sat down to the breakfast and ate it, but every now and then he would mutter: "Well, I could have sworn——" and he'd get up and search the larder and the cupboards and everything, only, luckily, he didn't think of the copper.

After breakfast was over, the ogre called out: "Wife, wife, bring me my golden harp." So she brought it and put it on the table before him. Then he said: "Sing!" and the golden harp sang most beautifully. And it went on singing till the ogre fell asleep, and commenced to snore like thunder.

Then Jack lifted up the copper-lid very quietly and got down like a mouse and crept on hands and knees till he came to the table, when up he crawled, caught hold of the golden harp and dashed with it toward the door. But the harp called out quite loud: "Master! Master!" and the ogre woke up just in time to see Jack running off with his harp.

Jack ran as fast as he could, and the ogre came rushing after, and would soon have caught him only Jack had a start and dodged him a bit and knew where he was going. When he got to the beanstalk the ogre was not more than twenty yards away when suddenly he saw Jack disappear like, and when he came to the end


Irwin Greenberg

of the road he saw Jack underneath climbing down for dear life. Well, the ogre didn't like trusting himself to such a ladder, and he stood and waited, so Jack got another start. But just then the harp cried out: "Master! Master!" and the ogre swung himself down on to the beanstalk, which shook with his weight. Down climbed Jack, and after him climbed the ogre. By this time Jack had climbed down and climbed down and climbed down till he was very nearly home. So he called out: "Mother! Mother! bring me an ax, bring me an ax." And his mother came rushing out with the ax in her hand, but when she came to the beanstalk she stood stock still with fright for there she saw the ogre with his legs just through the clouds.

But Jack jumped down and got hold of the ax and gave a chop at the beanstalk which cut it half in two. The ogre felt the beanstalk shake and quiver so he stopped to see what was the matter. Then Jack gave another chop with the ax, and the beanstalk was cut in two and began to topple over. Then the ogre fell down and broke his crown, and the beanstalk came toppling after.

Then Jack showed his mother his golden harp, and what with showing that and selling the golden eggs Jack and his mother became very rich, and he married a great princess, and they lived happy ever after.

*ENGLAND*

# The Three Sillies

BY FLORA ANNIE STEEL

*Illustration by Irwin Greenberg*

ONCE upon a time, when folk were not so wise as they are nowadays, there lived a farmer and his wife who had one daughter. And she, being a pretty lass, was courted by the young squire when he came home from his travels.

Now every evening he would stroll over from the Hall to see her and stop to supper in the farm-house, and every evening the daughter would go down to the cellar to draw the cider for supper.

So one evening when she had gone down to draw the cider and had turned the tap as usual, she happened to look up at the ceiling, and there she saw a big wooden mallet stuck in one of the beams.

It must have been there for ages and ages, for it was all covered with cobwebs; but somehow or another she had never noticed it before, and at once she began thinking how dangerous it was to have the mallet just there.

"For," thought she, "supposing him and me was married, and supposing we was to have a son, and supposing he were to grow up to be a man, and supposing he were to come down to draw cider like as I'm doing, and supposing the mallet were to fall on his head and kill him, how dreadful it would be!"

And with that she put down the candle she was carry-

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ing and seating herself on a cask began to cry. And she cried and cried and cried.

Now, upstairs, they began to wonder why she was so long drawing the cider; so after a time her mother went down to the cellar to see what had come to her and found her, seated on the cask, crying ever so hard, and the cider running all over the floor.

"Lawks a mercy me!" cried her mother, "whatever is the matter?"

"Oh, mother!" says she between her sobs, "it's that horrid mallet. Supposing him and me was married and supposing we was to have a son, and supposing he was to grow up to be a man, and supposing he was to come down to draw cider like as I'm doing, and supposing the mallet were to fall on his head and kill him, how dreadful it would be!"

"Dear heart!" said the mother, seating herself beside her daughter and beginning to cry: "How dreadful it would be!"

So they both sat a-crying.

Now after a time, when they did not come back, the farmer began to wonder what had happened, and going down to the cellar found them seated side by side on the cask, crying hard, and the cider running all over the floor.

"Zounds!" says he, "whatever is the matter?"

"Just look at that horrid mallet up there, father," moaned the mother. "Supposing our daughter was to marry her sweetheart, and supposing they was to have a son, and supposing he was to grow to man's estate, and supposing he was to come down to draw cider like as we're doing, and supposing that there mallet was to fall on his head and kill him, how dreadful it would be!"

"Dreadful indeed!" said the father, and seating himself beside his wife and daughter started a-crying too.

Now upstairs the young squire wanted his supper; so at last he lost patience and went down into the cellar to see for himself what they were all after. And there he found them seated side by side on the cask a-crying, with their feet all a-wash in cider, for the floor was fair flooded. So the first thing he did was to run straight and turn off the tap. Then he said:

"What are you three after, sitting there crying like babies, and letting good cider run over the floor?"

Then they all three began with one voice, "Look at that horrid mallet! Supposing you and $\genfrac{}{}{0pt}{}{\text{me}}{\text{she}}$ was married, and supposing $\genfrac{}{}{0pt}{}{\text{we}}{\text{you}}$ had a son, and supposing he was to grow to man's estate and supposing he was to come down here to draw cider like as we be, and supposing that there mallet was to fall down on his head and kill him, how dreadful it would be!"

Then the young squire burst out a-laughing, and laughed till he was tired. But at last he reached up to the old mallet and pulled it out, and put it safe on the floor. And he shook his head and said, "I've travelled far, and I've travelled fast, but never have I met with three such sillies as you three. Now I can't marry one of the three biggest sillies in the world. So I shall start again on my travels, and if I can find three bigger sillies than you three, then I'll come back and be married—not otherwise."

So he wished them good-bye and started again on his travels, leaving them all crying; this time because the marriage was off!

Well, the young man travelled far and he travelled fast, but never did he find a bigger silly, until one day he came upon an old woman's cottage that had some grass growing on the thatched roof.

And the old woman was trying her best to cudgel her cow into going up a ladder to eat the grass. But the poor thing was afraid and durst not go. Then the old woman tried coaxing, but it wouldn't go. You never saw such a sight! The cow getting more and more flustered and obstinate, the old woman getting hotter and hotter.

At last the young squire said, "It would be easier if *you* went up the ladder, cut the grass, and threw it down for the cow to eat."

"A likely story that," says the old woman. "A cow can cut grass for herself. And the foolish thing will be quite safe up there, for I'll tie a rope round her neck, pass the rope down the chimney, and fasten tother end to my wrist, so as when I'm doing my bit o' washing, she can't fall off the roof without my knowing it. So mind your own business, young sir."

Well, after a while the old woman coaxed and codgered and bullied and badgered the cow up the ladder, and when she got it on to the roof she tied a rope round its neck, passed the rope down the chimney, and fastened tother end to her wrist. Then she went about her bit of washing, and young squire he went on his way.

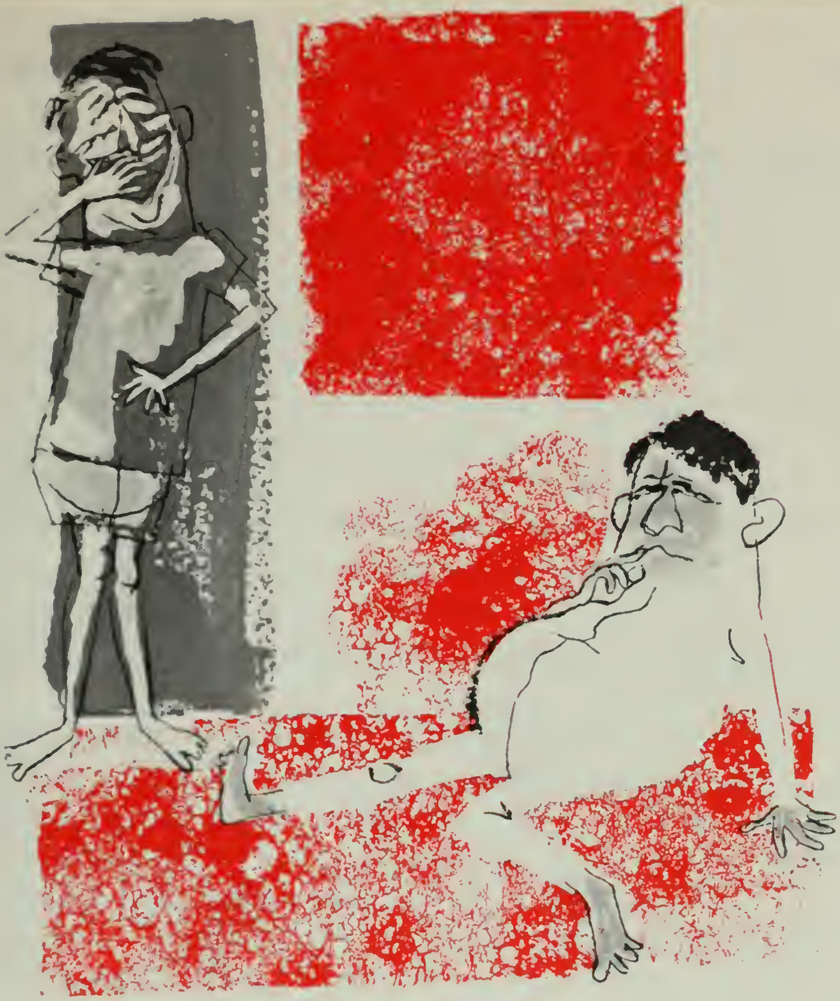
But he hadn't gone but a bit when he heard the awfullest hullabaloo. He galloped back and found that the cow had fallen off the roof and got strangled by the rope round its neck, while the weight of the cow had pulled the old woman by her wrist up the chimney, where she had got stuck half-way and been smothered by the soot!

"That is one bigger silly," quoth the young squire as he journeyed on. "So now for two more!"

He did not find any, however, till late one night he arrived at a little inn. And the inn was so full that he had to share a room with another traveller. Now his roomfellow proved quite a pleasant fellow, and they foregathered, and each slept well in his bed.

But next morning when they were dressing what does the stranger do but carefully hang his breeches on the knobs of the tallboy.

"What are you doing?" asks young squire.



"I'm putting on my breeches," says the stranger; and with that he goes to the other end of the room, takes a little run, and tried to jump into the breeches.

But he didn't succeed, so he took another run and another try, and another and another and another, until he got quite hot and flustered, as the old woman had got over her cow that wouldn't go up the ladder. And all the time young squire was laughing fit to split, for never in his life did he see anything so comical.

Then the stranger stopped a while and mopped his face with his handkerchief, for he was all in a sweat. "It's very well laughing," says he, "but breeches are the most awkwardest things to get into that ever were. It takes me the best part of an hour every morning before I get them on. How do you manage yours?"

Then young squire showed him, as well as he could for laughing, how to put on his breeches, and the stranger was ever so grateful and said he never should have thought of that way.

"So that," quoth young squire to himself, "is a second bigger silly." But he travelled far, and he travelled fast without finding the third, until one bright night when the moon was shining right overhead he came upon a village. And outside the village was a pond, and round about the pond was a great crowd of villagers. And some had got rakes, and some had got pitchforks, and some had got brooms. And they were as busy as busy, shouting out, and raking, and forking, and sweeping away at the pond.

"What is the matter?" cried young squire, jumping off his horse to help. "Has any one fallen in?"

"Aye! Matter enough," says they. "Can't ee see moon's fallen into the pond, an' we can't get her out nohow?"

And with that they set to again raking, and forking, and sweeping away. Then the young squire burst out laughing, told them they were fools for their pains, and bade them look up over their heads where the moon was riding broad and full. But they wouldn't, and they wouldn't believe that what they saw in the water was only a reflection. And when he insisted they began to abuse him roundly and threaten to duck him in the pond. So he got on his horse again as quickly as he could, leaving them raking and forking and sweeping away; and for all we know they may be at it yet!

But the young squire said to himself, "There are many more sillies in this world than I thought for; so I'll just go back and marry the farmer's daughter. She is no sillier than the rest."

So they were married, and if they didn't live happy ever after, that has nothing to do with the story of the three sillies.

# Dick Whittington and His Cat

BY FLORA ANNIE STEEL

*Illustrations by Bret Schlesinger*

MORE than five hundred years ago there was a little boy named Dick Whittington, and this is true. His father and mother died when he was too young to work, and so poor little Dick was very badly off. He was quite glad to get the parings of the potatoes to eat and a dry crust of bread now and then, and more than that he did not often get, for the village where he lived was a very poor one and the neighbours were not able to spare him much.

Now the country folk in those days thought that the people of London were all fine ladies and gentlemen, and that there was singing and dancing all the day long, and so rich were they there that even the streets, they said, were paved with gold. Dick used to sit by and listen while all these strange tales of the wealth of London were told, and it made him long to go and live there and have plenty to eat and fine clothes to wear instead of the rags and hard fare that fell to his lot in the country.

So one day when a great waggon with eight horses stopped on its way through the village, Dick made friends with the waggoner and begged to be taken with him to London. The man felt sorry for poor little Dick when he heard that he had no father or mother to take care of him,

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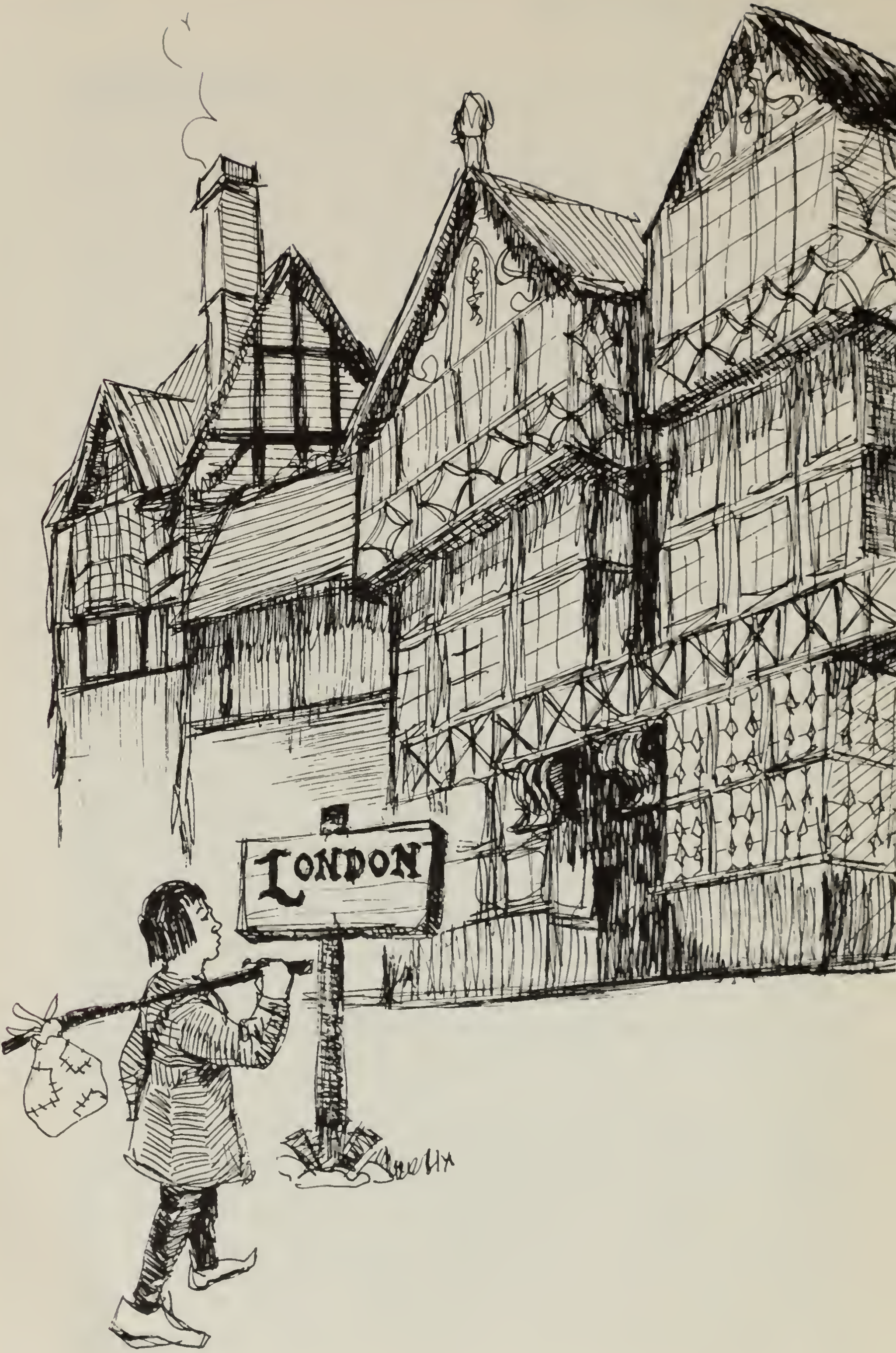

LONDON

and saw how ragged and how badly in need of help he was. So he agreed to take him, and off they set.

How far it was and how many days they took over the journey I do not know, but in due time Dick found himself in the wonderful city which he had heard so much of and pictured to himself so grandly. But oh! how disappointed he was when he got there. How dirty it was! And the people, how unlike the gay company, with music and singing, that he had dreamt of! He wandered up and down the streets, one after another, until he was tired out, but not one did he find that was paved with gold. Dirt in plenty he could see, but none of the gold that he thought to have put in his pockets as fast as he chose to pick it up.

Little Dick ran about till he was tired and it was growing dark. And at last he sat himself down in a corner and fell asleep. When morning came he was very cold and hungry, and though he asked every one he met to help him, only one or two gave him a halfpenny to buy some bread. For two or three days he lived in the streets this way, only just able to keep himself alive, when he managed to get some work to do in a hayfield, and that kept him for a short time longer, till the haymaking was over.

After this he was as badly off as ever, and did not know where to turn. One day in his wanderings he lay down to rest in the doorway of the house of a rich merchant whose name was Fitzwarren. But here he was soon seen by the cook-maid who was an unkind, bad-tempered woman, and she cried out to him to be off. "Lazy rogue," she called him; and she said she'd precious quick throw some dirty dishwater over him, boiling hot, if he didn't go. However, just then Mr. Fitzwarren himself came home to dinner, and when he saw what was happening, he asked Dick why he was lying there. "You're old enough to be at work, my boy," he said. "I'm afraid you have a mind to be lazy."

"Indeed, sir," said Dick to him, "indeed that is not so"; and he told him how hard he had tried to get work to do, and how ill he was for want of food. Dick, poor fellow, was so weak that though he tried to stand he had to lie down again, for it was more than three days since he had had anything to eat at all. The kind merchant gave orders for him to be taken into the house and gave him a good dinner, and then he said that he was to be kept, to do what work he could to help the cook.

And now Dick would have been happy enough in this good family if it had not been for the ill-natured cook, who did her best to make life a burden to him. Night and morning she was for ever scolding him. Nothing he did was good enough. It was "Look sharp here" and "Hurry up there," and there was no pleasing her. And many's the beating he had from the broomstick or the ladle, or whatever else she had in her hand.

At last it came to the ears of Miss Alice, Mr. Fitzwarren's daughter, how badly the cook was treating poor Dick. And she told the cook that she would quickly lose her place if she didn't treat him more kindly, for Dick had become quite a favourite with the family.

After that the cook's behaviour was a little better, but Dick still had another hardship that he bore with difficulty. For he slept in a garret where were so many holes in the walls and the floor, that every night as he lay in bed the room was over-run with rats and mice, and sometimes he could hardly sleep a wink. One day when he had earned a penny for cleaning a gentleman's shoes, he met a little girl with a cat in her arms and asked whether she would not sell it to him. "Yes, she would," she said, though the cat was such a good mouser that she was sorry to part with her. This just suited Dick, who kept pussy up in his garret, feeding her on scraps of his own dinner that he saved for her every day. In a little while he had no more bother with the rats and mice. Puss soon saw to that, and he slept sound every night.

Soon after this Mr. Fitzwarren had a ship ready to sail; and as it was his custom that all his servants should be given a chance of good fortune as well as himself, he called them all into the counting-house and asked them what they would send out.

They all had something that they were willing to venture except poor Dick, who had neither money nor goods, and so could send nothing. For this reason he did not come into the room with the rest. But Miss Alice guessed what was the matter, and ordered him to be called in. She then said, "I will lay down some money for him out of my own purse"; but her father told her that would not do, for it must be something of his own.

When Dick heard this he said, "I have nothing whatever but a cat, which I bought for a penny some time ago."

"Go, my boy, fetch your cat then," said his master, "and let her go."

Dick went upstairs and fetched poor puss, but there were tears in his eyes when he gave her to the captain. "For," he said, "I shall now be kept awake all night by the rats and mice." All the company laughed at Dick's odd venture, and Miss Alice, who felt sorry for him, gave him some money to buy another cat.

Now this, and other marks of kindness shown him by Miss Alice, made the ill-tempered cook jealous of poor Dick, and she began to use him more cruelly than ever, and was always making game of him for sending his cat to sea. "What do you think your cat will sell for?" she'd ask. "As much money as would buy a stick to beat you with?"

At last poor Dick could not bear this usage any longer, and he thought he would run away. So he made a bundle of his things—he hadn't many—and started very early in the morning, on All-hallows Day, the first of November. He walked as far as Holloway, and there he sat down to rest on a stone, which to this day, they say, is called

"Whittington's Stone," and began to wonder himself which road he should take.

While he was thinking what he should do the Bells of Bow Church in Cheapside began to chime, and as they rang he fancied that they were singing over and over again:

"Turn again, Whittington,
Lord Mayor of London."

"Lord Mayor of London!" said he to himself. "Why, to be sure, wouldn't I put up with almost anything now to be Lord Mayor of London, and ride in a fine coach, when I grow to be a man! Well, I'll go back, and think nothing of the cuffing and scolding of the cross old cook if I am to be Lord Mayor of London at last."

So back he went, and he was lucky enough to get into the house, and set about his work before the cook came down.

But now you must hear what befell Mrs. Puss all this while. The ship *Unicorn* that she was on was a long time at sea, and the cat made herself useful, as she would, among the unwelcome rats that lived aboard too. At last the ship put into harbour on the coast of Barbary, where the only people are the Moors. They had never before seen a ship from England, and flocked in numbers to see the sailors, whose different colour and foreign dress were a great wonder to them. They were soon eager to buy the goods with which the ship was laden, and patterns were sent ashore for the King to see. He was so much pleased with them that he sent for the captain to come to the palace, and honoured him with an invitation to dinner. But no sooner were they seated, as is the custom there, on the fine rugs and carpets that covered the floor, than great numbers of rats and mice came scampering in, swarming over all the dishes, and helping themselves from all the good things there were to eat. The captain was amazed, and wondered whether they didn't find such a pest most unpleasant.

"Oh yes," said they, "it was so, and the King would give half his treasure to be freed of them, for they not only spoil his dinner, but they even attack him in his bed at night, so that a watch has to be kept while he is sleeping, for fear of them."

The captain was overjoyed; he thought at once of poor Dick Whittington and his cat, and said he had a creature on board ship that would soon do for all these vermin if she were there. Of course, when the King heard this he was eager to possess this wonderful animal.

"Bring it to me at once," he said; "for the vermin are dreadful, and if only it will do what you say, I will load your ship with gold and jewels in exchange for it."

The captain who knew his business, took care not to underrate the value of Dick's cat. He told His Majesty how inconvenient it would be to part with her, as when she was gone the rats might destroy the goods in the ship; however, to oblige the king, he would fetch her.

"Oh, make haste, do!' cried the Queen, "I, too, am all impatience to see this dear creature."

Off went the captain, while another dinner was got ready. He took Puss under his arm and got back to the palace just in time to see the carpet covered with rats and mice once again. When Puss saw them, she didn't wait to be told, but jumped out of the captain's arms, and in no time almost all the rats and mice were dead at her feet, while the rest of them had scuttled off to their holes in fright.

The King was delighted to get rid so easily of such an intolerable plague, and the Queen desired that the animal who had done them such a service might be brought to her. Upon which the captain called out, "Puss, puss, puss," and she came running to him. Then he presented her to the Queen, who was rather afraid at first to touch a creature who had made such a havoc with her claws. However, when the captain called her, "Pussy, pussy," and began to stroke her, the Queen also ventured to touch her and cried, "Putty, putty," in imitation of the captain, for she hadn't learned to speak English. He then put her on the Queen's lap, where she purred and played with Her Majesty's hand and was soon asleep.

The King having seen what Mrs. Puss could do and learning that her kittens would soon stock the whole country, and keep it free from rats, after bargaining with the captain for the whole ship's cargo, then gave him ten times as much for the cat as all the rest amounted to.

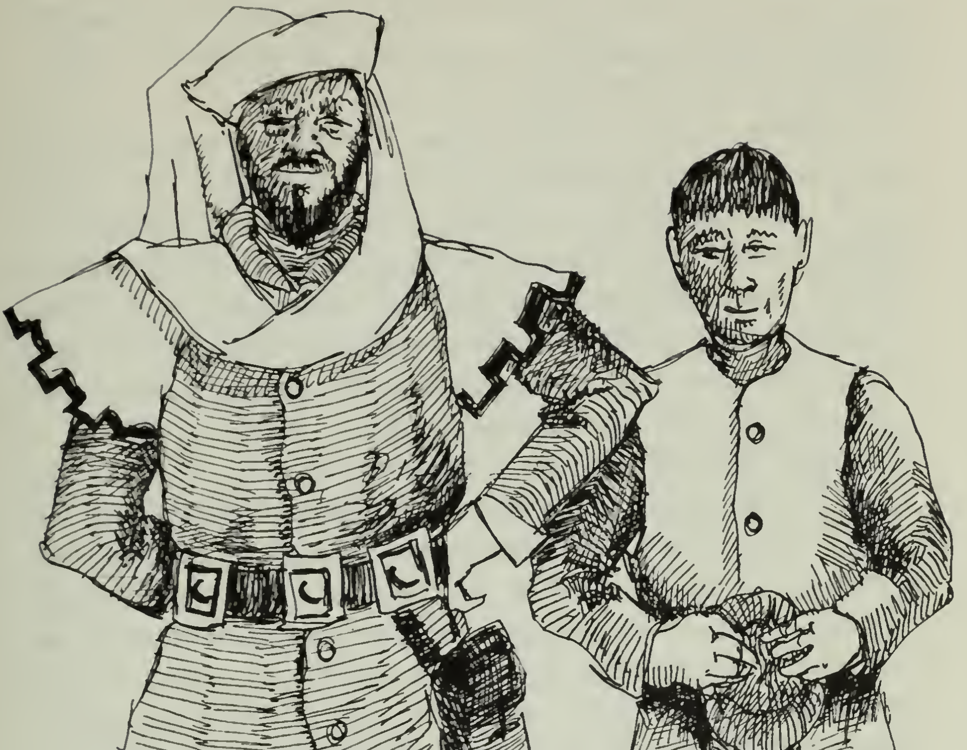
The captain then said farewell to the court of Barbary, and after a fair voyage reached London again with his precious load of gold and jewels safe and sound.

One morning early Mr. Fitzwarren had just come to his counting-house and settled himself at the desk to count the cash, when there came a knock at the door. "Who's there?" said he. "A friend," replied the voice. "I come with good news of your ship the *Unicorn.*" The merchant in haste opened the door, and who were there but the ship's captain and the mate, bearing a chest of jewels and a bill of lading. When he had looked this over he lifted his eyes and thanked heaven for sending him such a prosperous voyage.

The honest captain next told him all about the cat, and showed him the rich present the King had sent for her to poor Dick. Rejoicing on behalf of Dick as much as he had done over his own good fortune, he called out to his servants to come and to bring up Dick:

"Go fetch him, and we'll tell him of his fame;
Pray call him Mr. Whittington by name."

The servants, some of them, hesitated at this, and said so great a treasure was too much for a lad like Dick; but



Mr. Fitzwarren now showed himself the good man that he was and refused to deprive him of the value of a single penny. "God forbid!" he cried. "It's all his own, and he shall have it, to a farthing."

He then sent for Dick, who at the moment was scouring pots for the cook and was black with dirt. He tried to excuse himself from coming into the room in such a plight, but the merchant made him come, and had a chair set for him. And he then began to think they must be making game of him, so he begged them not to play tricks on a poor simple boy, but to let him go downstairs again back to his work in the scullery.

"Indeed, Mr. Whittington," said the merchant, "we are all quite in earnest with you, and I most heartily rejoice at the news that these gentlemen have brought. For the captain has sold your cat to the King of Barbary, and brings you in return for her more riches than I possess in the whole world; and may you long enjoy them!"

Mr. Fitzwarren then told the men to open the great treasure they had brought with them, saying, "There is nothing more now for Mr. Whittington to do but to put it in some place of safety."

Poor Dick hardly knew how to behave himself for joy. He begged his master to take what part of it he pleased, since he owed it all to his kindness. "No, no," answered Mr. Fitzwarren, "this all belongs to you; and I have no doubt that you will use it well."

Dick next begged his mistress, and then Miss Alice, to accept a part of his good fortune, but they would not, and at the same time told him what great joy they felt at his great success. But he was far too kind-hearted to keep it all to himself; so he made a present to the captain, the mate, and the rest of Mr. Fitzwarren's servants; and even to his old enemy, the cross cook.

After this Mr. Fitzwarren advised him to send for a tailor and get himself dressed like a gentleman, and told him he was welcome to live in his house till he could provide himself with a better.

When Whittington's face was washed, his hair curled, and he was dressed in a smart suit of clothes he was just as handsome and fine a young man as any who visited at Mr. Fitzwarren's, and so thought fair Alice Fitzwarren, who had once been so kind to him and looked upon him with pity. And now she felt he was quite fit to be her sweetheart, and none the less, no doubt, because Whittington was always thinking what he could do to please her, and making her the prettiest presents that could be.

Mr. Fitzwarren soon saw which way the wind blew, and ere long proposed to join them in marriage, and to this they both readily agreed. A day for the wedding was soon fixed; and they were attended to church by the Lord Mayor, the court of aldermen, the sheriffs, and a great number of the richest merchants in London, whom they afterwards treated with a magnificent feast.

History tells us that Mr. Whittington and his lady lived in great splendour, and were very happy. They had several children. He was Sheriff, and thrice Lord Mayor of London, and received the honour of knighthood from Henry V.

After the King's conquest of France, Sir Richard Whittington entertained him and the Queen at dinner at the Mansion House in so sumptuous a manner that the King said, "Never had Prince such a subject!" To which Sir Richard replied, "Never had subject such a Prince."

# Rapunzel

BY THE BROTHERS GRIMM

Translated by Mrs. E. V. Lucas,
Lucy Crane and Marian Edwardes

*Illustrations by Helen Sewell and Madeleine Gekiere*

THERE was once a man and his wife who had long wished in vain for a child, and at last they had reason to hope that heaven would grant their wish. There was a little window at the back of their house, which overlooked a beautiful garden full of lovely flowers and shrubs. It was, however, surrounded by a high wall, and nobody dared to enter it, because it belonged to a powerful witch who was feared by everybody.

One day the woman, standing at this window and looking into the garden, saw a bed planted with beautiful rampion. It looked so fresh and green that she longed to eat some of it. This longing increased every day; and as she knew it could never be satisfied, she began to look pale and miserable and to pine away. Then her husband was alarmed and said, "What ails you, my dear wife?"

"Alas!" she answered. "If I cannot get any of the rampion to eat from the garden behind our house, I shall die."

Her husband, who loved her, thought, "Before you let your wife die you must fetch her some of that rampion, cost what it may." So in the twilight he climbed over the wall into the witch's garden, hastily picked a handful of rampion, and took it back to his wife. She immediately prepared it and ate it very eagerly. It was so very, very

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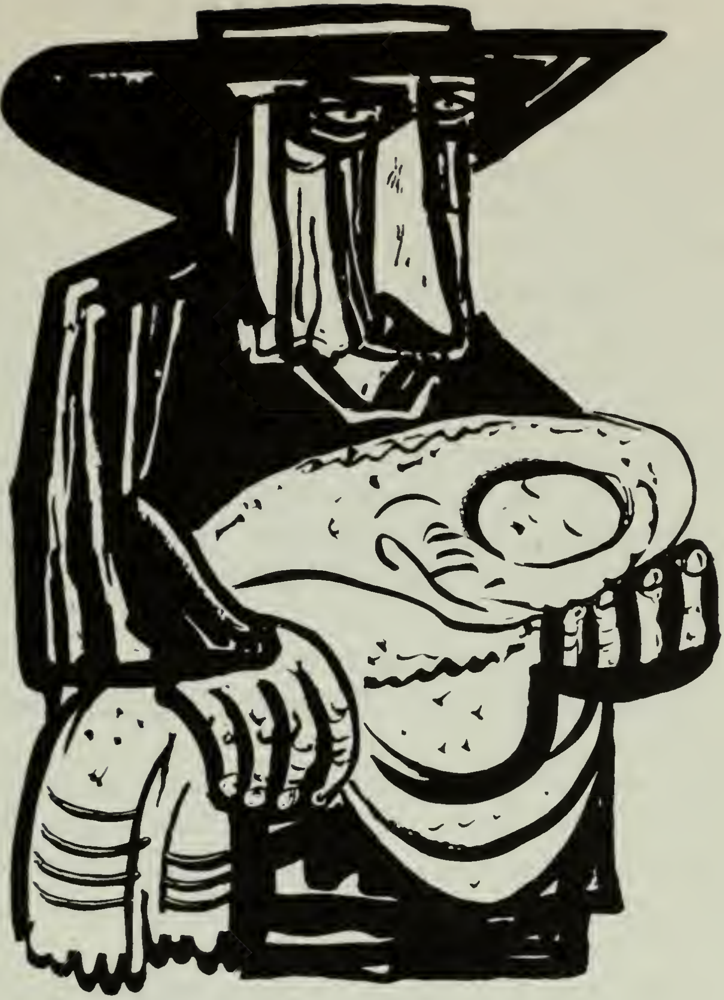


nice that the next day her longing for it increased threefold. She could have no peace unless her husband fetched her some more. So in the twilight he set out again, but when he got over the wall he was terrified to see the witch before him.

"How dare you come into my garden like a thief and steal my rampion?" she said, with angry looks. "It shall be the worse for you!"

"Alas!" he answered. "Be merciful to me. I am only here from necessity. My wife sees your rampion from the window, and she has such a longing for it that she would die if she could not get some of it."

The anger of the witch abated and she said to him, "If it is as you say, I will allow you to take away with you as much rampion as you like, but on one condition. You must give me the child which your wife is about to bring into the world. I will care for it like a mother, and all will be well with it."

In his fear the man consented to everything. And when the baby was born, the witch appeared, gave it the name of Rapunzel (rampion), and took it away with her.

Rapunzel was the most beautiful child under the sun. When she was twelve years old, the witch shut her up in a tower which stood in a wood. It had neither staircase nor doors, but only a little window quite high up in the wall.

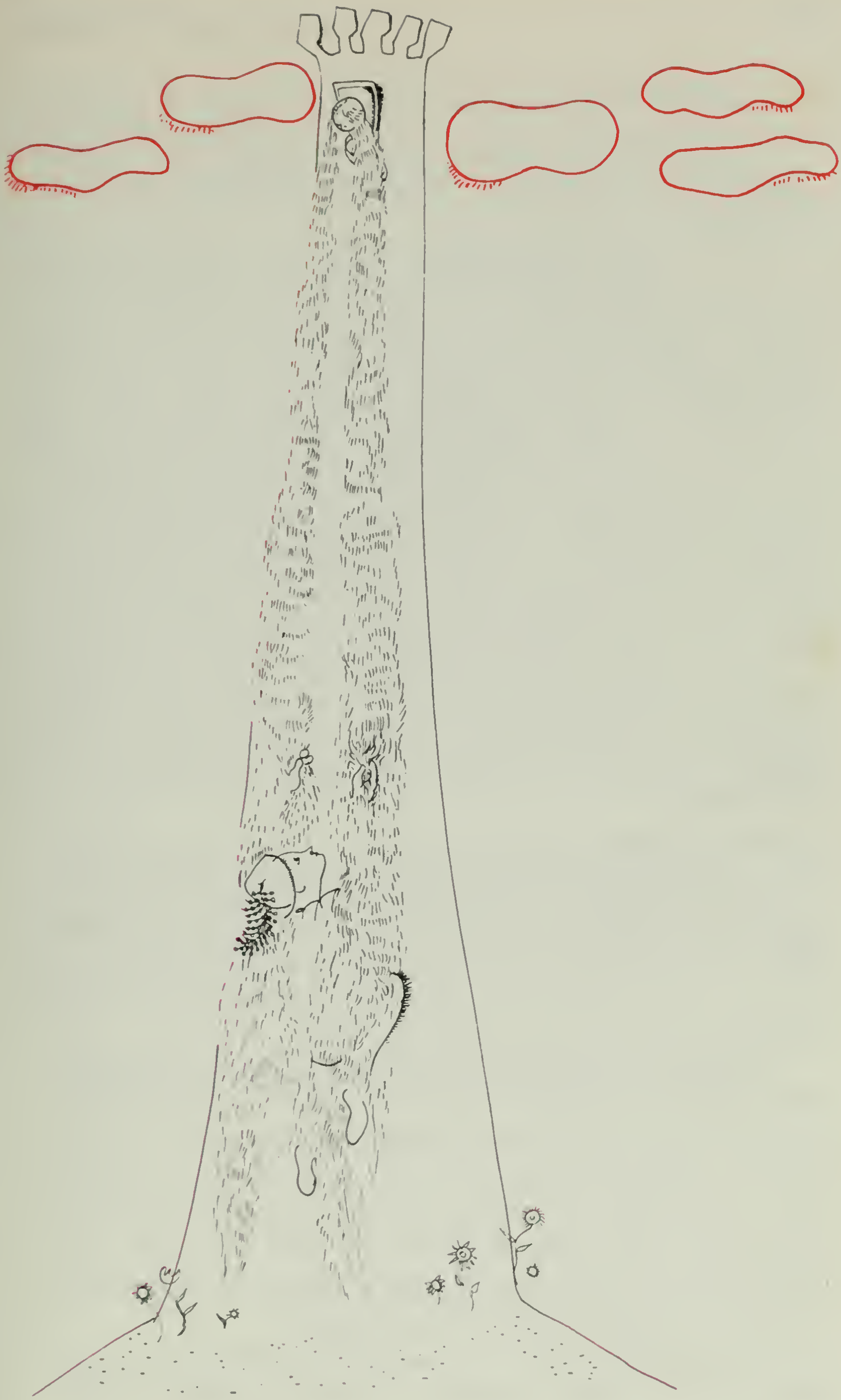
When the witch wanted to enter the tower, she stood at the foot of it and cried, "Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your hair!"

Rapunzel had splendid long hair, as fine as spun gold. As soon as she heard the voice of the witch, she unfastened her plaits and twisted her hair round a hook by the window. It fell twenty ells downwards, and the witch climbed up by it.

It happened a couple of years later that the King's son rode through the forest and came close to the tower. From thence he heard a song so lovely that he stopped to listen. It was Rapunzel who in her loveliness made her sweet voice resound to pass away the time. The King's son wanted to join her, and he sought for the door of the tower but there was none to find.

He rode home, but the song had touched his heart so deeply that he went into the forest every day to listen to it. Once when he was hidden behind a tree he saw a witch come to the tower and call out, "Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your hair!"

Then Rapunzel lowered her plaits of hair and the witch climbed up to her. "If that is the ladder by which



one ascends," he thought, "I will try my luck myself." And the next day, when it began to grow dark, he went to the tower and cried, "Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your hair!"

The hair fell down and the King's son climbed up it.

At first Rapunzel was terrified, for she had never set eyes on a man before. But the King's son talked to her kindly, and told her that his heart had been so deeply touched by her song that he had no peace and was obliged to see her. Then Rapunzel lost her fear. And when he asked if she would have him for her husband, and she saw that he was young and handsome, she thought, "He will love me better than old Mother Gothel." So she said, "Yes," and laid her hand in his. She said, "I will gladly go with you, but I do not know how I am to get down from this tower. When you come, will you bring a skein of silk with you every time? I will twist it into a ladder, and when it is long enough I will descend by it, and you can take me away with you on your horse."

She arranged with him that he should come and see her every evening, for the old witch came in the daytime.

The witch discovered nothing till suddenly Rapunzel said to her, "Tell me, Mother Gothel, how can it be that you are so much heavier to draw up than the young prince who will be here before long?"

"Oh, you wicked child, what do you say? I thought I had separated you from all the world, and yet you have deceived me." In her rage she seized Rapunzel's beautiful hair, twisted it twice round her left hand, snatched up a pair of shears, and cut off the plaits, which fell to the ground. She was so merciless that she took poor Rapunzel away into a wilderness, where she forced her to live in the greatest grief and misery.

In the evening of the day on which she had banished Rapunzel, the witch fastened the plaits which she had cut off to the hook by the window. And when the Prince came and called:

"Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your hair!"

—she lowered the hair. The Prince climbed up, but there he found, not his beloved Rapunzel, but the witch, who looked at him with angry and wicked eyes.

"Ah!" she cried mockingly, "you have come to fetch your ladylove, but the pretty bird is no longer in her nest. And she can sing no more, for the cat has seized her and it will scratch your own eyes out too. Rapunzel is lost to you. You will never see her again."

The Prince was beside himself with grief, and in his despair he sprang out of the window. He was not killed, but his eyes were scratched out by the thorns among which he fell. He wandered about blind in the wood and had nothing but roots and berries to eat. He did nothing but weep and lament over the loss of his beloved wife Rapunzel. In this way he wandered about for some years, till at last he reached the wilderness where Rapunzel had been living very sadly in great poverty.

He heard a voice which seemed very familiar to him and he went towards it. Rapunzel knew him at once and fell weeping upon his neck. Two of her tears fell upon his eyes, and they immediately grew quite clear and he could see as well as ever.

He took her to his kingdom, where he was received with joy, and they lived long and happily together.

# The Elves and the Shoemaker

BY THE BROTHERS GRIMM

Translated by Mrs. E. V. Lucas,
Lucy Crane and Marian Edwardes

*Illustration by Irwin Greenberg*

THERE was once a shoemaker who through no fault of his own had become so poor that at last he had only leather enough left for one pair of shoes. At evening he cut out the shoes which he intended to begin upon the next morning, and since he had a good conscience, he lay down quietly, said his prayers, and fell asleep.

In the morning, when he had said his prayers and was preparing to sit down to work, he found the pair of shoes standing finished on his table. He was amazed and could not understand it in the least.

He took the shoes in his hand to examine them more closely. They were so neatly sewn that not a stitch was out of place, and were as good as the work of a master hand.

Soon afterwards a purchaser came in and, as he was much pleased with the shoes, he paid more than the ordinary price for them, so that the shoemaker was able to buy leather for two pairs of shoes with the money.

He cut them out in the evening, and the next day with fresh courage was about to go to work. But he had no need to, for when he got up the shoes were finished, and buyers were not lacking. These gave him so much

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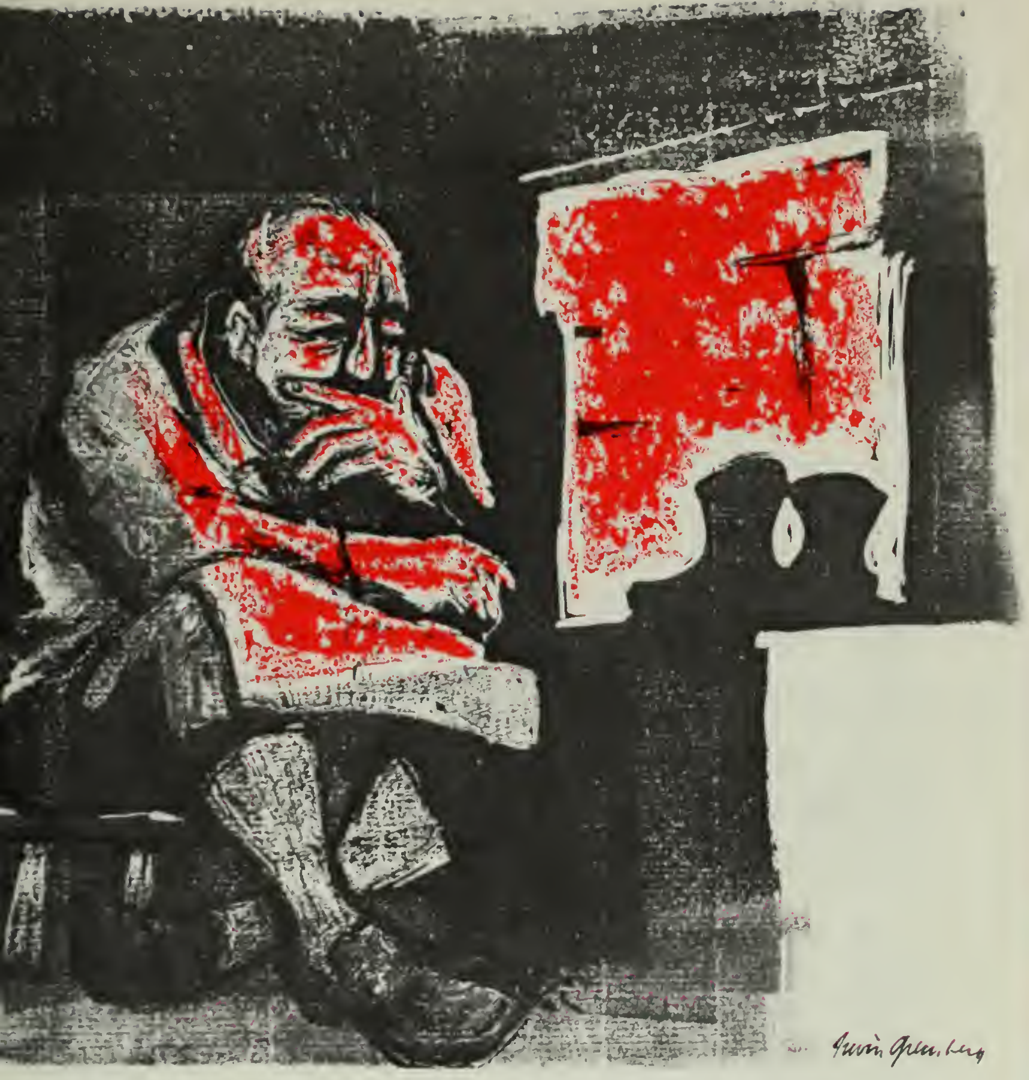

money that he was able to buy leather for four pairs of shoes.

Early next morning he found the four pairs finished, and so it went on. What he cut out at evening was finished in the morning, so that he was soon again in comfortable circumstances and became a well-to-do man.

Now it happened one evening not long before Christmas, when he had cut out some shoes as usual, that he said to his wife, "How would it be if we were to sit up tonight to see who it is that lends us such a helping hand?"

The wife agreed and lighted a candle, and they hid themselves in the corner of the room behind the clothes which were hanging there.

At midnight came two little naked men who sat down at the shoemaker's table, took up the cutout work, and began with their tiny fingers to stitch, sew, and hammer so neatly and quickly that the shoemaker could not believe his eyes. They did not stop till everything was quite finished and stood complete on the table. Then they ran swiftly away.

The next day the wife said, "The little men have made us rich, and we ought to show our gratitude. They were running about with nothing on, and must freeze with cold. Now I will make them little shirts, coats, waistcoats, and hose, and will even knit them a pair of stockings. And you shall make them each a pair of shoes."

The husband agreed. And at evening, when they had everything ready, they laid out the presents on the table and hid themselves to see how the little men would behave.

At midnight they came skipping in and were about to set to work. But instead of the leather ready cut out, they found the charming little clothes.

At first they were surprised, then excessively delighted. With the greatest speed they put on and smoothed down the pretty clothes, singing:

*"Now we're boys so fine and neat,*
*Why cobble more for others' feet?"*

Then they hopped and danced about, and leapt over chairs and tables and out the door. Henceforward they came back no more, but the shoemaker fared well as long as he lived, and had good luck in all his undertakings.

# Hansel and Gretel

BY THE BROTHERS GRIMM

Translated by Mrs. E. V. Lucas,
Lucy Crane and Marian Edwardes

*Illustrations by Helen Sewell and Madeleine Gekiere*

CLOSE to a large forest there lived a woodcutter with his wife and his two children. The boy was called Hansel and the girl Gretel. They were always very poor and had very little to live on. And at one time when there was famine in the land, he could no longer procure daily bread.

One night when he lay in bed worrying over his troubles, he sighed and said to his wife, "What is to become of us? How are we to feed our poor children when we have nothing for ourselves?"

"I'll tell you what, husband," answered the woman. "Tomorrow morning we will take the children out quite early into the thickest part of the forest. We will light a fire and give each of them a piece of bread. Then we will go to our work and leave them alone. They won't be able to find their way back, and so we shall be rid of them."

"Nay, wife," said the man, "we won't do that. I could never find it in my heart to leave my children alone in the forest. The wild animals would soon tear them to pieces."

"What a fool you are!" she said. "Then we must all four

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die of hunger. You may as well plane the boards for our coffins at once."

She gave him no peace till he consented. "But I grieve over the poor children all the same," said the man. The two children could not go to sleep for hunger either, and they heard what their stepmother said to their father.

Gretel wept bitterly and said, "All is over with us now."

"Be quiet, Gretel," said Hansel. "Don't cry! I will find some way out of it."

When the old people had gone to sleep, he got up, put on his little coat, opened the door, and slipped out. The moon was shining brightly and the white pebbles round the house shone like newly minted coins. Hansel stooped down and put as many into his pockets as they would hold.

Then he went back to Gretel and said, "Take comfort, little sister, and go to sleep. God won't forsake us." And then he went to bed again.

At daybreak, before the sun had risen, the woman came and said, "Get up, you lazybones! We are going into the forest to fetch wood."

Then she gave them each a piece of bread and said, "Here is something for your dinner, but don't eat it before then, for you'll get no more."

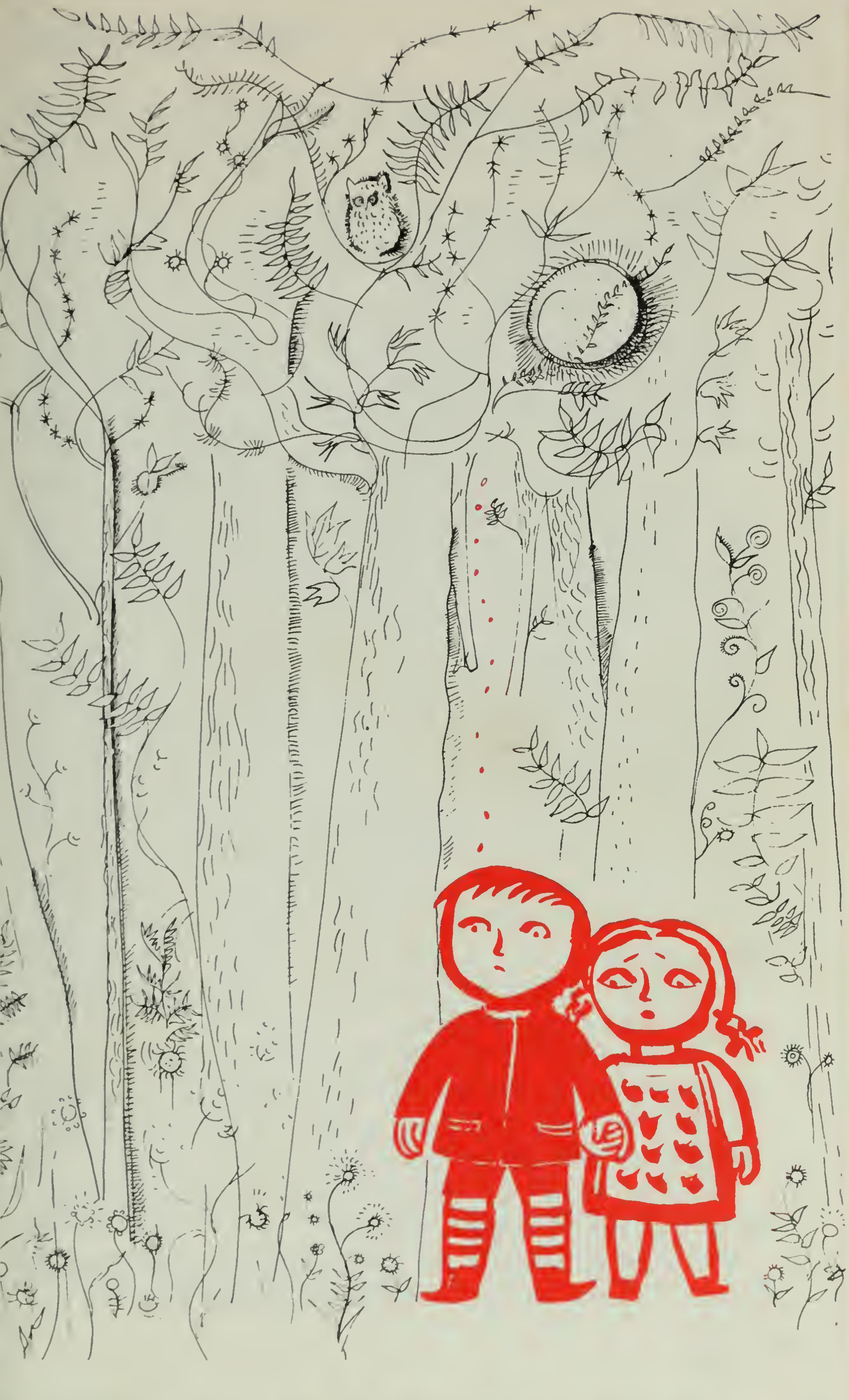
Gretel put the bread under her apron, for Hansel had the stones in his pockets. Then they all started for the forest.

When they had gone a little way, Hansel stopped and looked back at the cottage, and he did the same thing again and again.

His father said, "Hansel, what are you stopping to look back at? Take care and put your best foot foremost."

"Oh, father," said Hansel, "I am looking at my white cat. It is sitting on the roof, wanting to say good-bye to me."

"Little fool, that's no cat! It's the morning sun shining on the chimney," said the mother.



But Hansel had not been looking at the cat. He had been dropping a pebble on the ground each time he stopped.

When they reached the middle of the forest, their father said, "Now, children, pick up some wood. I want to make a fire to warm you."

Hansel and Gretel gathered the twigs together and soon made a huge pile. Then the pile was lighted, and when it blazed up the woman said, "Now lie down by the fire and rest yourselves while we go and cut wood. When we have finished we will come back to fetch you."

Hansel and Gretel sat by the fire, and when dinner-time came they each ate their little bit of bread, and they thought their father was quite near because they could hear the sound of an ax. It was no ax, however, but a branch which the man had tied to a dead tree, and which blew backwards and forwards against it. They sat there so long a time that they got tired. Then their eyes began to close and they were soon fast asleep.

When they woke it was dark night. Gretel began to cry, "How shall we ever get out of the wood?"

But Hansel comforted her and said, "Wait a little while till the moon rises, and then we will soon find our way."

When the full moon rose, Hansel took his little sister's hand and they walked on, guided by the pebbles, which glittered like newly coined money. They walked the whole night, and at daybreak they found themselves back at their father's cottage.

They knocked at the door, and when the woman opened it and saw Hansel and Gretel she said, "You bad children, why did you sleep so long in the wood? We thought you did not mean to come back any more."

But their father was delighted, for it had gone to his heart to leave them behind alone.

Not long afterwards they were again in great destitution, and the children heard the woman at night in bed say to their father, "We have eaten up everything again but half a loaf, and then we will be at the end of everything. The children must go away! We will take them farther into the forest so that they won't be able to find their way back. There is nothing else to be done."

The man took it much to heart and said, "We had better share our last crust with the children."

But the woman would not listen to a word he said. She only scolded and reproached him. Anyone who once says A must also say B, and as the father had given in the first time he had to do so the second. The children were again wide awake and heard what was said.

When the old people went to sleep Hansel again got up, meaning to go out and get some more pebbles, but the woman had locked the door and he couldn't get out. But he consoled his little sister and said, "Don't cry, Gretel. Go to sleep. God will help us."

In the early morning the woman made the children get up and gave them each a piece of bread, but it was smaller than the last. On the way to the forest Hansel crumbled it up in his pocket, and stopped every now and then to throw a crumb onto the ground.

"Hansel, what are you stopping to look about you for?" asked his father. "I am looking at my dove which is sitting on the roof and wants to say good-bye to me," answered Hansel.

"Little fool," said the woman, "that is no dove! It is the morning sun shining on the chimney."

Nevertheless, Hansel strewed the crumbs from time to time on the ground. The woman led the children far into the forest, where they had never been in their lives before. Again they made a big fire, and the woman said, "Stay where you are, children, and when you are tired you may go to sleep for a while. We are going farther on to cut wood, and in the evening when we have finished we will come back and fetch you."

At dinnertime Gretel shared her bread with Hansel, for he had crumbled his upon the road. Then they went to sleep and the evening passed, but no one came to fetch the poor children.

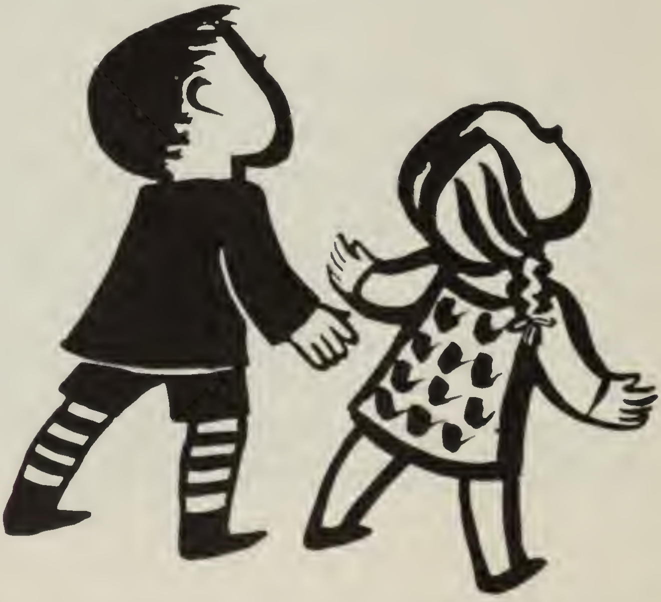
It was quite dark when they woke up, and Hansel cheered his little sister. He said, "Wait a bit, Gretel, till the moon rises, and then we can see the bread crumbs which I scattered to show us the way home."

When the moon rose they started, but they found no bread crumbs, for all the thousands of birds in the forest had picked them up and eaten them.

Hansel said to Gretel, "We shall soon find the way." But they could not find it. They walked the whole night and all the next day from morning till night, but they could not get out of the wood.

They were very hungry, for they had nothing to eat but a few berries which they found. They were so tired that their legs would not carry them any farther, and they lay down under a tree and went to sleep.

When they woke in the morning, it was the third day since they had left their father's cottage. They started to walk again, but they only got deeper and deeper into the wood, and if no help came they must perish.



At midday they saw a beautiful snow-white bird sitting on a tree. It sang so beautifully that they stood still to listen to it. When it stopped, it fluttered its wings and flew around them. They followed it till they came to a little cottage, on the roof of which it settled down.

When they got quite near, they saw that the little house was made of bread and roofed with cake. The windows were transparent sugar.

"Here is something for us," said Hansel. "We will have a good meal. I will have a piece of the roof, Gretel, and you can have a bit of the window. It will be nice and sweet."

Hansel reached up and broke off a piece of the roof to see what it tasted like. Gretel went to the window and nibbled at that. A gentle voice called out from within:

*"Nibbling, nibbling like a mouse,*
*Who's nibbling at my little house?"*

The children answered:

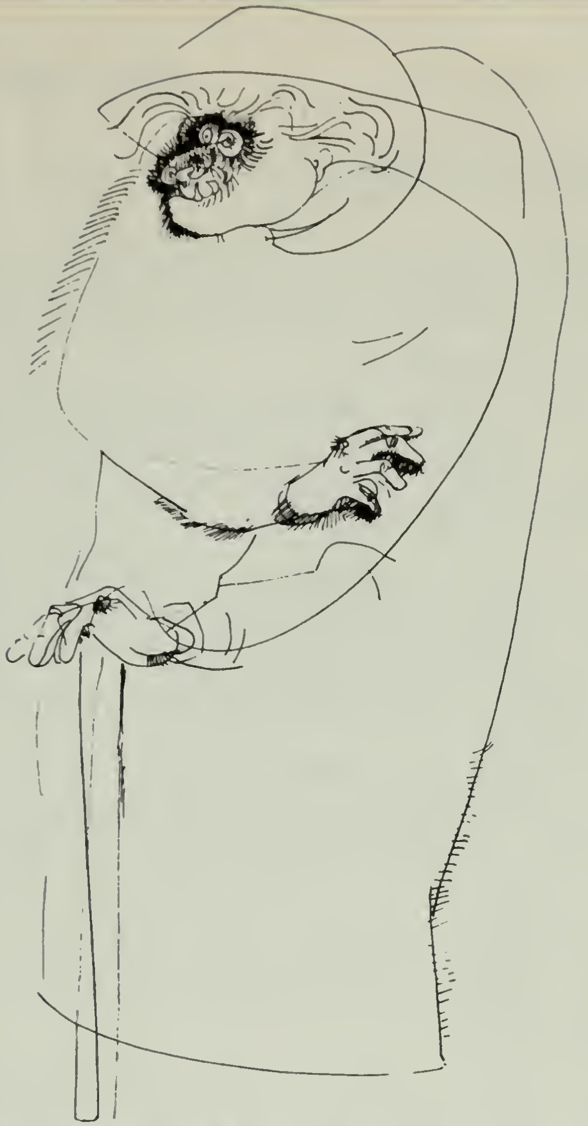
*"The wind, the wind doth blow*
*From heaven to earth below."*

And they went on eating without disturbing themselves. Hansel, who found the roof very good, broke off a large piece for himself, and Gretel pushed a whole round pane out of the window and sat down on the ground to enjoy it.

All at once the door opened and an old, old woman, supporting herself on a crutch, came hobbling out. Hansel and Gretel were so frightened that they dropped what they held in their hands.

But the old woman only shook her head and said, "Ah, dear children, who brought you here? Come in and stay with me. You will come to no harm."

She took them by the hand and led them into the little house. A nice dinner was set before them: pancakes and



sugar, milk, apples, and nuts. After this she showed them two little white beds into which they crept, and they felt as if they were in heaven.

Although the old woman appeared to be so friendly, she was really a wicked old witch who was on the watch for children, and she had built the bread house on purpose to lure them to her. Whenever she could get a child into her clutches she cooked it and ate it, and considered it a grand feast. Witches have red eyes and can't see very far, but they have keen noses like animals and can scent the approach of human beings.

When Hansel and Gretel came near her, she laughed wickedly to herself and said scornfully, "Now that I have them, they shan't escape me."

She got up early in the morning before the children were awake, and when she saw them sleeping, with their beautiful rosy cheeks, she murmured to herself, "They will be dainty morsels."

She seized Hansel with her bony hand and carried him off to a little stable, where she locked him up behind a barred door. He might shriek as loud as he liked, she took no notice of him.

Then she went to Gretel and shook her till she woke, and cried, "Get up, little lazybones! Fetch some water and cook something nice for your brother. He is in the stable and has to be fattened. When he is nice and fat, I will eat him."

Gretel began to cry bitterly, but it was no use; she had to obey the witch's orders. The best food was now cooked for poor Hansel, but Gretel got nothing but the shells of crayfish.

The old woman hobbled to the stable every morning and cried, "Hansel, put your finger out for me to feel how fat you are."

Hansel put out a knucklebone, and the old woman, whose eyes were too dim to see, thought it was his finger. And she was much astonished that he did not get fat.

When four weeks had passed and Hansel still kept thin, she became very impatient and would wait no longer.

"Now then, Gretel," she cried, "bustle along and fetch the water. Fat or thin, tomorrow I will kill Hansel and eat him."

Oh, how his poor little sister grieved! As she carried the water, the tears streamed down her cheeks.

"Dear God, help us!" she cried. "If only the wild animals in the forest had eaten us, we should at least have died together."

"You may spare your lamentations! They will do you no good," said the old woman.

Early in the morning Gretel had to go out to fill the kettle with water, and then she had to kindle a fire and hang the kettle over it.

"We will bake first," said the old witch. "I have heated the oven and kneaded the dough."

She pushed poor Gretel towards the oven and said, "Creep in and see if it is properly heated, and then we will put the bread in."

She meant, when Gretel had gone in, to shut the door and roast her, but Gretel saw her intention and said, "I don't know how to get in. How am I to manage it?"

"Stupid goose!" cried the witch. "The opening is big enough. You can see that I could get into it myself."

She hobbled up and stuck her head into the oven. But Gretel gave her a push which sent the witch right in, and then she banged the door and bolted it.

"Oh! oh!" the witch began to howl horribly. But Gretel ran away and left the wicked witch to perish miserably.

Gretel ran as fast as she could to the stable. She opened the door and cried, "Hansel, we are saved! The old witch is dead."

Hansel sprang out, like a bird out of a cage when the door is set open. How delighted they were. They fell upon each other's necks and kissed each other and danced about for joy.

As they had nothing more to fear, they went into the witch's house, and in every corner they found chests full of pearls and precious stones.

"These are better than pebbles," said Hansel, as he filled his pockets.

Gretel said, "I must take something home with me too." And she filled her apron.

"But now we must go," said Hansel, "so that we may get out of this enchanted wood."

Before they had gone very far, they came to a great piece of water.

"We can't get across it," said Hansel. "I see no stepping-stones and no bridge."

"And there are no boats either," answered Gretel, "but there is a duck swimming. It will help us over if we ask it."

So she cried:

*"Little duck that cries quack, quack,*
*Here Gretel and here Hansel stand.*
*Quickly take us on your back,*
*No path nor bridge is there at hand!"*

The duck came swimming towards them, and Hansel got on its back and told his sister to sit on his knee.

"No," answered Gretel, "it will be too heavy for the duck. It must take us over one after the other."

The good creature did this, and when they had got safely over and walked for a while the wood seemed to grow more and more familiar to them, and at last they saw their father's cottage in the distance. They began to run, and rushed inside, where they threw their arms around their father's neck. The man had not had a single happy moment since he deserted his children in the wood, and in the meantime his wife had died.

Gretel shook her apron and scattered the pearls and precious stones all over the floor, and Hansel added handful after handful out of his pockets.

So all their troubles came to an end, and they lived together as happily as possible.

# The Bremen Town Musicians

BY THE BROTHERS GRIMM

Translated by Mrs. E. V. Lucas,
Lucy Crane and Marian Edwardes

*Illustrations by Helen Sewell and Madeleine Gekiere*

A certain man had an ass which for many years carried sacks to the mill without tiring. At last, however, its strength was worn out and it was no longer of any use for work. Accordingly, its master began to ponder as to how best to cut down its keep. But the ass, seeing there was mischief in the air, ran away and started on the road to Bremen. There he thought he could become a town musician.

When he had been traveling a short time, he fell in with a hound, who was lying panting on the road as though he had run himself off his legs.

"Well, what are you panting so for, Growler?" said the ass.

"Ah," said the hound, "just because I am old, and every day I get weaker. And also, because I can no longer keep up with the pack, my master wanted to kill me, so I took my departure. But now how am I to earn my bread?"

"Do you know what?" said the ass. "I am going to Bremen and shall there become a town musician. Come

From *Grimms' Fairy Tales,* by the Brothers Grimm, translated by Mrs. E. V. Lucas, Lucy Crane and Marian Edwardes.

with me and take your part in the music. I shall play the lute, and you shall beat the kettledrum."

The hound agreed and they went on.

A short time afterwards they came upon a cat sitting in the road, with a face as long as a wet week.

"Well, why are you so cross, Whiskers?" asked the ass.

"Who can be cheerful when he is out at elbows?" said the cat. "'I am getting on in years and my teeth are blunted, and I prefer to sit by the stove and purr instead of hunting round after mice. Just because of this my mistress wanted to drown me. I made myself scarce, but now I don't know where to turn."

"Come with us to Bremen," said the ass. "You are a great hand at serenading, so you can become a town musician."

The cat consented and joined them.

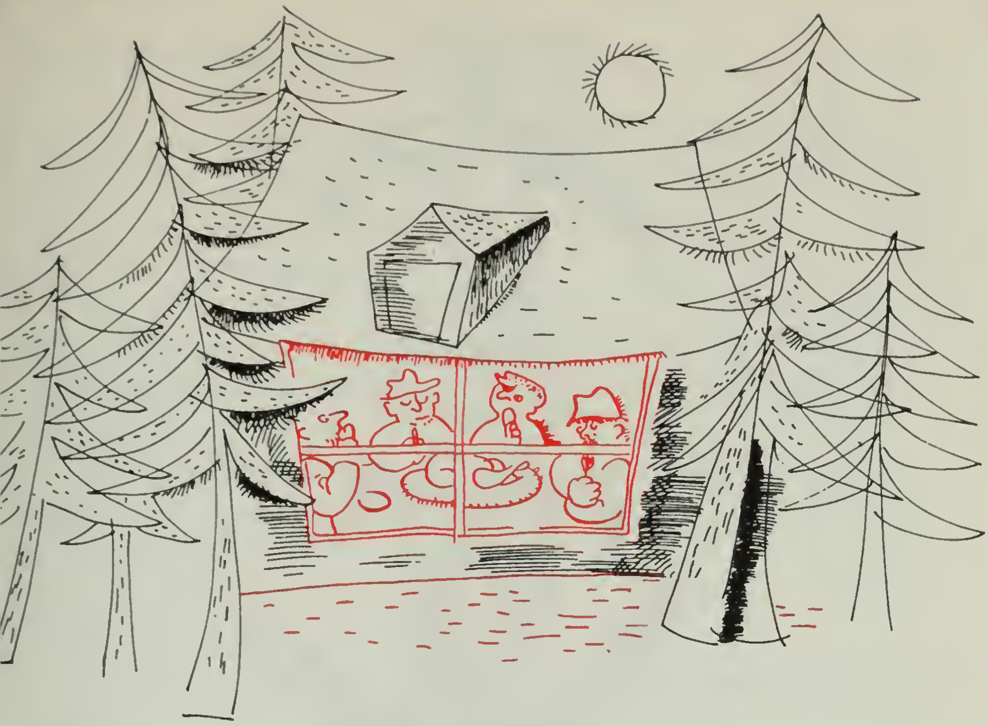
Next the fugitives passed by a yard where a barnyard fowl was sitting on the door, crowing with all its might.

"You crow so loud you pierce one through and through," said the ass. "What is the matter?"

"Why, didn't I prophesy fine weather for Lady Day, when Our Lady washes the Christ Child's little garment and wants to dry it? But notwithstanding this, because Sunday visitors are coming tomorrow, the mistress has no pity, and she has ordered the cook to make me into soup. So I shall have my neck wrung tonight. Now I am crowing with all my might while I can."

"Come along, Red-comb," said the ass. "You had much better come with us. We are going to Bremen and you will find a much better fate there. You have a good voice, and when we make music together there will be quality in it."

The cock allowed himself to be persuaded and they all four went off together. They could not, however, reach the town in one day, and by evening they arrived at a wood, where they determined to spend the night. The ass and the hound lay down under a big tree. The



cat and the cock settled themselves in the branches, the cock flying right up to the top, which was the safest place for him. Before going to sleep he looked round once more in every direction. Suddenly it seemed that he saw a light burning in the distance. He called out to his comrades that there must be a house not far off, for he saw a light.

"Very well," said the ass. "Let us set out and make our way to it, for the entertainment here is very bad."

The hound thought some bones or meat would suit him too, so they set out in the direction of the light. They soon saw it shining more clearly and getting bigger and bigger, till they reached a brightly lighted robbers' den. The ass, being the tallest, approached the window and looked in.

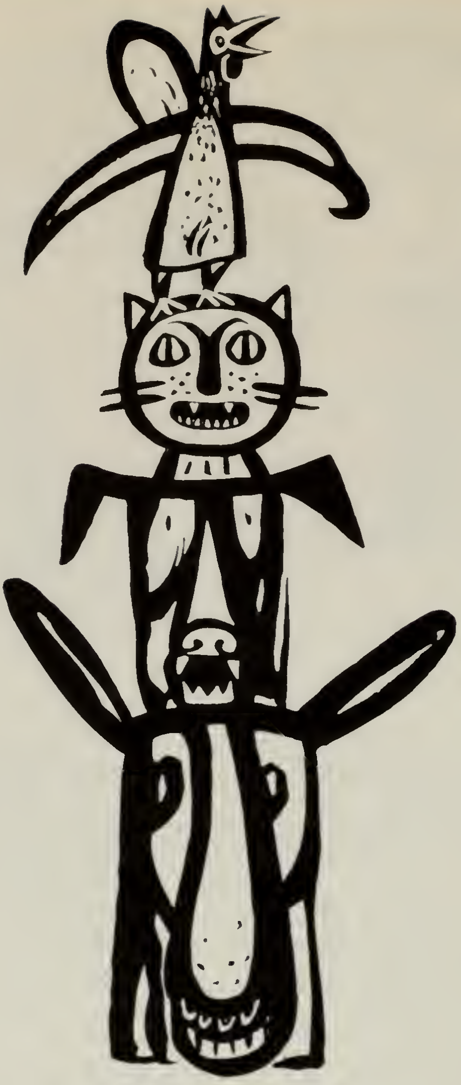
"What do you see, old Jackass?" asked the cock.

"What do I see?" answered the ass. "Why, a table spread with delicious food and drink, and robbers seated at it enjoying themselves."

"That would just suit us," said the cock.

"Yes, if we were only there," answered the ass.

Then the animals took counsel as to how to set about driving the robbers out. At last they hit upon a plan.



The ass was to take up his position with his forefeet on the window sill, the hound was to jump on his back, the cat was to climb up onto the hound, and last of all the cock was to fly up and perch on the cat's head. When they were thus arranged, at a given signal they all began to perform their music. The ass brayed, the hound barked, the cat mewed, and the cock crowed. Then they dashed through the window, shivering the panes. The robbers jumped up at the terrible noise. They thought nothing less than that the devil was coming in upon them and fled into the wood in the greatest alarm. Then the four animals sat down to the table and helped themselves according to taste, and they ate as though they had been starving for weeks. When they had finished, they extinguished the light and looked for sleeping places, each one to suit his taste.

The ass lay down on a pile of straw, the hound behind the door, the cat on the hearth near the warm ashes, and the cock flew up to the rafters. As they were tired from the long journey, they soon went to sleep.

When midnight was past, and the robbers saw from a distance that the light was no longer burning and that all seemed quiet, the chief said, "We ought not to have been scared by a false alarm." And he ordered one of the robbers to go and examine the house.

Finding all quiet, the messenger went into the kitchen to kindle a light. And taking the cat's glowing, fiery eyes for live coals, he held a match close to them so as to light it. But the cat would stand no nonsense—it flew at his face, spat, and scratched. He was terribly frightened and ran away.

He tried to get out the back door, but the hound, who was lying there, jumped up and bit his leg. As he ran across the pile of straw in front of the house, the ass gave him a good sound kick with his hind legs; while the cock, who had awakened at the uproar quite fresh and gay, cried out from his perch. "Cock-a-doodle-doo."

Thereupon the robber ran back as fast as he could to his chief and said, "There is a gruesome witch in the house who breathed on me and scratched me with her long fingers. Behind the door there stands a man with a knife, who stabbed me, while in the yard lies a black monster who hit me with a club. And upon the roof the judge is seated, and he called out, 'Bring the rogue here!' So I hurried away as fast as I could."

Thenceforward the robbers did not venture again to the house, which, however, pleased the four Bremen musicians so much that they never wished to leave it again.

*GERMANY*

# The Fisherman and His Wife

BY THE BROTHERS GRIMM

Translated by Mrs. E. V. Lucas,
Lucy Crane and Marian Edwardes

*Illustration by Fritz Kredel*

THERE was once a fisherman who lived with his wife in a miserable little hovel close to the sea. He went to fish every day, and he fished and fished, and at last one day as he was sitting looking deep down into the shining water, he felt something on his line. When he hauled it up there was a big flounder on the end of the line.

The flounder said to him, "Listen, fisherman, I beg you not to kill me. I am no common flounder. I am an enchanted prince! What good will it do you to kill me? I shan't be good to eat. Put me back into the water and leave me to swim about."

"Ho! ho!" said the fisherman. "You need not make so many words about it. I am quite ready to put back a flounder that can talk." And so saying, he put back the flounder into the shining water and it sank down to the bottom, leaving a streak of blood behind it. Then the fisherman got up and went back to his wife in the hovel.

"Husband," she said, "have you caught nothing today?"

"No," said the man. "All I caught was one flounder. And he said he was an enchanted prince, so I let him go again."

From *Grimms' Fairy Tales,* by the Brothers Grimm, translated by Mrs. E. V. Lucas, Lucy Crane and Marian Edwardes.

"Did you not wish for anything then?" asked the goodwife.

"No," said the man. "What was there to wish for?"

"Alas," said his wife, "isn't it bad enough always to live in this wretched hovel? You might at least have wished for a nice clean cottage. Go back and call him! Tell him I want a pretty cottage. He will surely give us that."

"Alas," said the man, "what am I to go back there for?"

"Well," said the woman, "it was you who caught him and let him go again. He will certainly do that for you. Be off now."

The man was still not very willing to go, but he did not want to vex his wife and at last he went back to the sea.

He found the sea no longer bright and shining, but dull and green. He stood by it and said:

*"Flounder, flounder in the sea,*
*Prithee, hearken unto me:*
*My wife, Ilsebil, must have her own will,*
*And sends me to beg a boon of thee."*

The flounder came swimming up and said, "Well, what do you want?"

"Alas," said the man, "I had to call you, for my wife said I ought to have wished for something as I caught you. She doesn't want to live in our miserable hovel any longer. She wants a pretty cottage."

"Go home again then," said the flounder. "She has her wish fully."

The man went home and found his wife no longer in the old hut, but a pretty little cottage stood in its place and his wife was sitting on a bench by the door.

She took him by the hand and said, "Come and look in here. Isn't this much better?"

They went inside and found a pretty sitting room, a bedroom with a bed in it, a kitchen, and a larder furnished with everything of the best in tin and brass and every possible requisite. Outside there was a little yard with chickens and ducks and a little garden full of vegetables and fruit.

"Look!" said the woman. "Is not this nice?"

"Yes," said the man, "and so let it remain. We can live here very happily."

"We will see about that," said the woman. With that they ate something and went to bed.

Everything went well for a week or more, and then the wife said, "Listen, husband, this cottage is too cramped and the garden is too small. The flounder could have given us a bigger house. I want to live in a big stone castle. Go to the flounder and tell him to give us a castle."

"Alas, wife," said the man, "the cottage is good enough for us. What should we do with a castle?"

"Never mind," said his wife. "You just go to the flounder and he will manage it."

"No, wife," said the man. "The flounder gave us the cottage. I don't want to go back. As likely as not he'll be angry."

"Go, all the same," said the woman. "He can do it easily enough and willingly into the bargain. Just go!"

The man's heart was heavy and he was very unwilling to go. He said to himself, "It's not right." But at last he went.

He found the sea was no longer green: it was still calm, but dark violet and gray. He stood by it and said:

*"Flounder, flounder in the sea,*
*Prithee, hearken unto me:*
*My wife, Ilsebil, must have her own will.*
*And sends me to beg a boon of thee."*

"Now what do you want?" said the flounder.

"Alas," said the man, half scared, "my wife wants a big stone castle."

"Go home again," said the flounder. "She is standing at the door of it."

Then the man went away thinking he would find no house, but when he got back he found a great stone palace, and his wife was standing at the top of the steps waiting to go in.

She took him by the hand and said, "Come in with me."

With that they went in and found a great hall paved with marble slabs, and numbers of servants in attendance who opened the great doors for them. The walls were hung with beautiful tapestries and the rooms were furnished with golden chairs and tables, while rich carpets covered the floors and crystal chandeliers hung from the ceilings. The tables groaned under every kind of delicate food and the most costly wines. Outside the house there was a great courtyard, with stables for horses and cows, and many fine carriages. Beyond this there was a great garden filled with the loveliest flowers and fine fruit trees. There was also a park half a mile long, and in it were stags, hinds and hares, and everything that one could wish for.

"Now," said the woman, "is not this worth having?"

"Oh yes," said the man, "and so let it remain. We will live in this beautiful palace and be content."

"We will think about that," said his wife, "and sleep upon it."

With that they went to bed.

Next morning the wife woke up first. Day was just dawning, and from her bed she could see the beautiful country around her. He husband was still asleep, but she pushed him with her elbow and said, "Husband, get up and peep out of the window. See here, now, could we not be King over all this land? Go to the flounder. We will be King."

"Alas, wife," said the man, "why should we be King? I don't want to be King."

"Ah," said his wife, "if you will not be King, I will. Go to the flounder. I will be King."

"Alas, wife," said the man, "why do you want to be King? I don't want to ask the flounder."

"Why not?" said the woman. "Go you must. I will be King."

So the man went, but he was quite sad because his wife would be King.

"It is not right," he said. "It is not right."

When he reached the sea, he found it dark, gray and rough, and evil smelling. He stood there and said:

*"Flounder, flounder in the sea,*
*Prithee, hearken unto me:*
*My wife, Ilsebil, must have her own will,*
*And sends me to beg a boon of thee."*

"Now what does she want?" said the flounder.

"Alas," said the man, "she wants to be King now."

"Go back. She is King already," said the flounder.

So the man went back, and when he reached the palace he found that it had grown much larger and a great tower had been added with handsome decorations. There was a sentry at the door and numbers of soldiers were playing drums and trumpets. As soon as he got inside the house he found everything was marble and gold, and the hangings were of velvet with great golden tassels.

The doors of the saloon were thrown wide open, and he saw the whole court assembled. His wife was sitting on a lofty throne of gold and diamonds. She wore a golden crown and carried in one hand a scepter of pure gold. On each side of her stood her ladies in a long row, each one a head shorter than the next.

He stood before her and said, "Alas, wife, are you now King?"

"Yes," she said. "Now I am King."

He stood looking at her for some time, and then he said, "Ah, wife, it is a fine thing for you to be King. Now we will not wish to be anything more."

"No, husband," she answered, quite uneasily, "I find that time hangs very heavy on my hands. I can't bear it any longer. Go back to the flounder. King I am, but I must also be Emperor."

"Alas, wife," said the man, "why do you now want to be Emperor?"

"Husband," she answered, "go to the flounder. Emperor I will be."

"Alas, wife," said the man, "emperor he can't make you, and I won't ask him. There is only one emperor in the country, and Emperor the flounder cannot make you. That he can't."

"What?" said the woman. "I am King, and you are but my husband. To him you must go and that right quickly. If he can make a king, he can also make an emperor. Emperor I will be, so go quickly."

He had to go, but he was quite frightened. And as he went he thought, "This won't end well. Emperor is too shameless. The flounder will make an end of the whole thing."

With that he came to the sea, but now he found it quite black and heaving up from below in great waves. It tossed to and fro and a sharp wind blew over it, and the man trembled. So he stood there and said:

*"Flounder, flounder in the sea,*
*Prithee, hearken unto me:*
*My wife, Ilsebil, must have her own will,*
*And sends me to beg a boon of thee."*

"What does she want now?" said the flounder.

"Alas, flounder," he said, "my wife wants to be Emperor."

"Go back," said the flounder. "She is Emperor."

So the man went back, and when he got to the door he found that the whole palace was made of polished marble with alabaster figures and golden decorations. Soldiers marched up and down before the doors, blowing their trumpets and beating their drums. Inside the palace, counts, barons, and dukes walked about as attendants, and they opened to him the doors, which were of pure gold.

He went in and saw his wife sitting on a huge throne made of solid gold. It was at least two miles high. She had on her head a great golden crown set with diamonds three yards high. In one hand she held the scepter, and in the other the orb of empire. On each side of her stood the gentlemen-at-arms in two rows, each one a little smaller than the other, from giants two miles high down to the tiniest dwarf no bigger than my little finger. She was surrounded by princes and dukes.

Her husband stood still and said, "Wife, are you now Emperor?"

"Yes," said she. "Now I am Emperor."

Then he looked at her for some time and said, "Alas, wife, how much better off are you for being Emperor?"

"Husband," she said, "what are you standing there for? Now I am Emperor, I mean to be Pope! Go back to the flounder."

"Alas, wife," said the man, "what won't you want next? Pope you cannot be. There is only one pope in Christendom. That's more than the flounder can do."

"Husband," she said, "Pope I will be, so go at once! I must be Pope this very day."

"No, my wife," he said, "I dare not tell him. It's no good. It's too monstrous altogether. The flounder cannot make you Pope."

"Husband," said the woman, "don't talk nonsense. If he can make an emperor, he can make a pope. Go immediately. I am Emperor, and you are but my husband, and you must obey."

So he was frightened and went, but he was quite dazed. He shivered and shook and his knees trembled.

A great wind arose over the land, the clouds flew across the sky, and it grew as dark as night. The leaves fell from the trees, and the water foamed and dashed upon the shore. In the distance the ships were being tossed to and fro on the waves, and he heard them firing signals of distress. There was still a little patch of blue in the sky among the dark clouds, but towards the south they were red and heavy, as in a bad storm. In despair, he stood and said:

*"Flounder, flounder in the sea,*
*Prithee, hearken unto me:*
*My wife, Ilsebil, must have her own will,*
*And sends me to beg a boon of thee."*

"Now what does she want?" said the flounder.

"Alas," said the man, "she wants to be Pope!"

"Go back. Pope she is," said the flounder.

So back he went, and he found a great church surrounded with palaces. He pressed through the crowd, and inside he found thousands and thousands of lights. And his wife, entirely clad in gold, was sitting on a still higher throne with three golden crowns upon her head, and she was surrounded with priestly state.

On each side of her were two rows of candles, from the biggest as thick as a tower down to the tiniest little taper. Kings and emperors were on their knees before her, kissing her shoe.

"Wife," said the man, looking at her, "are you now Pope?"

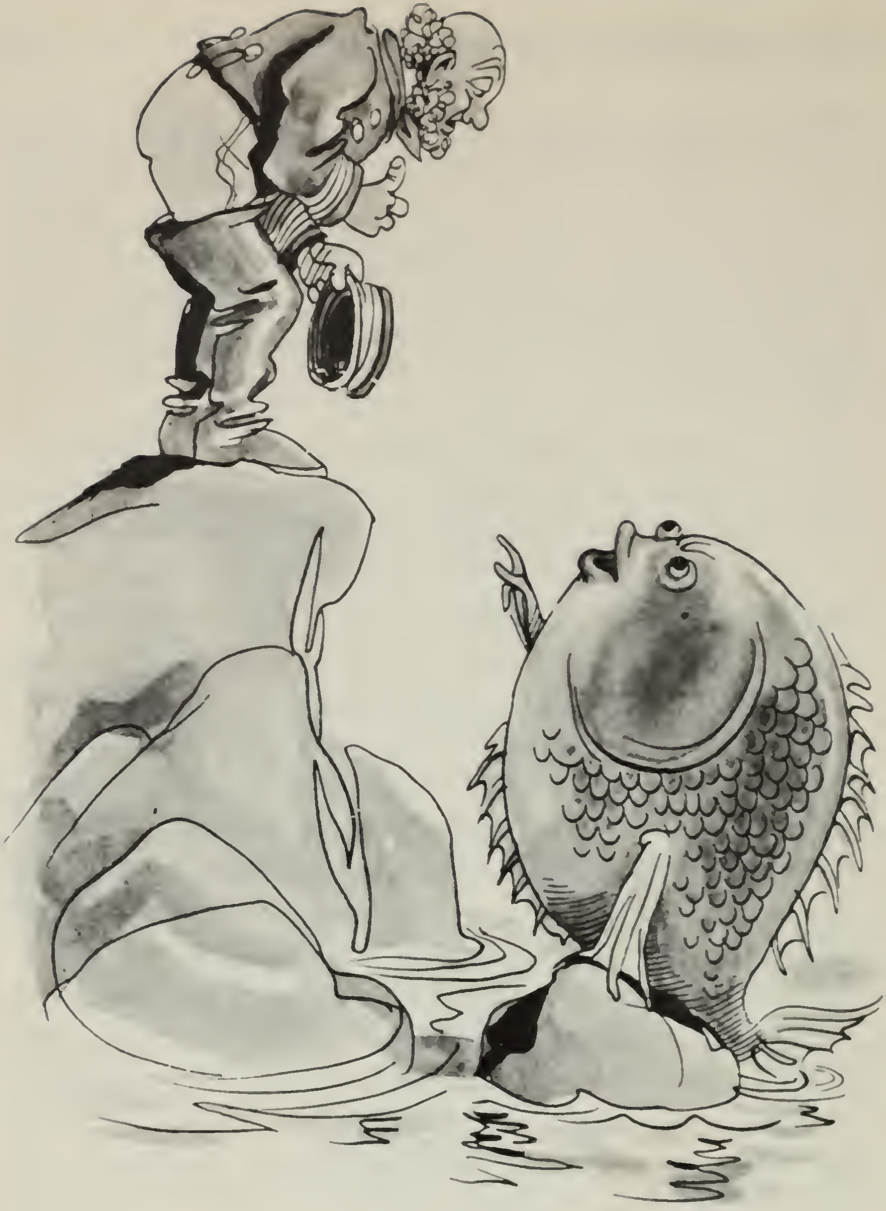
"Yes," said she. "Now I am Pope."

So there he stood gazing at her, and it was like looking at a shining sun.

"Alas, wife," he said, "are you better off for being Pope?"

At first she sat as stiff as a post, without stirring. Then he said, "Now, wife, be content with being Pope. Higher you cannot go."

"I will think about that," said the woman, and with that they both went to bed. Still she was not content and could



not sleep for her inordinate desires. The man slept well and soundly, for he had walked about a great deal in the day. But his wife could think of nothing but what further grandeur she could demand. When the dawn reddened the sky she raised herself up in bed and looked out the window, and when she saw the sun rise she said:

"Ha! Can I not cause the sun and the moon to rise? Husband!" she cried, digging her elbow into his side, "wake up and go to the flounder. I will be Lord of the Universe."

Her husband, who was still more than half asleep, was so shocked that he fell out of bed. He thought he must have heard wrong. He rubbed his eyes and said, "Alas, wife, what did you say?"

"Husband," she said, "if I cannot be Lord of the Universe, and cause the sun and moon to set and rise, I shall not be able to bear it. I shall never have another happy moment."

She looked at him so wildly that it caused a shudder to run through him.

"Alas, wife," he said, falling on his knees before her. "The flounder can't do that. Emperor and Pope he can make, but this is indeed beyond him. I pray you, control yourself and remain Pope."

Then she flew into a terrible rage. Her hair stood on end. She kicked him and screamed, "I won't bear it any longer. Now go!"

Then he pulled on his trousers and tore away like a madman. Such a storm was raging that he could hardly keep his feet. Houses and trees quivered and swayed, and mountains trembled, and the rocks rolled into the sea. The sky was pitchy black.

It thundered and lightened, and the sea ran in black waves mountain-high, crested with white foam. He shrieked out, but could hardly make himself heard:

*"Flounder, flounder in the sea,*
*Prithee, hearken unto me:*
*My wife, Ilsebil, must have her own will,*
*And sends me to beg a boon of thee."*

"Now what does she want?" asked the flounder.

"Alas," he said, "she wants to be Lord of the Universe."

"Now she must go back to her old hovel," said the flounder, "and there she is!" So there they are to this very day.

# The Goose Girl

BY THE BROTHERS GRIMM

Translated by Mrs. E. V. Lucas,
Lucy Crane and Marian Edwardes

*Illustration by Irwin Greenberg*

THERE was once an old queen whose husband had been dead for many years, and she had a very beautiful daughter. When she grew up she was betrothed to a prince in a distant country. When the time came for the maiden to be sent into this distant country to be married, the old Queen packed up quantities of clothes and jewels, gold and silver, cups and ornaments, and in fact everything suitable to a royal outfit, for she loved her daughter very dearly.

She also sent a waiting-woman to travel with her and to put her hand into that of the bridegroom. They each had a horse. The Princess' horse was called Falada, and it could speak.

When the hour of departure came, the old Queen went to her bedroom and with a sharp little knife cut her finger and made it bleed. Then she held a piece of white cambric under it and let three drops of blood fall on it. This cambric she gave to her daughter and said, "Dear child, take good care of this. It will stand you in good stead on the journey."

They then bade each other a sorrowful farewell. The Princess hid the piece of cambric in her bosom, mounted her horse, and set out to her bridegroom's country.

When they had ridden for a time, the Princess became

From *Grimms' Fairy Tales,* by the Brothers Grimm, translated by Mrs. E. V. Lucas, Lucy Crane and Marian Edwardes.

very thirsty and said to the waiting-woman, "Get down and fetch me some water in my cup from the stream. I must have something to drink."

"If you are thirsty," said the waiting-woman, "dismount yourself, lie down by the water, and drink. I don't choose to be your servant."

So in her great thirst the Princess dismounted and stooped down to the stream and drank, since she could not have her golden cup. The poor Princess said, "Alas!" And the drops of blood answered, "If your mother knew this it would break her heart."

The royal bride was humble, so she said nothing but mounted her horse again. Then they rode several miles farther, but the day was warm, the sun was scorching, and the Princess was soon very thirsty again.

When they reached a river she called out again to her waiting-woman, "Get down and give me some water in my golden cup." She had forgotten all about the rude words which had been said to her.

But the waiting-woman answered more haughtily than ever, "If you want to drink, get the water for yourself. I won't be your servant."

Being very thirsty, the Princess dismounted and knelt by the flowing water. She cried, "Ah me!" And the drops of blood answered, "If your mother knew this it would break her heart."

While she stooped over the water to drink, the piece of cambric with the drops of blood on it fell out of her bosom and floated away on the stream, but she never noticed this in her great fear. The waiting-woman, however, had seen it and rejoiced at getting more power over the bride, who by losing the drops of blood had become weak and powerless.

Now when she was about to mount her horse Falada again, the waiting-woman said, "By rights, Falada belongs to me. This jade will do for you!"

The poor little Princess was obliged to give way. Then the waiting-woman in a harsh voice ordered her to take off her royal robes, and to put on her own mean garments. Finally she forced her to swear before heaven that she would not tell a creature at the court what had taken place. Had she not taken the oath she would have been killed on the spot. But Falada saw all this and marked it.

The waiting-woman then mounted Falada and put the real bride on her poor jade, and they continued their journey.

There was great rejoicing when they arrived at the castle. The Prince hurried towards them and lifted the waiting-woman from her horse, thinking she was his bride. She was led upstairs, but the real Princess had to stay below.

The old King looked out of the window and saw the delicate, pretty little creature standing in the courtyard. So he went to the bridal apartment and asked the bride about her companion who was left standing in the courtyard, and wished to know who she was.

"I picked her up on the way and brought her with me for company. Give the girl something to do to keep her from idling."

But the old King had no work for her and could not think of anything. At last he said, "I have a little lad who looks after the geese. She may help him."

The boy was called little Conrad, and the real bride was sent with him to look after the geese.

Soon afterwards, the false bride said to the Prince, "Dear husband, I pray you do me a favor."

He answered, "That will I gladly do."

"Well then, let the knacker be called to cut off the head of the horse I rode. It angered me on the way."

Really she was afraid that the horse would speak and tell of her treatment of the Princess. So it was settled, and the faithful Falada had to die.

When this came to the ear of the real Princess, she promised the knacker a piece of gold if he would do her a slight service. There was a great dark gateway to the town, through which she had to pass every morning and evening. Would he nail up Falada's head in this gateway so that she might see him as she passed?

The knacker promised to do as she wished, and when the horse's head was cut off he hung it up in the dark gateway. In the early morning, when she and Conrad went through the gateway, she said in passing:

*"Alas! dear Falada, there thou hangest."*

And the head answered:

*"Alas! Queen's daughter, there thou gangest.*
*If thy mother knew thy fate,*
*Her heart would break with grief so great."*

Then they passed on out of the town and right into the fields with the geese. When they reached the meadow, the Princess sat down on the grass and let down her hair. It shone like pure gold, and when little Conrad saw it he was so delighted that he wanted to pluck some out. But she said:

*"Blow, blow, little breeze,*
*And Conrad's hat seize.*
*Let him join in the chase*
*While away it is whirled,*
*Till my tresses are curled*
*And I rest in my place."*

Then a strong wind sprang up which blew away Conrad's hat right over the fields, and he had to run after it. When he came back, she had finished combing her hair and it was all put up again, so he could not get a single hair. This made him very sulky and he would not say another word to her. And they tended the geese till evening, when they went home.

Next morning when they passed under the gateway, the Princess said:

*"Alas! dear Falada, there thou hangest."*

Falada answered:

*"Alas! Queen's daughter, there thou gangest.*
*If thy mother knew thy fate,*
*Her heart would break with grief so great."*

Again when they reached the meadows, the Princess undid her hair and began combing it. Conrad ran to pluck some out, but she said quickly:

*"Blow, blow, little breeze,*
*And Conrad's hat seize.*
*Let him join in the chase*
*While away it is whirled,*
*Till my tresses are curled*
*And I rest in my place."*

The wind again sprang up and blew Conrad's hat far away over the fields, and he had to run after it. When he came back, the hair was all put up again and he could not pull out a single hair. And they tended the geese till the evening.

When they got home Conrad went to the old King and said, "I won't tend the geese with that maiden again."

"Why not?" asked the King.

"Oh, she vexes me every day."

The old King ordered him to tell what she did to vex him.

Conrad said, "In the morning when we pass under the dark gateway with the geese, she talks to a horse's head which is hung up on the wall. She says:

*'Alas! Falada, there thou hangest.'*

And the head answers:

*'Alas! Queen's daughter, there thou gangest.*
*If thy mother knew thy fate,*
*Her heart would break with grief so great.'"*

Then Conrad went on to tell the King all that had happened in the meadow, and how he had to run after his hat in the wind.

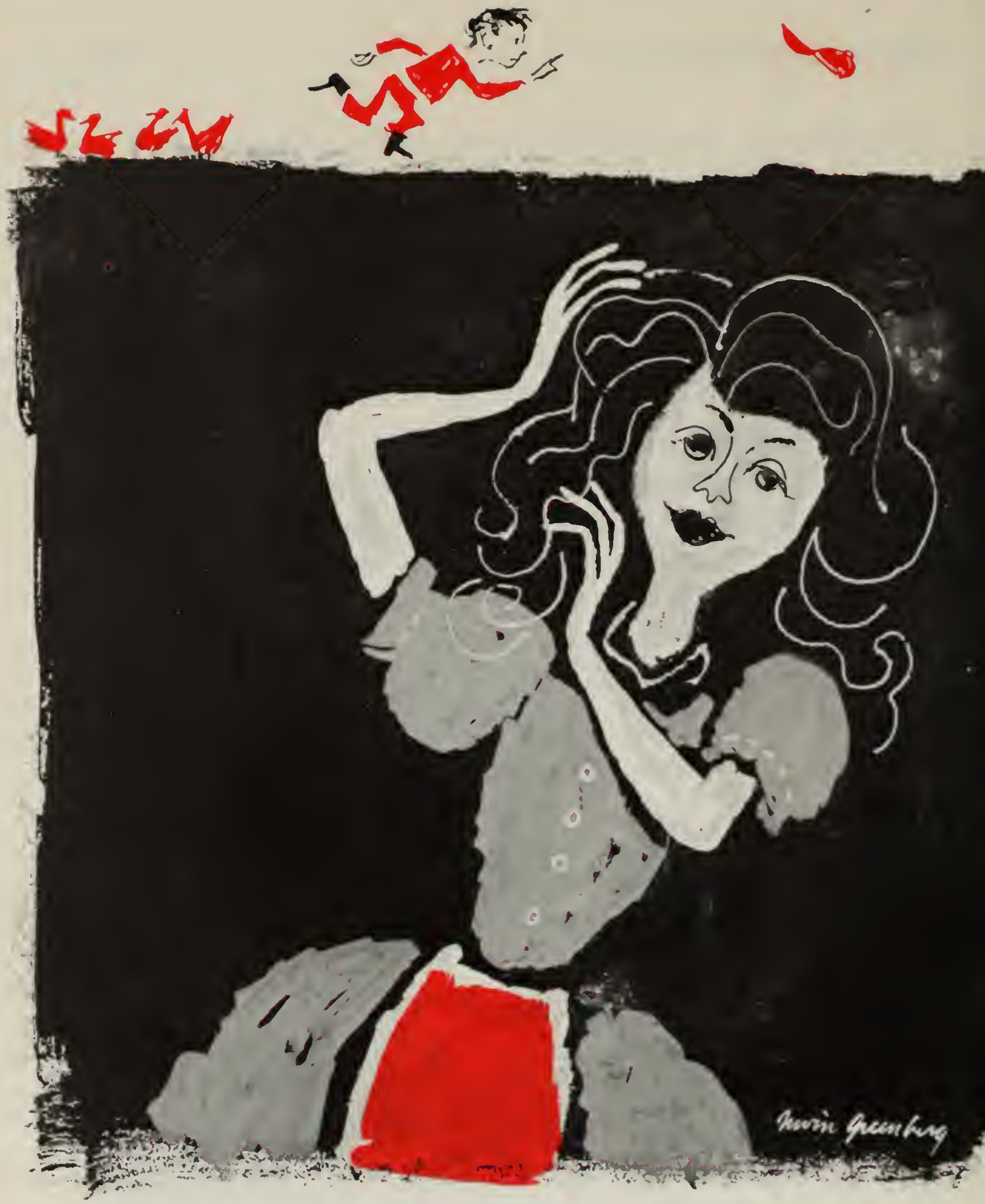
The old King ordered Conrad to go out next day as usual. Then he placed himself behind the dark gateway and heard the Princess speaking to Falada's head. He also followed her into the field and hid himself behind a bush. And with his own eyes he saw the Goose Girl and the lad come driving the geese into the field. Then after a time he saw the girl let down her hair, which glittered in the sun. Directly after this, she said:

*"Blow, blow, little breeze,*
*And Conrad's hat seize.*
*Let him join in the chase*
*While away it is whirled,*
*Till my tresses are curled*
*And I rest in my place."*

Then came a puff of wind which carried off Conrad's hat, and he had to run after it. While he was away, the maiden combed and did up her hair, and all this the old King observed. Thereupon he went away unnoticed, and in the evening when the Goose Girl came home, he called her aside and asked why she did all these things.

"I may not tell you that, nor may I tell any human creature, for I have sworn it under the open sky. If I had not done so, I should have lost my life."

He pressed her sorely and gave her no peace, but he could get nothing out of her. Then he said, "If you won't tell me, then tell your sorrows to the iron stove there." And he went away.



She crept up to the stove and, begining to weep and lament, unburdened her heart to it and said, "Here I am, forsaken by all the world, and yet I am a princess. A false waiting-woman brought me to such a pass that I had to take off my royal robes. Then she took my place with my bridegroom, while I have to do mean service as a goose girl. If my mother knew it, it would break her heart."

The old King stood outside by the pipes of the stove and heard all that she said. Then he came back and told her to go away from the stove. He caused royal robes to be put upon her, and her beauty was a marvel. The old King called his son and told him that he had a false bride—she was only a waiting-woman, but the true bride was here, the so-called Goose Girl.

The young Prince was charmed with her youth and beauty. A great banquet was prepared to which all the courtiers and good friends were bidden. The bridegroom sat at the head of the table with the Princess on one side and the waiting-woman at the other, but she was dazzled and did not recognize the Princess in her brilliant apparel.

When they had eaten and drunk and were all very merry, the old King put a riddle to the waiting-woman. "What does a person deserve who deceives his master?" Then he told the whole story and ended by asking, "What doom does he deserve?"

The false bride answered, "No better than this: he must be put stark naked into a barrel stuck with nails, and be dragged along by two white horses from street to street till he is dead."

"That is your own doom," said the King, "and the judgment shall be carried out!"

When the sentence was fulfilled, the young Prince married his true bride, and they ruled their kingdom together in peace and happiness.

# The Golden Goose

BY THE BROTHERS GRIMM

Translated by Mrs. E. V. Lucas,
Lucy Crane and Marian Edwardes

*Illustration by Irwin Greenberg*

THERE was once a man who had three sons, the youngest of whom was called Simpleton. He was scorned and despised by the others and kept in the background.

The eldest son was going into the forest to cut wood, and before he started his mother gave him a nice sweet cake and a bottle of wine to take with him so that he might not suffer from hunger or thirst.

In the wood he met a little old gray man, who bade him good day and said, "Give me a bit of the cake in your pocket, and let me have a drop of your wine. I am so hungry and thirsty."

But the clever son said, "If I give you my cake and wine, I shan't have enough for myself. Be off with you!"

He left the little man standing there and went on his way. But he had not been long at work, cutting down a tree, before he made a false stroke. He dug the ax into his own arm and he was obliged to go home to have it bound up.

Now this was no accident. It was brought about by the little gray man.

The second son now had to go into the forest to cut wood, and like the eldest, his mother gave him a sweet cake and a bottle of wine. In the same way the little

From *Grimms' Fairy Tales,* by the Brothers Grimm, translated by Mrs. E. V. Lucas, Lucy Crane and Marian Edwardes.

gray man met him and asked for a piece of his cake and a drop of his wine. But the second son made the same sensible answer, "If I give you any, I shall have the less for myself. Be off and out of my way!" And he went on.

His punishment, however, was not long delayed. After a few blows at the tree, he hit his own leg and had to be carried home.

Then Simpleton said, "Let me go to cut the wood, father."

But his father said, "Your brothers have only come to harm by it. You had better leave it alone. You know nothing about it." But Simpleton begged so hard to be allowed to go that at last his father said, "Well, off you go then. You will be wiser when you have hurt yourself."

His mother gave him a cake which was mixed only with water and baked in the ashes, and a bottle of sour beer. When he reached the forest, like the others he met the little gray man.

"Give me a bit of the cake in your pocket and a drop of your wine. I am so hungry and thirsty," said the little man.

Simpleton answered, "I only have a cake baked in the ashes, and some sour beer. But if you like such fare, we will sit down and eat it together."

So they sat down. But when Simpleton pulled out his cake it was a nice sweet cake, and his sour beer was turned into good wine. So they ate and drank, and the little man said, "As you have such a good heart and are willing to share your goods, I will give you good luck. There stands an old tree. Cut it down and you will find something at the roots."

So saying, he disappeared without giving Simpleton any further directions.

Simpleton cut down the tree, and when it fell, lo and behold! a goose was sitting among the roots, and its feathers were of pure gold. He picked it up and took it with him to an inn where he meant to stay the night. The landlord had three daughters, who saw the goose and were very curious as to what kind of bird it could be, and wanted to get one of its golden feathers.

The eldest thought, "There will soon be some opportunity for me to pull out one of the feathers." And when Simpleton went outside, she took hold of its wing to pluck out a feather, but her hand stuck fast and she could not get away.

Soon afterwards, the second sister came up, meaning also to pluck out one of the golden feathers. But she had hardly touched her sister when she found herself held fast.

Finally the third one came with the same intention, but the others screamed out, "Keep away! For goodness' sake, keep away!"

But she, not knowing why she was to keep away, thought, "Why should I not be there if they are there?"

So she ran up. But as soon as she touched her sisters she had to stay hanging on to them, and they all had to pass the night like this.

In the morning, Simpleton took up the goose under his arm without noticing the three girls hanging on behind. They had to keep running behind, dodging his legs right and left.

In the middle of the fields they met the parson, who when he saw the procession cried out, "For shame, you bold girls! Why do you run after the lad like that? Do you call that proper behavior?"

Then he took hold of the hand of the youngest girl to pull her away. But no sooner had he touched her than he felt himself held fast, and he too had to run behind.

Soon afterwards the sexton came up and, seeing his master the parson treading on the heels of the three girls, cried out in amazement, "Hallo, your reverence! Where are you going so fast? Don't forget that we have a christening!"

So saying, he plucked the parson by the sleeve and soon found that he could not get away.

As this party of five, one behind the other, tramped on, two peasants came along the road, carrying their hoes. The parson called them and asked them to set the sexton and himself free, but as soon as ever they touched the sexton they were held fast. So now there were seven people running behind Simpleton and his goose.

By and by they reached a town where a king ruled whose only daughter was so solemn that nothing and nobody could make her laugh. So the King had proclaimed that whoever could make her laugh should marry her.

When Simpleton heard this he took his goose, with all his following, before her, and when she saw these seven people running one behind another, she burst into fits of laughter and seemed as if she could never stop. Thereupon Simpleton asked her in marriage. But the King did not like him for a son-in-law and made all sorts of conditions. First, he said Simpleton must bring him a man who could drink up a cellarful of wine.

Then Simpleton at once thought of the little gray man who might be able to help him, and he went out to the forest to look for him. On the very spot where the tree that he had cut down had stood, he saw a man sitting with a very sad face.

Simpleton asked him what was the matter and he answered, "I am so thirsty, and I can't quench my thirst. I hate cold water, and I have already emptied a cask of wine. But what is a drop like that on a burning stone?"

"Well, there I can help you," said Simpleton. "Come with me and you shall soon have enough to drink and to spare."

He led him to the King's cellar, and the man started upon the great casks. And he drank and drank till his sides ached, and by the end of the day the cellar was empty.

Then again Simpleton demanded his bride. But the King was annoyed that a wretched fellow called "Simpleton" should have his daughter and he made new conditions. He was now to find a man who could eat up a mountain of bread.

Simpleton did not reflect long, but went straight to the forest. And there in the selfsame place sat a man tightening a strap round his body and making a very miserable face.

He said, "I have eaten up a whole ovenful of rolls. But what is the good of that when anyone is as hungry as I am? I am never satisfied. I have to tighten my belt every day if I am not to die of hunger."

Simpleton was delighted and said, "Get up and come with me. You shall have enough to eat."

And he took him to the court, where the King had caused all the flour in the kingdom to be brought together and a huge mountain of bread to be baked. The man from the forest sat down before it and began to eat, and at the end of the day the whole mountain had disappeared.

Now for the third time Simpleton asked for his bride. But again the King tried to find an excuse, and demanded a ship which could sail on land as well as at sea.

"As soon as you sail up in it, you shall have my daughter," he said.

Simpleton went straight to the forest, and there sat the little gray man to whom he had given his cake. The little man said, "I have eaten and drunk for you, and now I will give you the ship, too. I do it all because you were merciful to me."

Then he gave him the ship which could sail on land as well as at sea, and when the King saw it he could no longer withhold his daughter. The marriage was celebrated, and at the King's death Simpleton inherited the kingdom, and lived long and happily with his wife.

# The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood

BY CHARLES PERRAULT

Retold By Virginia Haviland

*Illustrations by Roger Duvoisin*

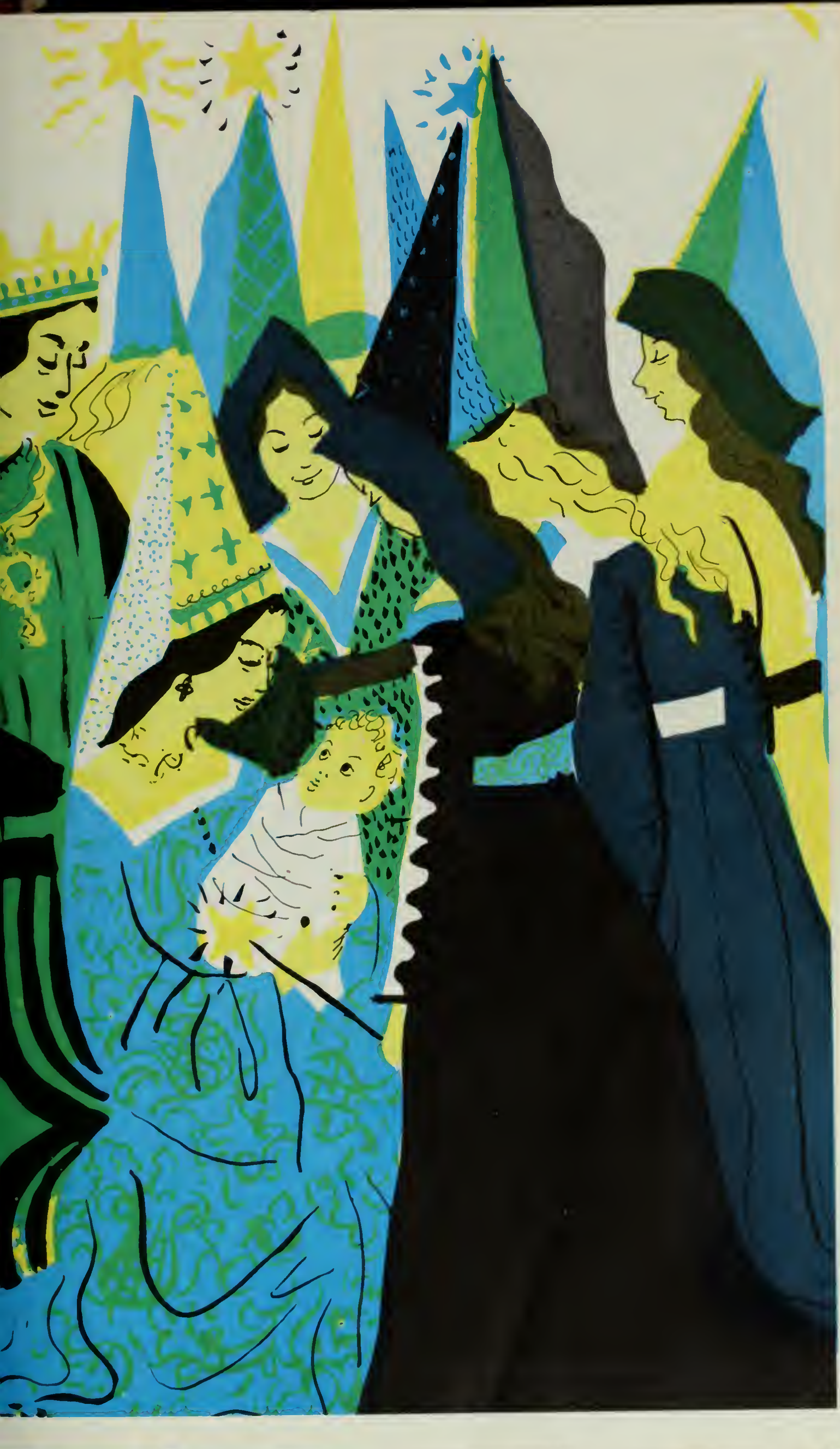
ONCE upon a time a King and a Queen were very unhappy because they had no children. As the years passed they grew sadder and sadder.

But at last, after many years, the Queen had a daughter. Everyone rejoiced, and a very fine christening was held for this Princess. She had, for her godmothers, all the fairies to be found in the whole kingdom—which were seven. They were invited in order that each should make her a gift, according to the custom for fairy godmothers. The King and Queen knew that in this way the Princess would grow up with the best qualities anyone could imagine.

After the christening, all the company returned to the King's palace, where a great feast was ready for the fairies. On the table before each of them was a magnificent setting of heavy gold—a spoon, a knife, and a fork, all made of pure gold with a pattern of diamonds and rubies.

As they were sitting down at the table, there came into the hall a very old fairy, who had not been invited. No one had seen her for more than fifty years, so she was believed to be either dead or under a spell.

From *Favorite Fairy Tales Told in France*, retold by Virginia Haviland, copyright 1959 by Virginia Haviland. Published by Little, Brown and Company.



The King ordered a place set for the old fairy, too, but he could not give her a spoon, knife, and fork of gold, because pieces had been made for only seven fairies. The old fairy fancied she had been insulted, and growled threats between her teeth.

One of the young fairies, who sat by her, heard how the old fairy grumbled. She feared the old fairy might give the little Princess a bad gift—so, when they rose from the table, she hid behind the hangings. The young fairy wanted to be last to speak, in order to undo, as much as she could, any evil which the old fairy intended.

Now all the fairies began to make their gifts to the Princess. The youngest, for hers, said that the Princess should be the most beautiful person in the world. The next said that she should have the wit of an angel. The third, that she should have charm in everything she did. The fourth, that she should dance gracefully. The fifth, that she should sing like a nightingale. And the sixth, that she should play all kinds of music perfectly.

The old fairy's turn came next. With her head shaking —more with anger than from old age—she said that the Princess would prick her hand with a spindle and die of the wound. This terrible gift made the whole company shudder. They all began to cry.

At this instant, the young fairy came out of her hiding place and said, "Be assured, O King and Queen, that your daughter shall not die. It is true that I cannot undo all of what my elder has just done. The Princess shall indeed prick her hand with a spindle. But instead of dying, she shall fall into a deep sleep, which shall last a hundred years. After a hundred years, a King's son shall come and wake her."

The King, to avoid this bad luck, at once forbade, on pain of death, anyone to spin or even to have a spindle in the house.

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Fifteen years later, when the King and Queen were away at one of their country houses, it happened one day that the young Princess was running up and down the palace. She climbed from room to room and came finally to the top of the tower. Here there sat spinning a good old woman who had never heard of the King's command against spindles.

"What are you doing there, goody?" asked the Princess.

"I am spinning, my pretty child," said the old woman, who did not know her.

"Oh!" said the Princess. "This is very pretty! How do you do it? Give it to me, so I may see if I can do it, too."

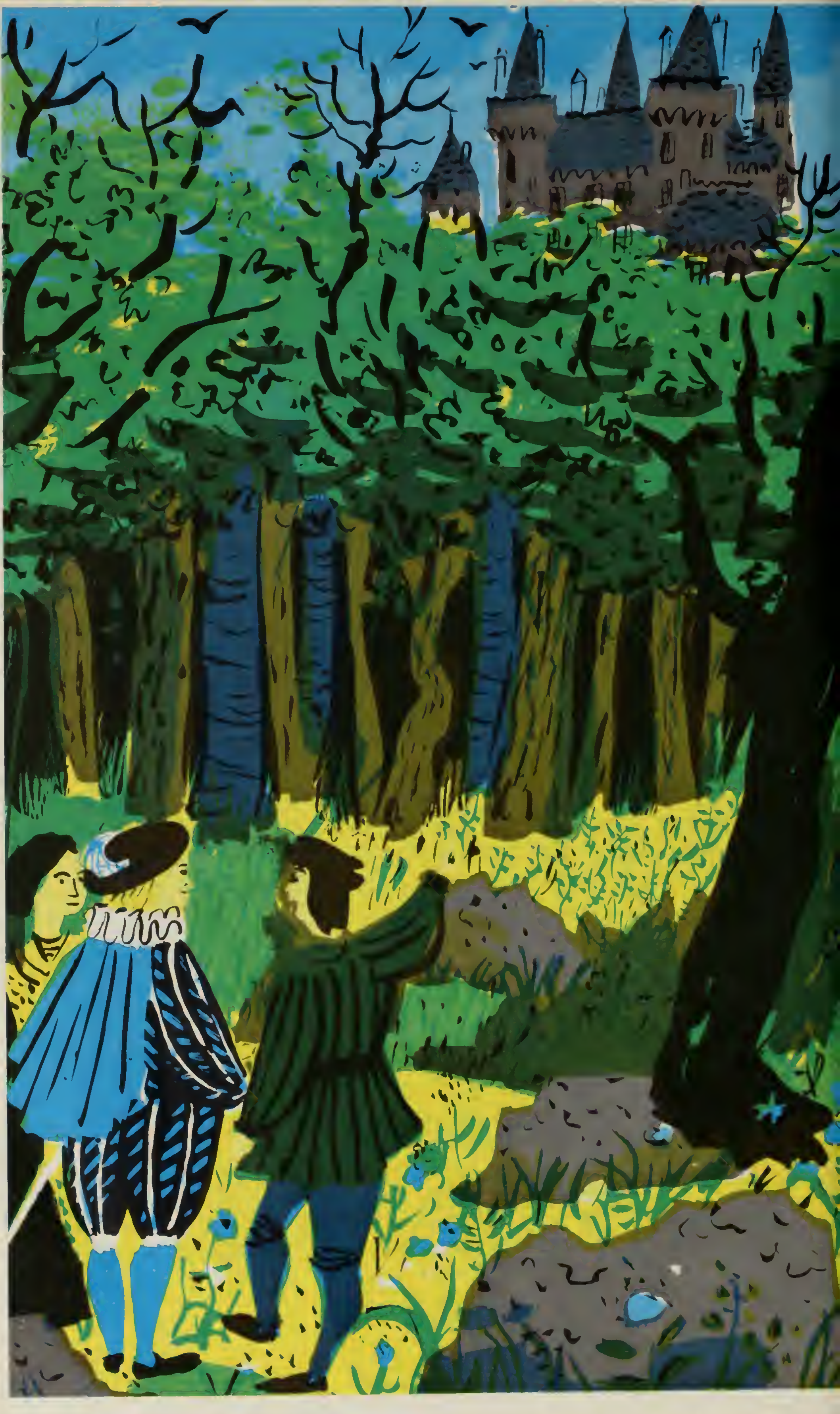
But no sooner had she taken the spindle than it stuck into her hand, and she fell down in a swoon.

The good old woman cried out for help. People came from all sides and threw water on the Princess's face. They loosened her clothes, struck her on the palms of her hands, and rubbed her temples. But nothing would bring her to herself.

Now the King, who had returned, heard the noise and climbed to the tower. He recalled what the fairies had said. Knowing that it must be, he had the Princess carried into the finest room in his palace and laid upon a bed all embroidered with gold and silver.

One would have taken the Princess for a little angel, she was so very beautiful. Her fainting had not taken away the color from her face. Her cheeks and her lips were red. Her eyes were shut, but she was breathing softly. This proved she was not dead. The King commanded the court to let her sleep quietly till her hour of awakening should come.

At this time the good fairy, who had saved the life of the Princess by putting her to sleep for a hundred years, was far away in another kingdom. She learned what had



happened from a little dwarf who had boots in which he could go seven leagues in one stride. The fairy left at once for the palace of the Princess. In an hour she was seen arriving, in a fiery chariot drawn by dragons.

The King handed her out of the chariot. She looked about and approved everything he had done. But, as she was very wise, she thought that the Princess, when it was time for her to awaken, would be greatly alarmed at finding herself alone in the palace. So she touched with her wand everything in the place—the governesses, maids of honor, gentlemen, officers, cooks, errand boys, guards, pages, and footmen. She also touched all the horses in the stables, with their grooms. She touched the great dogs in the stableyard and little Pouffe, the Princess's spaniel, which lay close to her on the bed.

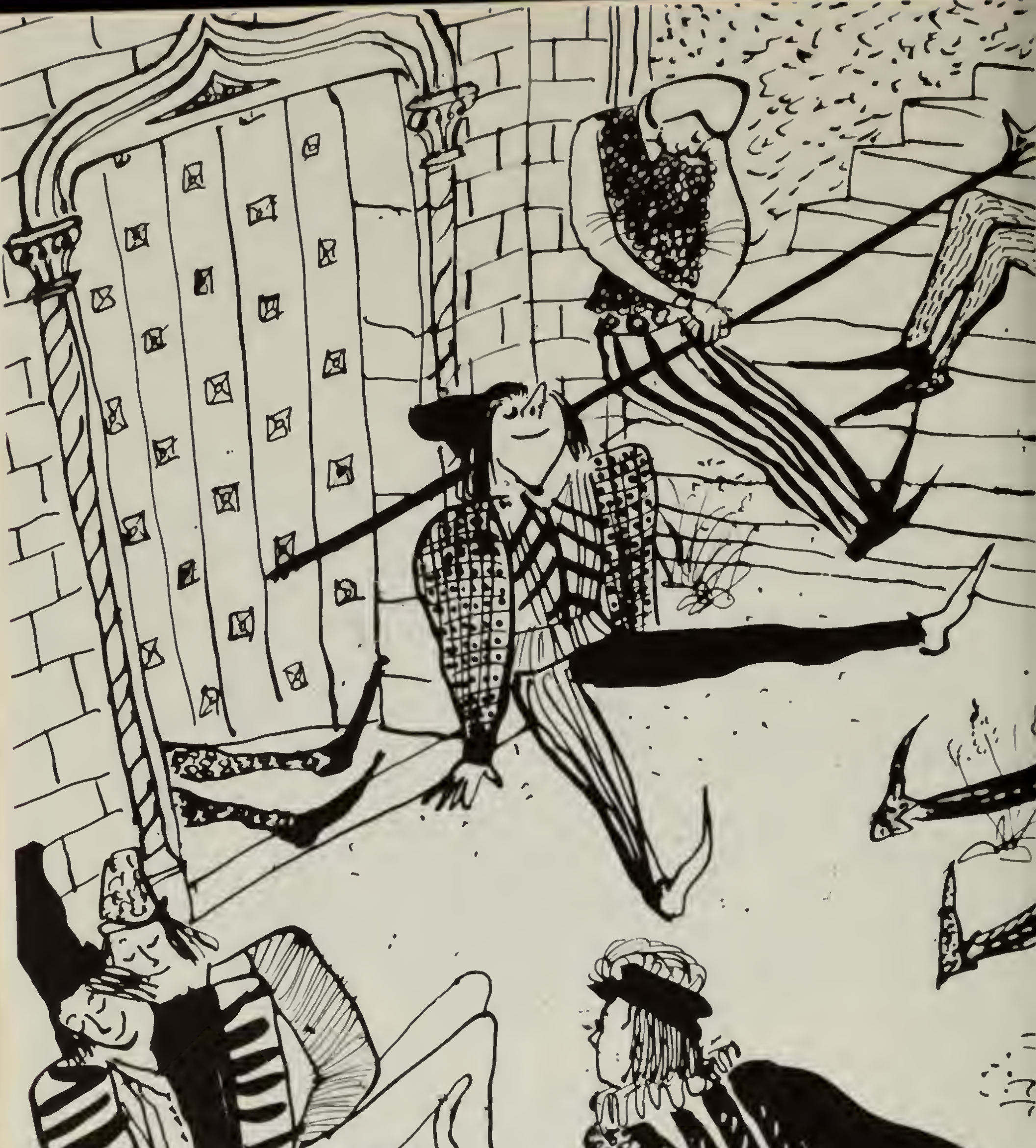
As soon as she had touched them, they all fell asleep. They would not awaken before the Princess needed them. The very spits at the fire, as full as they could be of partridges and pheasants, fell asleep; and the fire, also.

All this was done in a moment, for fairies are not long at their work.

Soon there had grown up all around the park such a vast number of trees, great and small, brambles and thorn bushes, twining one within another, that neither man nor beast could pass through. Nothing could be seen but the very tops of the towers, and those only from a great distance.

At the end of a hundred years, the son of the King then ruling, who was of another family, was out hunting. He was curious about the towers he saw above a great thick wood.

The Prince asked many people about this. Each one answered differently. Some said it was a ruined old castle, haunted by ghosts. Others said that witches had their night meetings there. The most common opinion



was that an ogre lived there, who imprisoned all the little children he could catch.

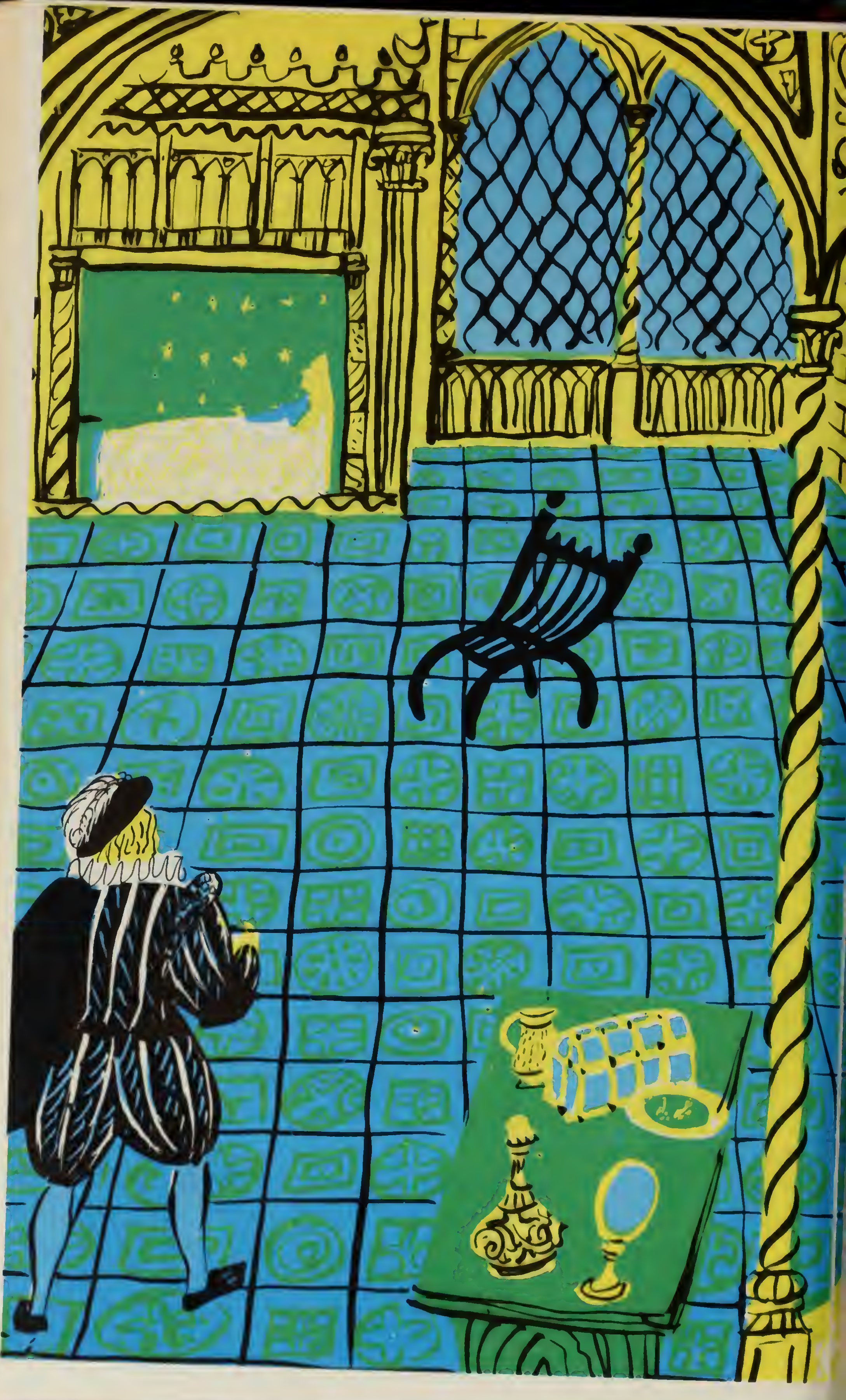
The Prince was at a loss, not knowing what to believe, when a very old man spoke to him: "Many years ago I heard from my father (who had heard my grandfather say it) that there was in this castle a Princess. She was the most beautiful ever seen. She had been put under a spell, and was to sleep there a hundred years—until a King's son should waken her."

The young Prince felt all afire at these words. He went off at once to see if they were true. Scarcely had he advanced toward the thick wood when all the great trees, brambles, and thorn bushes gave way to let him pass. He walked up a long avenue to the castle. To his surprise, none of his people could follow. The trees closed behind him again as soon as he had passed through, but he went boldly on his way. A young Prince in love is always brave.

He came into a great outer court. What he saw there might have frozen the most fearless person with horror. There was a frightful silence. Nothing was to be seen but stretched-out bodies of men and animals, all seeming to be dead. He knew, however, by the red faces of the guards, that they were only asleep. Their goblets, in which some drops of wine remained, showed plainly that they had fallen asleep while drinking.

The Prince then crossed a court paved with marble, went up the stairs, and came into the guard chamber. Guards were standing in rows with their guns upon their shoulders, snoring loudly. He went on through several rooms full of gentlemen and ladies, all asleep, some standing, others sitting.

At last the Prince came into a chamber all glittering with gold. Here he saw upon a bed the finest sight he had ever beheld—a Princess, who appeared to be about fifteen years of age, and whose bright beauty had some-



thing of Heaven in it. He approached with trembling and admiration, and fell down before her upon his knees.

And now, as the enchantment was at an end, the Princess awoke. Looking on the Prince with tender eyes, she said, "Is it you, my Prince? I have waited a long time."

The Prince, charmed with these words, and even more with the manner in which they were spoken, knew not how to show his joy and thanks. He vowed he loved her better than he did himself.

The Prince and Princess talked for four hours together, and yet they said not half of what they had to say.

Meanwhile all the palace awoke. Everyone thought about his own business. And, as they were not all in love, they were dying of hunger. The chief maid of honor grew very impatient and told the Princess loudly that supper was served.

The Prince then helped the Princess to rise. She was dressed magnificently, and His Royal Highness took care not to tell her she was dressed like his great-grandmother. She looked not a bit the less beautiful for all that.

Into the great hall of mirrors they went to dine. Violins and oboes played old tunes. The music was excellent, though it was now above a hundred years since the instruments had been played.

After supper, without losing any time, the Prince and Princess were married in the chapel of the palace.

In two years, the Prince's father died. The Prince and Princess became the new King and Queen, and were given a royal welcome at the capital.

*FRANCE*

# Puss in Boots

BY CHARLES PERRAULT

Retold by Virginia Haviland

*Illustrations by Roger Duvoisin*

ONCE a miller left to his three sons a mill, a donkey, and a cat.

The eldest took the mill and the second the donkey. The youngest had only the cat. The poor young fellow was quite unhappy at his poor lot.

"My brothers," said he, "may do well by joining together. But after I have eaten my cat and made a muff of his skin, I must die of hunger."

The cat, who heard all this, said to him: "Do not be sad, my good master. You need only give me a bag and have a pair of boots made for me so that I may scamper through the brambles. You shall see that you have not done so badly as you imagine."

The cat's master had often seen him play clever tricks to catch rats and mice. He would hang by his feet, or hide himself in the meal, and play dead. So the lad did not lose all hope of being helped.

When the cat received the boots, he pulled them on with a grand air. Then he put the bag about his neck, held its strings in his two forepaws, and went out to hunt for rabbits. He put bran and lettuce into his bag and stretched out beside it as if he were dead. He waited for young rabbits, who had not yet learned the tricks of the world, to crawl into the bag and eat what he had put there.

From *Favorite Fairy Tales Told in France*, retold by Virginia Haviland, copyright 1959 by Virginia Haviland. Published by Little, Brown and Company.

Scarcely had he lain down when he gained what he wanted. A foolish young rabbit entered the bag. Puss, drawing close the strings, killed him without pity.

Proud of his catch, Puss carried it to the King's palace, and asked to speak with His Majesty.

He was shown into the King's rooms. Making a low bow, the cat said:

"I have brought you, sir, a rabbit, which my noble lord, the Marquis of Carabas"—that was the title Puss was pleased to give his master—"has commanded me to present to Your Majesty from him."

"Tell your master," said the King, "that I thank him, and that his present gives me a great deal of pleasure."

Another time the cat hid himself in a field of corn, holding his bag open. When a pair of partridges ran into it, he drew the strings and thus caught both of the birds. He gave them to the King as he had given him the rabbit. The King received the partridges happily, and ordered some money be given to Puss.

The cat continued for two or three months to carry game to His Majesty. One day, when Puss knew that the King was to drive along the river with his daughter—who was the most beautiful princess in the world—he said to his master, "If you will now follow my advice, your fortune is made. You have nothing to do but wash yourself in the river—I shall show you where—and leave the rest to me."

The Marquis of Carabas did what the cat advised, without knowing why. While he was bathing, the King passed by. The cat began to cry out as loudly as he could:

"Help! Help! My Lord Marquis of Carabas is drowning!"

At this, the King put his head out of the coach window. He saw that it was the cat who had so often brought him such good game. He told his guards to run at once to the aid of the Marquis of Carabas.

While they were dragging the young man out of the river, the cat came up to the King's coach. He told the King that as his master was washing in the river, some robbers had run off with his clothes. The Marquis had cried, "Thieves! Thieves!" several times but no one had heard him. (Actually, the clever cat himself had hidden the clothes under a great stone.)

The King commanded his men to run and fetch one of his best suits for the Marquis of Carabas.

The fine clothes suited the Marquis, for he was well built and very handsome. The King's daughter took a secret liking for the Marquis. When he cast two or three respectful and tender glances upon her, she fell deeply in love with him.

The King invited the Marquis of Carabas to come into the coach and take the air with them. The cat, overjoyed to see his plan beginning to succeed, marched on ahead. Meeting some farm workers who were mowing a meadow, he said to them, "Good people, you who are mowing, if you do not tell the King that the meadow you are mowing belongs to My Lord Marquis of Carabas, you shall be chopped as fine as mincemeat."

The King did not fail to ask the mowers to whom the meadow belonged.

"To My Lord Marquis of Carabas," they answered. The cat's threat had made them terribly afraid.

"You have a fine place," said the King to the Marquis of Carabas.

"Yes," replied the Marquis, "this a meadow which always gives a good harvest."

The cat, still running on ahead, now met some reapers. He said to them, "Good people, you who are reaping, if you do not tell the King that all this corn belongs to the Marquis of Carabas, you shall be chopped as fine as mincemeat."

The King, who passed by a moment after, wished to know to whom all that corn belonged.

"To My Lord Marquis of Carabas," replied the reapers.

The King was still more impressed.

The cat, going on ahead, said the same words to all he met. The King grew astonished at the vast lands held by the Marquis of Carabas.

Puss came at last to a stately castle. The master of this was an ogre, the richest ever known. He owned all the lands which the King had been riding through.

The cat had taken care to find out who this ogre was and what he could do. He asked to speak with him, saying smoothly that he could not pass so near his castle without paying his respects.

The ogre received him as politely as an ogre could, and made him sit down.

"I have been told," said the cat, "that you have the gift of being able to change yourself into any sort of creature. You can, for example, turn yourself into a lion or an elephant."

"That is true," answered the ogre roughly. "To prove it, I shall now become a lion."

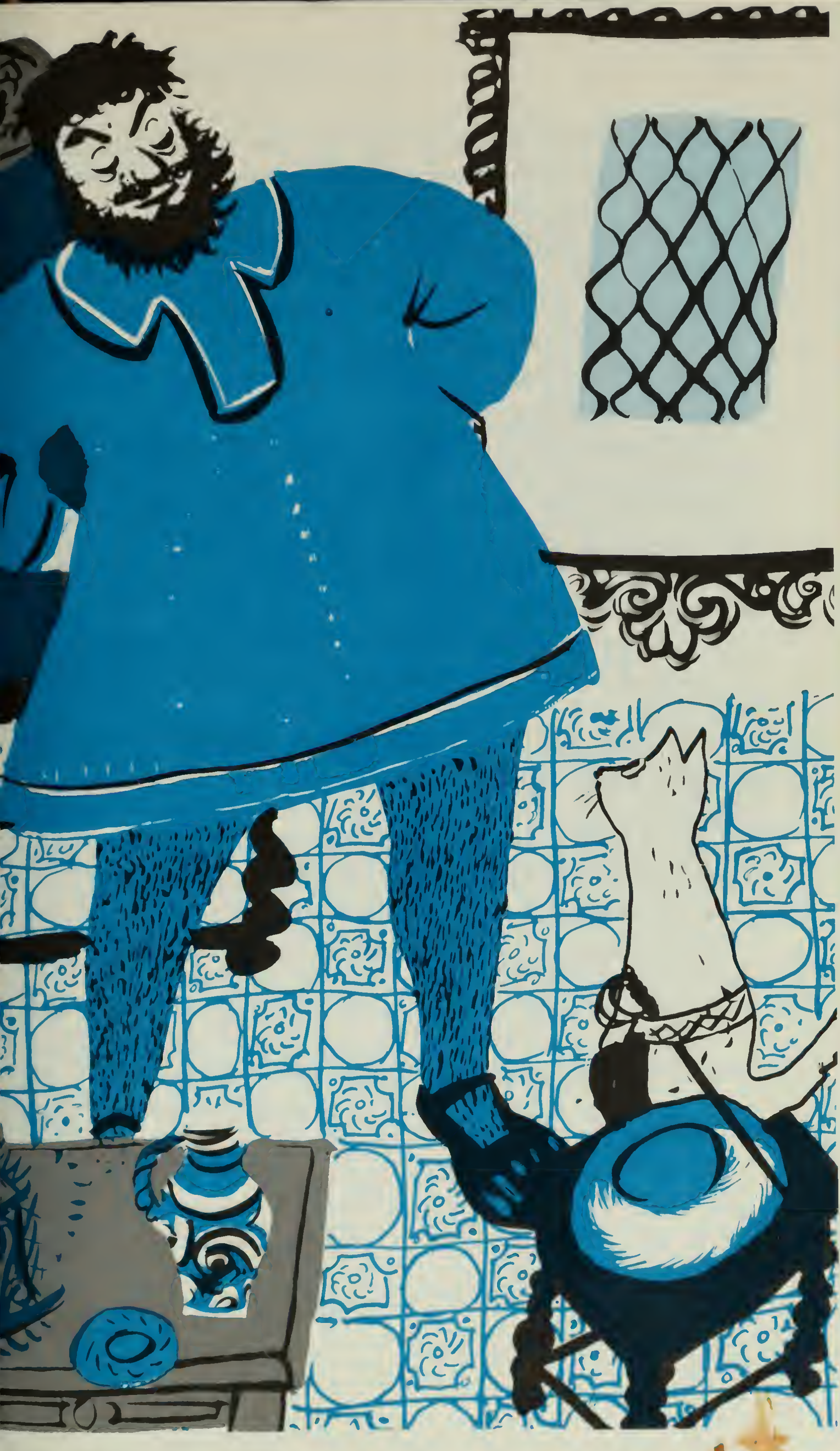
Puss was so terrified at the sight of a lion so near him that he at once leaped out on the roof. And not without trouble and danger, because of his boots. These were of no use for walking upon the smooth tiles.

A little while later, when Puss saw that the ogre was no longer a lion, he came down and admitted he had been very much afraid.

"I have been told, also," said the cat, "but I cannot believe it, that you have the power to take on the shape of the smallest animal. I have heard, for example, that you can change yourself into a rat or even a mouse. I must say, I think this impossible."

"*Impossible!*" cried the ogre. "You shall see."

The ogre then changed himself into a mouse and began to run about the floor. Puss instantly fell on the mouse and ate him up.



Meanwhile the King, as he passed the ogre's fine castle, desired to go into it. Puss heard the noise of His Majesty's coach running over the drawbridge.

He ran out and said to the King, "Your Majesty is welcome to this castle of My Lord Marquis of Carabas."

"What, My Lord Marquis!" cried the King. "And does this castle, also, belong to you? There can be nothing finer than this court and all that surrounds it. Let us go in, if you please."

The Marquis gave his hand to the Princess and followed the King, who went first. They passed into a great hall, where they found a magnificent feast. This the ogre had prepared for his friends. They were that very day to visit him, but now they dared not enter, knowing the King was there.

His Majesty was as charmed with the Lord Marquis of Carabas as his daughter, who was so much in love with him.

The King said to the Marquis, "It is only for you to say, My Lord Marquis, whether you will be my son-in-law."

The Marquis, making several low bows, accepted the honor which His Majesty offered. That very day he married the Princess.

Puss became a great lord, and he never ran after mice any more—except for fun.

# Chick, Chick, Halfchick

BY RUTH SAWYER

*Illustration by Irwin Greenberg*

ONCE and once there was a little halfchick who lived over a mill. He had one wing and one leg; and did very well with these. He knew all that anyone could know about the weather; all day he was telling the people who passed the mill what kind of day it was going to be. When it was going to be a very splendid day, with the wind from the west and the clouds moving away from the sun, then he would crow: "*Kikiriki . . . kikirki!*"

When Halfchick was hungry he came down from the mill and scratched on his one little foot very cleverly for what he wanted to eat. One day he was scratching near an old broken millstone. He scratched hard, he scratched deep. He found something that was not bug, beetle, nor worm. It was a sack of money—heavy—heavy—heavy.

"What shall I do with this sack of money? It will not feed me. It will not house me. I cannot even carry it. I will tell the miller and see if he will take it and give me a sack of barley." Halfchick said this to himself; and very happy he went off to find the miller.

The miller agreed, as you may be sure. He said, "Yes, yes, Halfchick. Right away I will get you the barley."

So the bargain was made. Halfchick went down the road with the bag of barley over his shoulder. Hop, hop,

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From *Picture Tales from Spain*, by Ruth Sawyer. Copyright 1936 by J. B. Lippincott Company.

hop, he went. "I am very lucky," he said. "I cannot keep the barley, but my friend, Ren Hen, will keep it for me in her nice little house. On feast-days we will dine together and that will be pleasant for both of us."

But when Halfchick came to the house of Red Hen and told her of his great luck she was not pleased at all. "What a *tonto* you are, Halfchick; what a simpleton, a dullard, a good-for-nothing! You should have kept the sack of money. Then you could have bought from the miller a sack of barley whenever you chose. Every week for a thousand years, if you chose. You must carry the barley back to the miller and tell him you have changed your mind."

"Oh, I couldn't do that," said Halfchick.

"But you must, straightway. Go with God; and when you return here with the money I will marry you. This will be your house and you will have a better place to sleep at night than the top of the old mill."

Now, Halfchick did not like to be called a *tonto* by Red Hen. Moreover, there was God's truth in what she had said; and the little house would make snug nesting for cold nights. So he shouldered the bag of barley and set out for the mill. Hop, hop, hop, he went.

He had not gone far when he met Fox. "Chick, Chick, Halfchick, I am going to eat you," said Fox.

"Please don't. I will promise you a finer dinner when I get to the mill. Agreed?"

"Agreed."

"Then hop down my throat and I'll take you with me," said Halfchick.

Together they had gone not far when they met Wolf. "Chick, Chick, Halfchick, I am going to eat you," said Wolf.

"Please don't. I will promise you a finer dinner when I get to the mill. Agreed?"

"Agreed."

"Then hop down my throat and I'll take you with me," said Halfchick.

Together they had gone not far when they came to River. "Chick, Chick, Halfchick, I am going to swallow you for my supper," said River.

"Please don't. I can promise you a finer dinner and a better river-bed when I get to the mill. Agreed?"

"Agreed."

"Then hop down my throat and I'll take you with me," said Halfchick.

Together they had gone not far when they met a great fire of brush. "Chick, Chick, Halfchick, I am going to roast you and have you for my supper," said Fire.

"Please don't. I will promise you a finer roasting with a better supper when I get to the mill. Agreed?"

"Agreed."

"Then hop down my throat and I'll take you with me."

So Halfchick, with Fox and Wolf, River and Fire arrived at the mill. "Miller," called Halfchick. "I have brought you back your barley and I will take my money with many thanks. Red Hen says it was a stupid bargain I made."

"What shall I do now?" asked the miller, inside, to his wife.

"Tell Halfchick you will give him the money tomorrow. Tonight house him in the poultry-house and the old cocks will kill him before morning."

"Good!" So the miller told Halfchick he should have his money in the morning. "And tonight you shall sleep well in the poultry-house." He took Halfchick up, threw him inside the door and bolted it fast against him. With his one wing Halfchick flew to a perch, but he was hardly settled before the old cocks cried: "How does that miserable little Halfchick dare to come in here with us whole chicks? We will show him."

And they did. They came upon him like a storm of

feathers and beaks and claws. Halfchick thought he would surely die. Then he remembered Fox and cried: "Fox, Fox, come out of my throat or I shall be a dead little Halfchick."

Fox leaped out. He ran for the fat old cocks. He killed enough to make a fine dinner. The miller and his wife, listening, heard the flutterings and crowings. "Good. The cocks are getting rid of that bothersome Halfchick." They were filled with satisfaction.

But the next morning when they opened the door of the poultry-house there was Halfchick, fast asleep on his perch, his head under his one wing; and something flew past them, out of the door, like a streak of red magic.

"*Por Dios,* it did not work at all as we expected," said the miller to his wife. "What shall we do now?"

"Tell Halfchick you cannot give him the money until tomorrow. Tonight house him in the stall with the mule; he will surely kick him to death."

To this Halfchick agreed. In the middle of the night there came a great noise from the stable. The miller and his wife heard it. "This time it works," they said. "Tomorrow there will be no bothersome Halfchick to ask us for the money."

The mule was kicking—here, there, like the devil that he was. Halfchick thought he would surely be killed. Then he remembered Wolf and cried: "Wolf, Wolf, come out of my throat or I shall be a dead little Halfchick."

Out leaped Wolf. He made a fine dinner off the mule. In the morning when the miller came to unlock the stable there was Halfchick, sleeping in the feed-rack. But there was no mule; and something flew past the miller like a streak of gray magic.

"*Ojalá, ojalá,* you have fine ideas!" said the miller to his wife. "We have lost some fat cocks. The mule is dead and half eaten. The Halfchick still asks for his money. What shall we do now?"

"Tell him to wait until tomorrow. Put him in the mill-loft for tonight, where all the straw and chaff are stored. He will strangle with the foul air and dust."

"Stay one more night," said the miller to Halfchick. "Tomorrow you shall have the money."

"I will stay," said Halfchick.

By the middle of the night he was choking. He could not breathe. The dust and vapor from the dry chaff was strangling him. "Now I will surely die," thought Halfchick. Then he remembered Fire and cried: "Fire, Fire, come out of my throat or I shall be a dead little Halfchick."

Out leaped Fire, roaring. It caught at the straw and the chaff and swallowed them hungrily. It took a great bite out of the corner of the roof. Up flew Halfchick to his perch on the mill. Out ran the miller and his wife, crying, crying.

"What shall we do now?" asked the miller of his wife.

"Tell him you will give his money, now, if he will put out the fire."

"Halfchick—put out the fire and we will give you your money and let you go with God."

"If I do this, you must carry the money for me to the house of Red Hen," said Halfchick; then he called to River. "River River, come out of my throat and quench Fire."

Out leaped River. It poured over the mill roof, into the mill-loft. It put out Fire. It flowed down into the mill-race, and there it runs to this day. The miller carried the sack of money to the house of Red Hen.

"Now we will get married," said Halfchick, very contented.

*The story is ended,*
*My shoes have been mended,*
*I can walk the road well—*
*With more stories to tell.*

# Toñino and the Fairies

BY RALPH STEELE BOGGS AND MARY GOULD DAVIS

*Illustration by Irwin Greenberg*

TOÑINO the Hunchback was the merriest fellow in all the city of Granada. In spite of the hump on his back and the pain that came to him when the cold winds swept down from the Sierra Nevada, he was always ready with a smile or a jest, or a bit of fun poked at the housewives before whose door he stopped with his herd of goats. From the old grandmother, with her bent back and her wrinkled brown face, to the latest baby, the family would gather around Toñino, and while he milked the goats with his long, skillful fingers, would listen delightedly to his whimsical sayings. The men of Granada liked Toñino, too.

No gathering at the low, white Inn, that stood on the hilltop above the caves where most of the people dwelt, was complete without Toñino. He could sing like a bird, and he knew all the old songs of Spain—ballads of the Cid and of Fernán González, familiar, haunting folk songs and the marching tunes of the soldiers. The first he sang with such fire and passion that even the roughest of his hearers listened spellbound. The second with such a lilting rhythm that, almost unconsciously, heads were set to wagging and feet to dancing.

And, when the merrymaking was over Toñino was always given his full share of the good things to eat and drink. Often he tucked a handful of cakes and an orange or some dried figs and nuts into his pouch to take to old

From *Three Golden Oranges and Other Spanish Folk Tales,* by Ralph Steele Boggs and Mary Gould Davis. Copyright 1936 by Longmans, Green & Co., Inc.

Tía Teresa who lived with him in the cave hollowed out of the hillside. Between the milk of his goats and his gift of song, Toñino and Tía Teresa fared well. And no matter how much his crooked back hurt him neither Tía Teresa nor anyone else ever heard Toñino complain.

One night when the gathering at the Inn had lasted later than usual, Toñino tucked his guitar under his arm and started down the hill toward home. It was St. John's Eve and the June moon hung low in the sky. The high peaks of the Sierra Nevada stood cold and white under it. Even in midsummer, the snow clothed them.

Toñino walked on slowly, the tunes that he had played still singing themselves in his head, his eyes drinking in the beauty of the night. On the slope of the hill, on a little raised terrace, there stood an olive tree, old and gnarled, its leaves silvery white in the moonlight. Just above it, Toñino sat down on the short, dry grass, took off his cap, and let the cool night wind blow through his hair. It had been a long hot day and a long evening, and Toñino was tired. Letting his limbs relax, he rested his head on one outflung arm and went to sleep.

When he awoke the moon had disappeared and the stars blazed low and bright in the sky. Through the stillness there came to Toñino a faint thread of song. At first it was only music. Then, thin and clear, he heard the words:

*"Lunes y martes y miércoles tres,*
*Lunes y martes y miércoles tres."*[*]

Now Toñino knew the air—old and wild and filled with an irresistible rhythm. He raised himself on his elbow. Down below him on the terrace under the olive trees the fairies were dancing. There were hundreds of them, tiny fairy men and fairy women. With heads lifted and hands joined they were dancing in a circle around

[*] *Monday and Tuesday and Wednesday three,*
*Monday and Tuesday and Wednesday three.*

the old tree, flinging their legs high in the air, their tilted, impish faces white in the starlight.

They were so intent on their dance, so lost in the rhythm of their song that they did not even see Toñino. He stared at them in delight and wonder. Often he had heard of the fairies, but never before had he seen them, and their wild grace enchanted him.

*"Lunes y martes y miércoles tres,*
*Lunes y martes y miércoles tres,"*

—round and round and round the tree, until Toñino grew dizzy with it!

"Hold, my little masters. If you do not know the rest of the song, I will give you a hint of it."

Lifting his guitar, he swept his fingers over the strings and sang in his full, clear voice:

*"Lunes y martes y miércoles tres,*
*Jueves y viernes y Sábado seis!"*[*]

The fairies shouted with joy, and instantly their tiny voices took up the words, singing in unison with Toñino and his guitar until the valley and the surrounding hills rang with the song.

*"Lunes y martes y miércoles tres,*
*Jueves y viernes y sábado seis!"*

—higher and shriller and sweeter until the very stars seemed to sing with them.

Suddenly the song ceased, the circle was broken and the fairies, one and all, ran up the slope to Toñino. They swarmed all over and about him, clinging to his fingers with their tiny hands, peering at him with mischievous, slanting eyes.

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[*] *Monday and Tuesday and Wednesday three,*
*Thursday and Friday and Saturday six.*

Irwin Greenberg

"A reward, Toñino! A reward!" they cried. "Make a wish and we will grant it!"

Toñino chuckled. "I want no reward, little masters," he answered. "It is enough to have seen you and to have sung with you."

But the fairies insisted. "Make a wish," they shouted. "Any wish. And we will grant it."

Toñino thought for a moment. "There is this hump of mine," he said quaintly. "It is a burden to carry, and it aches when the weather is cold. Could you take it away from me?"

Instantly a thousand little hands were laid on his back and shoulders. His body felt lifted and lightened. A white dawn mist rose from the valley and eddied about him. Through it, ever fainter and sweeter, came the fairy voices:

*"Lunes y martes y miércoles tres,*
*Jueves y viernes y sábado seis!"*

Toñino rose to his feet, as straight and strong in body as he was blithe in spirit.

There was much excitement among the cave-dwellers in Granada when Toñino's tale was told. Nothing else was talked about for days. No one grudged him his good fortune. And everywhere he went the eyes of the pretty girls of Granada followed him.

Now in a near-by village there lived another hunchback boy whose name was Miguel. He was as cross and resentful as Toñino was merry and forgiving. To him life itself was as great a burden as the hump that he carried upon his shoulders. He had hated Toñino always for his brave spirit, and now that he stood as tall and straight as any man, he hated him more than ever. In his harsh, complaining voice he questioned Toñino, who told him every word of the story. He even took him to the hillside and pointed out the ancient olive tree standing alone on its circular terrace.

"Try it, Miguel," he urged. "Listen carefully to the fairies first so that you surely get the air and the rhythm of their song. And then sing with them. Perhaps they will take your hump away, too."

That next night Miguel went out alone to the slope above the olive tree, and waited for the fairies. And as they had come to Toñino, so they came to him. He could see them dancing around the tree in a circle. He could hear the thin, sweet voices:

*"Lunes y martes y miércoles tres,*
*Jueves y viernes y sábado seis."*

Too stupid to catch the lilt of the song, and too impatient to wait until he did, Miguel—thinking that he was being very clever—shouted abruptly:

*"Y domingo siete!"*[°]

Now this was a double insult to the fairies. It rudely broke the rhythm of their song, and it named that forbidden thing—a holy day.

With a shrill cry of scorn and rage they swarmed upon Miguel. From some hidden place they dragged out Toñino's hump and fastened it upon his own. With pointed, impish fingers they poked and pried him, their light voices mocking him, their long pale eyes flashing into his. It was a nightmare to Miguel, and he never quite knew how it ended.

When dawn came he found himself sitting on the hillside under the old olive tree, with two humps instead of one upon his shoulders. Never again did he try to see the fairies, and no word of his adventure ever passed his lips. To all questions he shook his head. Only Toñino guessed what had happened when Miguel added the last and unwelcome line to the fairies' song.

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[°] *And Sunday seven.*

# Why the Sea Is Salt

RETOLD BY GUDRUN THORNE-THOMSEN
*Illustrations by Bret Schlesinger*

ONCE on a time, but it was a long, long time ago, there were two brothers, one rich and one poor.

Now, one Christmas eve, the poor one had not so much as a crumb in the house, either of meat or bread, so he went to his brother to ask him for something with which to keep Christmas. It was not the first time his brother had been forced to help him, and, as he was always stingy, he was not very glad to see him this time, but he said, "I'll give you a whole piece of bacon, two loaves of bread, and candles into the bargain, if you'll never bother me again—but mind you don't set foot in my house from this day on."

The poor brother said he wouldn't, thanked his brother for the help he had given him, and started on his way home.

He hadn't gone far before he met an old, old man with a white beard, who looked so thin and worn and hungry that it was pitiful to see him.

"In heaven's name give a poor man a morsel to eat," said the old man.

"Now, indeed, I have been begging myself," said the poor brother, "but I'm not so poor that I can't give you something on the blessed Christmas eve." And with that he handed the old man a candle, a loaf of bread, and he was just going to cut off a slice of bacon, when the old

From *East of the Sun and West o' the Moon, retold* by Gudrun Thorne-Thomsen. Copyright 1946 by Row, Peterson and Company.

man stopped him—"That is enough and to spare," said he. "And now, I'll tell you something. Not far from here is the entrance to the home of the underground folks. They have a mill there which can grind out anything they wish for except bacon; now mind you go there. When you get inside they will all want to buy your bacon, but don't sell it unless you get in return the mill which stands behind the door. When you come out I'll teach you how to handle the mill."

So the man with the bacon thanked the other for his good advice and followed the directions which the old man had given him, and soon he stood outside the door of the hillfolk's home.

When he got in, everything went just as the old man had said. All the hillfolk, great and small, came swarming up to him, like ants around an anthill, and each tried to outbid the other for the bacon.

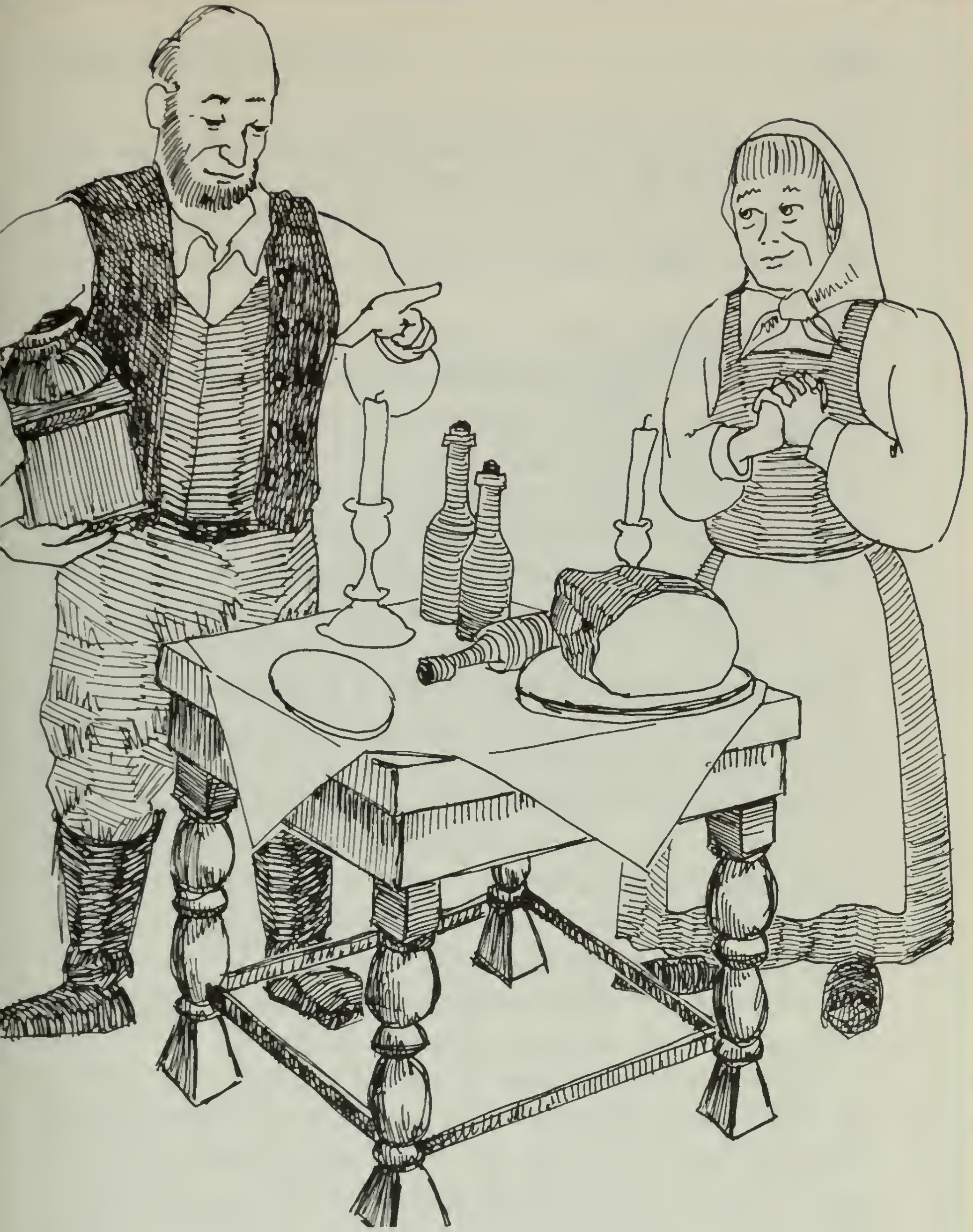
"Well!" said the man, "by rights, my old dame and I ought to have this bacon for our Christmas dinner; but, since you have all set your hearts on it, I suppose I must give it up to you. Now, if I sell it at all, I'll have for it that mill behind the door yonder."

At first the hillfolk wouldn't hear of such a bargain and higgled and haggled with the man, but he stuck to what he said, and at last they gave up the mill for the bacon.

When the man got out of the cave and into the woods again, he met the same old beggar and asked him how to handle the mill. After he had learned how to use it, he thanked the old man and went off home as fast as he could; but still the clock had struck twelve on Christmas eve before he reached his own door.

"Wherever in the world have you been?" said his old dame. "Here have I sat hour after hour, waiting and watching, without so much as two sticks to lay together for a fire under the Christmas porridge."

"Oh!" said the man, "I could not get back before, for I



had to go a long way first for one thing and then for another; but now you shall see what you shall see."

So he put the mill on the table, and bade it first of all grind lights, then a tablecloth, then meat, then ale, and so on till they had everything that was nice for Christmas fare. He had only to speak the word and the mill ground out whatever he wanted. The old dame stood by blessing her stars, and kept on asking where he had got this wonderful mill, but he wouldn't tell her.

"It's all the same where I got it. You see the mill is a good one, and the mill stream never freezes. That's enough."

So he ground meat and drink and all good things to last out the whole of Christmas holidays, and on the third day he asked all his friends and kin to his house and gave them a great feast. Now, when his rich brother saw all that was on the table and all that was in the cupboards, he grew quite wild with anger, for he could not bear that his brother should have anything.

"'Twas only on Christmas eve," he said to the rest, "he was so poorly off that he came and begged for a morsel of food, and now he gives a feast as if he were a count or a king," and he turned to his brother and said, "But where in the world did you get all this wealth?"

"From behind the door," answered the owner of the mill, for he did not care to tell his brother much about it. But later in the evening, when he had gotten a little too merry, he could keep his secret no longer, and he brought out the mill and said:

"There you see what has gotten me all this wealth," and so he made the mill grind all kinds of things.

When his brother saw it, he set his heart on having the mill, and, after some talk, it was agreed that the rich brother was to get it at hay-harvest time, when he was to pay three hundred dollars for it. Now, you may fancy the mill did not grow rusty for want of work, for while he had it the poor brother made it grind meat and drink that would last for years. When hay-harvest came, the rich brother got it, but he was in such a hurry to make it grind that he forgot to learn how to handle it.

It was evening when the rich brother got the mill home, and next morning he told his wife to go out into the hayfield and toss hay while the mowers cut the grass, and he would stay at home and get the dinner ready. So, when dinner time drew near, he put the mill on the kitchen table and said:

"Grind herrings and broth, and grind them good and fast."

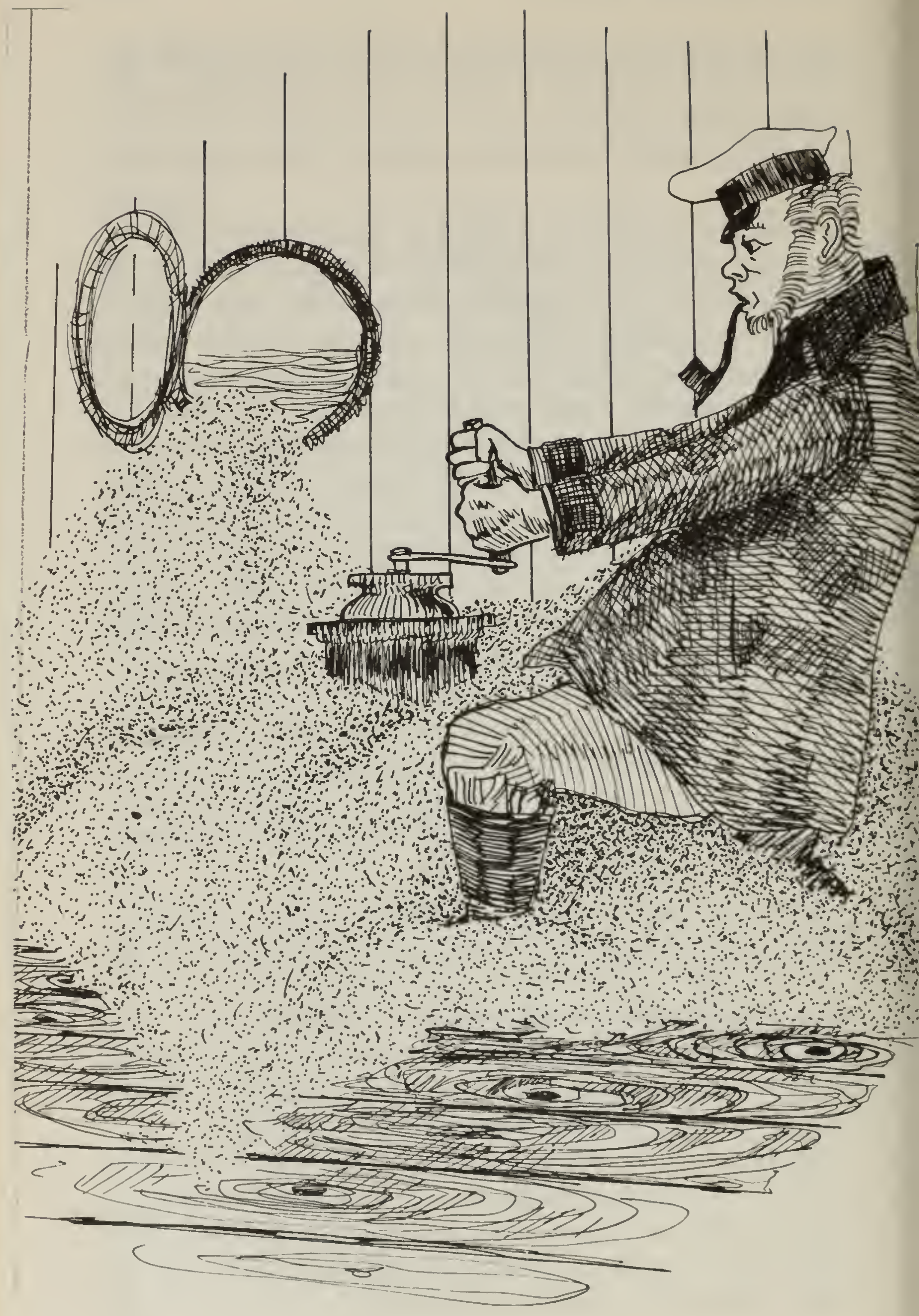
And the mill began to grind herrings and broth; first of all the dishes full, then all the tubs full, and so on till the kitchen floor was quite covered. The man twisted and twirled at the mill to get it to stop, but for all his fiddling and fumbling the mill went on grinding, and in a little while the broth rose so high that the man was nearly drowning. So he threw open the kitchen door and ran into the parlor, but it was not long before the mill had ground the parlor full too, and it was only at the risk of his life that the man could get hold of the latch of the house door through the stream of broth. When he got the door open, he ran out and set off down the road, with the stream of herrings and broth at his heels, roaring like a waterfall over the whole farm.

Now, his old dame, who was in the field tossing hay, thought it a long time to dinner, and at last she said:

"Well! though the master doesn't call us home, we may as well go. Maybe he finds it hard work to boil the broth, and will be glad of my help."

The men were willing enough, so they sauntered homewards. But just as they had got a little way up the hill, what should they meet but herrings and broth, all running and dashing and splashing together in a stream, and the master himself running before it for his life, and as he passed them he called out: "Eat, drink! eat, drink! but take care you're not drowned in the broth."

Away he ran as fast as his legs would carry him to his brother's house, and begged him in heaven's name to take back the mill, and that at once, for, said he, "If it grinds only one hour more, the whole parish will be swallowed up by herrings and broth."



So the poor brother took back the mill, and it wasn't long before it stopped grinding herrings and broth.

And now he set up a farmhouse far finer than the one in which his brother lived, and with the mill he ground so much gold that he covered it with plates of gold. And, as the farm lay by the seaside, the golden house gleamed and glistened far away over the sea. All who sailed by put ashore to see the rich man in the golden house, and to see the wonderful mill the fame of which spread far and wide, till there was nobody who hadn't heard of it.

So one day there came a skipper who wanted to see the mill, and the first thing he asked was if it could grind salt.

"Grind salt!" said the owner, "I should just think it could. It can grind anything."

When the skipper heard that, he said he must have the mill, for if he only had it, he thought, he need not take his long voyages across stormy seas for a lading of salt. He much preferred sitting at home with a pipe and a glass. Well, the man let him have it, but the skipper was in such a hurry to get away with it that he had no time to ask how to handle the mill. He got on board his ship as fast as he could and set sail. When he had sailed a good way off, he brought the mill on deck and said, "Grind salt, and grind both good and fast."

And the mill began to grind salt so that it poured out like water, and when the skipper had got the ship full he wished to stop the mill, but whichever way he turned it, and however much he tried, it did no good; the mill kept on grinding, and the heap of salt grew higher and higher, and at last down sank the ship.

There lies the mill at the bottom of the sea, and grinds away to this very day, and that is the reason why the sea is salt—so some folks say.

# The Troll's Daughter

RETOLD BY MARY C. HATCH

*Illustrations by Irwin Greenberg*

ONCE upon a time there was a young man who went out into the world to seek his fortune. But he hadn't gone far when he met a rich and prosperous looking man.

"Whither away, young fellow?" asked the man. "Are you bound up or down or over or under?"

"I'm out to seek my fortune wherever it takes me," replied the lad.

"Well, then," said the man, "you can seek it with me, for I need just such a fellow as you. And I will pay you good wages, too—one bushel of money the first year, two bushels the second, and three the third. But you must promise to stay the full three years, and you must do everything I ask, no matter how unpleasant you find it, for otherwise I will have to discharge you and you'll earn not a penny for all your pains."

"I'm not afraid of hard work, and little else would be painful," said the lad, and so the bargain was agreed to, and he went home with the man. It was a strange place, not at all like your house or mine, set inside a hill in the middle of a wild forest, and the man was strange, too, for all he looked so rich and prosperous. In fact, he was not a man at all, but a great and powerful troll, and he had dreadful power over both men and animals.

It was now too late for the lad to worry about the company he was in, however, and so he put it out of his

From *More Danish Tales,* retold by Mary C. Hatch. Copyright 1949 by Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc.

mind, and ate well and slept well, and then in the morning was ready for work.

"You must first feed all my animals," said the troll. "And though there's a whole forestful of them, and the barns are a mile long and a mile underground, still you must finish the task in one day."

"I will do what I can," said the lad, and he set to work at once.

The barns were filled to the brim with deer and bears and wolves and hares, all enchanted by the troll, and hungry enough to eat the lad. But he worked with might and main, and by night the task was all finished.

"Well," said the troll, "I don't see how you did it, but now that it's done, you deserve a good supper and a good night's rest, so take them and welcome to them."

The lad ate well and slept well, and in the morning the troll said to him, "The animals are not to be fed today, for you did extra well by them yesterday, and there's no need to spoil them. Now you may play and do as you please till it's time to feed them again."

"Thank you," said the lad. "That will be fine, indeed."

But as he turned to leave, the troll caught him by the collar and cried,

"Mumble, jumble, turn and tumble,
Be a hare and do not fumble,"

and there and then the boy was changed into a hare, and jumping away from the troll, he went leaping into the forest.

But he had little fun in the forest for he was the first and only animal seen there in a long, long time, and as soon as the hunters heard of him, they tried to catch him. They had no luck, however, for his legs were long and his eyes were sharp, and he managed to keep well out of their reach. In this way a year and a day went by, and then the troll called him home again.

"Mumble, jumble, turn and tumble,
Be a boy and do not fumble,"

said the troll, and in a second the lad had his own shape again.

"Well," said the troll, "now that you're back safe and sound, how did you like the life of a hare?"

"I liked it well enough," said the boy. "I could run faster and leap farther than ever before."

"But of course you've no wish to serve me another year," said the troll.

"I have, indeed," said the boy. "Life isn't all beer and skittles whether you're man or mouse."

"Very well," said the troll. "Now it is time to feed the animals again, and though they have not been fed for a year and are powerfully hungry, still you must finish the task in a day."

"I will do what I can," answered the lad. Then he went to the stables which were now two miles underground and two miles long, and he worked with might and main feeding the deer and the bears and the wolves and the hares, and by night all the work was done.

"Well," said the troll, "I don't see how you did it, but as long as it's done, you deserve a good supper and a good night's rest, so take them and welcome to them."

The boy ate well and slept well, and in the morning the troll said, "The animals are not to be fed today, for you did extra well by them yesterday, and there's no need to spoil them. Now you may play and do as you please till it's time to work again."

"Thank you," said the lad. "That will be fine, indeed."

But before he could leave, the troll had him by the collar and cried,

"Mumble, jumble, turn and tumble,
Be a bird and do not fumble,"

and there and then the boy became a raven, and away he flew into the air.

"This will be ever so much better than being a hare," said the boy. "I can fly fast and far, and I'll see a good bit of the world."

But things were little better really, for no sooner did he show himself on the edge of the forest than the hunters were after him with their guns, and he had to stay well hidden in the trees. The time went by, however, and when a year and a day were up, the troll called the lad home again.

"Mumble, jumble, turn and tumble,
Be a boy and do not fumble,"

said the troll, and in a moment the boy was himself again.

"Well," said the troll, "now that you're back safe and sound, how did you like the life of a raven?"

"Quite nicely, thank you," said the lad. "I could never have flown through the air if I had been a mere boy."

"But of course you're not willing to stay another year," said the troll.

"Yes, indeed, I am," replied the lad. "Money doesn't come easy, and I may as well earn it serving you as another."

"Very well," said the troll. "Now you must feed the animals again, and though they have not been fed for a year and are powerfully hungry, still you must finish the task in a day."

"I will do what I can," said the lad. Then he went to the barns which were now three miles underground and three miles long, and he worked with might and main feeding the deer and the bears and the wolves and the hares, and by night all the work was done.

"Well," said the troll, "I don't see how you did it, but as long as it's done, you deserve a good supper and a good night's rest, so take them and welcome to them."

The lad ate well and slept well, and in the morning the troll said, "You are not to feed the animals today for they're still full from yesterday, and there's no need to stuff them. Now you may play and roam about at will."

"Thank you," said the lad. "That will be fine, indeed."

But before he could turn round, the troll caught him by the collar and cried,

"Mumble, jumble, turn and tumble,
Be a fish and do not fumble,"

and there and then the boy was changed into a herring, and giving a great leap, he jumped into a nearby stream.

"This will be great sport," thought the boy. "I'll swim all day from morning till night."

But it was scarcely any sport at all, for he was the only fish that had been in the water for years, and at sight of him, the fishermen took out their lines and nets and tried to catch him. But they had no luck, for with his quick fins and his clever head, he managed to keep out of their reach, and presently he left the stream and swam down to the sea.

He swam far out, and there he came to a beautiful glass castle that rested on the bottom of the sea. The rooms were made of white whalebone inlaid with gold and pearls, the floors were covered with soft moss, and the windows were hung with delicate seaweed. In a courtyard grew tiny shell-flowers and tall shell-trees, and a little fountain flowed up from a snail's shell and fell down on little bells of coral, making lovely tinkling music that filled the whole castle and all the ocean round it.

But the loveliest sight of all was a young girl dressed in robes of rainbow silk and wearing a crown on her long yellow hair. She went from room to room among the beautiful furnishings, her silken robes flowing behind her like sparkling water, and the boy had never seen anything so beautiful in all his days.

The girl seemed lonely, however, for there was no one else in the castle, and as she walked about, she stopped often to gaze into one of the many mirrors that hung from ceiling to floor, or to look out through the castle's glass walls and into the ocean beyond.

"Well," said the lad as he swam round and round admiring her, "I think the princess would like a little company, and if I were only a man instead of a fish, I could go in and pay her a call. But perhaps I can think of the troll's words and make myself a boy again." Then he thought hard, and in a moment the troll's words came to him.

"Mumble, jumble, turn and tumble,
Be a boy and do not fumble,"

he cried, and in a trice he was his own self and went hurrying into the castle and straight up to the young princess.

He gave her a greeting, and this frightened her quite out of her wits, for she hadn't seen a soul in ever so long. But she soon recovered, and when the lad told her his story, she was most happy to see him. They played together all day long, building little houses of shells, and looking for pearls, and making music on the coral bells. And in the evening the princess cooked dumplings and tarts for the lad, and he slept on a bed of moss, and was lulled to sleep by the sound of the sea.

In this way the time quickly passed, and when a year and a day were almost up, the princess said to the boy,

"It is time for you to leave me, so turn back into a fish again and be ready to answer the troll's call."

"But I do not wish to leave you," said the lad.

"Nor do I wish to have you go," said the princess, "but go you must, for my father, you see, is the troll whom you serve, and if he should catch you here, there would be trouble indeed. He has hidden me under the water so

that no one can find me and take me away from him, and if he saw you here, he would chop off your head at once."

"The troll is cruel and selfish," said the lad.

"Alas, that is true," said the princess. "But don't be downcast, dear lad, for I think I have found a way to trick my father and bring us together again."

"Then let me hear it at once," said the lad.

"Well," said the princess, "the king who lives next to my father is in debt to him, and as he cannot pay in a month and a day, he will lose his head when the time is up."

"That is indeed sad," said the boy.

"But you can help him, and thus help us, too," said the princess. "Now what you must do is to leave my father, taking with you the six bushels of money which are due you, and go straight to the next kingdom. There you must enter the service of the king, and when a month and a day are up, and the king is moaning and groaning and ready to lose his head, then you must tell him you know what is troubling him, and you must offer to lend him the money on condition that you may go with him dressed as a fool in cap and bells.

"This the king will be glad to allow, and when you are on your way, you must caper about with all kinds of nonsense and tomfoolery, and upon reaching my father's palace, you must be ever so careless, rattling doors, and breaking windows and furniture. This will anger my father no end, and since the king must be responsible for any damage his fool does, my father will demand that the king answer four questions or lose his life.

"The first question will be, 'Where dwells my fair daughter?' But the king, of course, will have no answer, and then you must come forth and say, 'Your daughter dwells far, far away on the bottom of the sea.'

"That will be true, and then my father will ask, 'Would you know my daughter if you saw her?' and you must say, 'I would know her in the dark with my eyes closed tight.'

"Then my father will bring forth a thousand and one maidens and you will have to choose the one that is I. But as we will all look alike you can never choose the right one in a million years, so I will have to help you a bit. I will touch you as I walk by, and then you can seize me and shout, 'Here is your daughter.'

"This will take care of the second question, and the third question will be, 'Where has my heart been hidden?' To this you must say, 'Your heart is hidden in a fish,' and then my father will ask, 'Would you know that fish if you saw it?' and you must answer, 'I would know that fish in the dark with my eyes shut tight.'

"At this my father will command a thousand and one fish to come forth and you will have to choose the one that holds his heart. But as they will all look alike, you can never choose the right one in a million years, so I will have to help you. I shall be by your side, and when my father's fish goes by, I will give you a little shove, and you can catch it and cut it open. That will finish the troll, and then we'll be free to do as we please."

"You are a wonderfully clever princess," said the lad.

"Not more clever than you," said the princess. "But hurry now, and change into a fish again, for there's no time to lose."

The lad did as she bid, and in a flash he was a herring again and went swimming back into the sea.

Soon after, the troll called him home again and saying,

"Mumble, jumble, turn and tumble,
Be a boy and do not fumble,"

turned him into his own shape once more.

"Well," said the troll, "now that you're back safe and sound, how did you like being a fish?"

"I liked it best of all," said the lad. "The ocean is full of interesting things."

"Then of course you'll be glad to serve me another year," said the troll. "You will earn six bushels of money and be worth twelve."

"I do not care to stay longer," said the lad, "so I'll take my first six bushels and be on my way."

To this the troll had to agree, for a bargain is a bargain, even with trolls. The boy received his money, and with half of it tied in front and half of it tied behind, he started on his way.

After a time he came to the next kingdom, and when he had safely hidden his money, he sought service with the king.

"Well," said the king, "I need a lad to look after the stables. But truth to tell, it's not much I can pay you."

"It's only food and a bed I want," said the lad, and so the king gave him a place, and he worked hard in the stables but kept an eye on the king, too, and saw as the days went by, how sad and forlorn he looked.

Then when a month and a day were almost up, he went to the king and said, "You need not grieve, good king, for I know what's troubling you, and I promise to help you."

"But that is impossible," said the king. "I need six bushels of gold."

"That is just the amount I have," said the boy. "Now, in return for lending you the money, you must let me dress as your court jester and run along before you, and you must let me get into any mischief I please and not worry about it, for I give you my word that I'll be sure to save us both."

"Very well," replied the king, and the boy gave him the money, and then they made ready to go, the king wearing his best bib and tucker and the boy dressed in cap and bells.

After a goodly trip, they came to the troll's house, which now stood high above the ground and looked as splendid as a king's castle. It was made of the finest glass, and just the touch of a finger was enough to break it. At sight of it, the boy sped ahead as fast as he could, and bumped into windows and doors, and smashed everything at a merry rate.

But the troll soon heard him and came rushing out and caught him by the heels.

"What is the meaning of all this?" he cried to the king. "You can't pay your old debts, and yet you allow your fool to make new ones! Well, we'll soon have your head for such nonsense."

"But I am quite able to pay my first debt," said the king, and he brought forth the six bushels of gold. The troll couldn't believe his eyes and measured the gold to the last ounce. It was all there, however, every penny's worth, and the troll couldn't find the least fault with it.

But there was still the damage the fool had done. He had ruined the troll's beautiful castle, and that was something not even money could pay for.

"It can only be repaid by answering four questions," said the troll, "and that, of course, you cannot do."

"His Majesty will be very glad to try," said the lad, "and I'll do what I can, too." Then he placed himself beside the king, and the troll cried, "Where dwells my fair daughter?"

"Your daughter dwells far, far away on the bottom of the sea," spoke up the boy.

"Would you know her if you saw her?" then asked the troll.

"Indeed I would," said the boy. "I would know her in the dark with my eyes closed tight. Bring her here at once."

Then the troll raised his hand, and suddenly the room was filled with beautiful, golden-haired maidens, and they passed one by one before the boy. But they all

looked alike, and which was the princess he could not tell, till all at once, one of them touched him. Then he knew she was the real princess, and he caught her round the waist and cried, "Here is your daughter, Master Troll."

The troll howled, and all the other maidens disappeared into thin air, and then the lad said, "Now let us try the third question."

"You may try it, but you'll never guess it," cried the troll. "Where has my heart been hidden? That is the question."

"That's easily answered," said the lad. "Your heart is hidden in a fish, Master Troll."

"Would you know that fish if you saw it?" cried the troll.

"Indeed I would," said the lad. "I would know it in the dark with my eyes shut tight. Bring it here at once."

The troll raised his hand and the room was full of swimming fish. But they all looked alike, alas, and which one had the troll's heart, the boy could not say, till suddenly the princess squeezed his arm. Then he knew that the fish now swimming by was the one he wanted, and he reached out quickly and seized it. He cut it open, and at that moment the troll fell dead and burst into a million pieces of flint that scattered up and down the countryside and can be seen there to this day.

Then the mountain split open, and all the birds and animals that had been enchanted came out and went to live in the forest once more. The lovely glass castle rose out of the sea and settled down on the edge of the forest, and the princess and the lad were married. All the kings from ever so many kingdoms came to see them, and the common people as well. They had a great feast, and then they found all the troll's money and spent it, and they lived happily ever after.

# Budulinek

RETOLD BY PARKER FILLMORE

*Illustrations by Irwin Greenberg*

THERE was once a little boy named Budulinek. He lived with his old Granny in a cottage near a forest.

Granny went out to work every day. In the morning when she went away she always said:

"There, Budulinek, there's your dinner on the table, and mind, you mustn't open the door no matter who knocks!"

One morning Granny said:

"Now, Budulinek, today I'm leaving you some soup for your dinner. Eat it when dinner time comes. And remember what I always say: don't open the door no matter who knocks."

She went away and pretty soon Lishka, the sly old mother fox, came and knocked on the door.

"Budulinek!" she called. "You know me! Open the door! Please!"

Budulinek called back: "No, I mustn't open the door."

But Lishka, the sly old mother fox, kept on knocking.

"Listen, Budulinek," she said: "if you open the door, do you know what I'll do? I'll give you a ride on my tail!"

Now Budulinek thought to himself:

"Oh, that would be fun to ride on the tail of Lishka, the fox!"

So Budulinek forgot all about what Granny said to him every day and opened the door.

From *The Shepherd's Nosegay*, by Parker Fillmore, edited by Katherine Love. Copyright 1920 by Parker Fillmore; copyright 1948 by Louise Fillmore. Published by Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc.

Lishka, the sly old thing, came into the room and what do you think she did? Do you think she gave Budulinek a ride on her tail? Well, she didn't. She just went over to the table and gobbled up the bowl of soup that Granny had put there for Budulinek's dinner and then she ran away.

When dinner time came Budulinek hadn't anything to eat.

In the evening when Granny came home, she said:

"Budulinek, did you open the door and let anyone in?"

Budulinek was crying because he was so hungry, and he said:

"Yes, I let in Lishka, the old mother fox, and she ate up all my dinner, too!"

Granny said:

"Now, Budulinek, you see what happens when you open the door and let someone in. Another time, remember what Granny says and don't open the door."

The next morning Granny cooked some porridge for Budulinek's dinner and said:

"Now, Budulinek, here's some porridge for your dinner. Remember: while I'm gone you must not open the door no matter who knocks."

Granny was no sooner out of sight than Lishka came again and knocked on the door.

"Oh, Budulinek!" she called. "Open the door and let me in!"

But Budulinek said:

"No, I won't open the door!"

"Oh, now, Budulinek, please open the door!" Lishka begged. "You know me! Do you know what I'll do if you open the door? I'll give you a ride on my tail! Truly I will!"

Budulinek thought to himself:

"This time maybe she will give me a ride on her tail."

So he opened the door.

Lishka came into the room, gobbled up Budulinek's porridge, and ran away without giving him any ride at all.

When dinner time came Budulinek hadn't anything to eat.

In the evening when Granny came home she said:

"Budulinek, did you open the door and let anyone in?"

Budulinek was crying again because he was so hungry, and he said:

"Yes, I let in Lishka, the old mother fox, and she ate up all my porridge, too!"

"Budulinek, you're a bad boy!" Granny said. "If you open the door again, I'll have to spank you! Do you hear?"

The next morning before she went to work, Granny cooked some peas for Budulinek's dinner.

As soon as Granny was gone he began eating the peas, they were so good.

Presently Lishka, the fox, came and knocked on the door.

"Budulinek!" she called. "Open the door! I want to come in!"

But Budulinek wouldn't open the door. He took his bowl of peas and went to the window and ate them there where Lishka could see him.

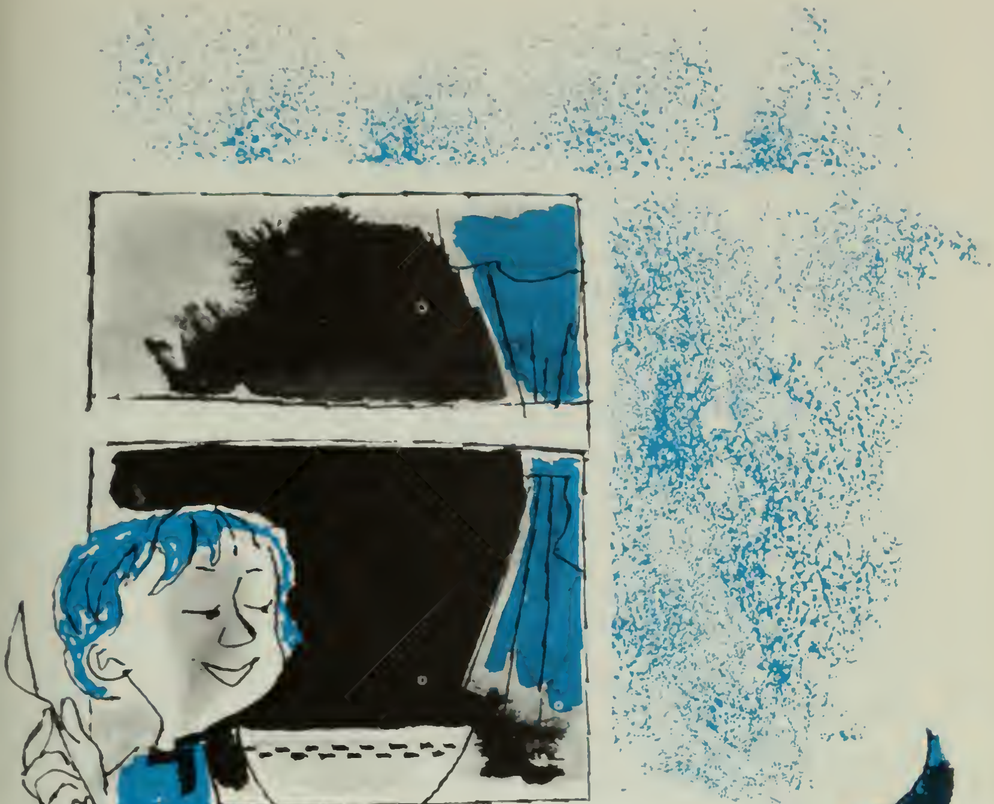
"Oh, Budulinek!" Lishka begged. "You know me! Please open the door! This time I promise you I'll give you a ride on my tail! Truly I will!"

She just begged and begged until at last Budulinek opened the door. Then Lishka jumped into the room and do you know what she did? She put her nose right into the bowl of peas and gobbled them all up!

Then she said to Budulinek:

"Now get on my tail and I'll give you a ride!"

So Budulinek climbed on Lishka's tail and Lishka went running around the room faster and faster until Budulinek was dizzy and just had to hold on with all his might.



Then, before Budulinek knew what was happening, Lishka slipped out of the house and ran swiftly off into the forest, home to her hole, with Budulinek still on her tail! She hid Budulinek down in her hole with her own three children and she wouldn't let him out. He had to stay there with the three little foxes and they all teased him and bit him. And then wasn't he sorry he had disobeyed his Granny! And, oh, how he cried!

When Granny came home she found the door open and no little Budulinek anywhere. She looked high and low, but no, there was no little Budulinek. She asked everyone she met had they seen her little Budulinek, but nobody had. So poor Granny just cried and cried, she was so lonely and sad.

One day an organ grinder with a wooden leg began playing in front of Granny's cottage. The music made her think of Budulinek.

"Organ grinder," Granny said, "here's a penny for you. But, please, don't play any more. Your music makes me cry."

"Why does it make you cry?" the organ grinder asked.

"Because it reminds me of Budulinek," Granny said, and she told the organ grinder all about Budulinek and how somebody had stolen him away.

The organ grinder said:

"Poor Granny! I'll tell you what I'll do: as I go around and play my organ I'll keep my eyes open for Budulinek. If I find him I'll bring him back to you."

"Will you?" Granny cried. "If you bring me back my little Budulinek I'll give you a measure of rye and a measure of millet and a measure of poppy seed and a measure of everything in the house!"

So the organ grinder went off, and everywhere he played his organ he looked for Budulinek. But he couldn't find him.

At last one day while he was walking through the forest he thought he heard a little boy crying. He looked around everywhere until he found a fox's hole.

"Oho!" he said to himself. "I believe that wicked old Lishka must have stolen Budulinek! She's probably keeping him here with her own three children! I'll soon find out."

So he put down his organ and began to play. And as he played he sang softly:

*'One old fox*
*And two, three, four,*
*And Budulinek*
*He makes one more!"*

Old Lishka heard the music playing and she said to her oldest child:

"Here, son, give the old man a penny and tell him to go away because my head aches."

So the oldest little fox climbed out of the hole and gave the organ grinder a penny and said:

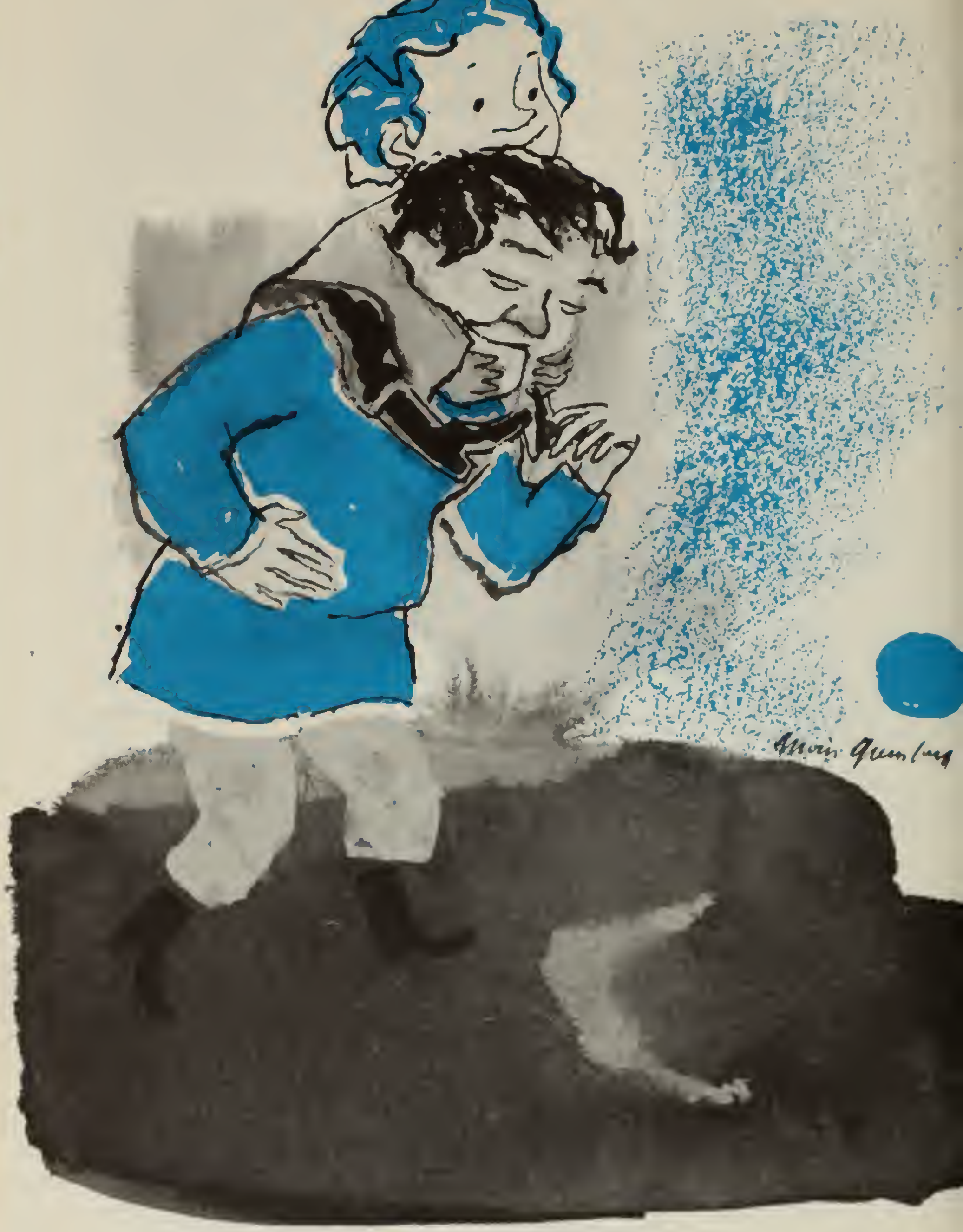
"My mother says, please will you go away because her head aches."

As the organ grinder reached over to take the penny, he caught the oldest little fox and stuffed him into a sack. Then he went on playing and singing:

*"One old fox*
*And two and three*
*And Budulinek*
*Makes four for me!"*

Presently Lishka sent out her second child with a penny, and the organ grinder caught the second little fox in the same way and stuffed it also into the sack. Then he went on grinding his organ and softly singing:

*"One old fox*
*And another for me,*
*And Budulinek*
*He makes the three."*



"I wonder why that old man still plays his organ," Lishka said and sent out her third child with a penny.

So the organ grinder caught the third little fox and stuffed it also into the sack. Then he kept on playing and singing softly:

*"One old fox*
*I'll soon get you!—*
*And Budulinek*
*He makes just two."*

At last Lishka herself came out. So he caught her, too, and stuffed her in with her children. Then he sang:

*"Four naughty foxes*
*Caught alive!*
*And Budulinek*
*He makes the five!"*

The organ grinder went to the hole and called down: "Budulinek! Budulinek! Come out!"

As there were no foxes left to hold him back, Budulinek was able to crawl out.

When he saw the organ grinder he cried and said: "Oh, please, Mr. Organ Grinder, I want to go home to my Granny!"

"I'll take you home to your Granny," the organ grinder said, "but first I must punish these naughty foxes."

The organ grinder cut a strong switch and gave the four foxes in the sack a terrible beating, until they begged him to stop and promised that they would never again do anything to Budulinek.

Then the organ grinder let them go and he took Budulinek home to Granny.

Granny was delighted to see her little Budulinek and she gave the organ grinder a measure of rye and a measure of millet and a measure of poppy seed and a measure of everything else in the house.

And Budulinek never again opened the door!

# Yi Chang and the Haunted House

BY ELEANORE M. JEWETT

*Illustrations by Irwin Greenberg*

YI CHANG lived in the city of Seoul. He was very poor, very lazy and very friendly. Because he was lazy he did little work, earned less money and rarely had shelter to cover his head. Because he was friendly he found many to wish him well, to talk to him of this and that, and to give him advice as to where he might get him a meal now and then, without too much effort. In short, he was not so poor in heart as he was in bodily possessions. He would have liked very much to have a house of his own, no matter how small and shabby, and was always looking about to see if he could find some tumble-down hut that he could get for little or nothing.

"Now if you were willing to live in a haunted house," said a friend of his one day, "I know of one to be had for the taking."

Yi Chang looked doubtful, then grinned. "Why not?" said he. "I like company. Perhaps a ghost or two would cheer me up on a lonely winter evening. Where is it, this haunted house of which you speak?"

After getting his directions, Yi Chang went to see the place. It stood on a little-traveled road in a section of Seoul called Ink Town at the foot of South Mountain. When he made inquiries about it people shook their

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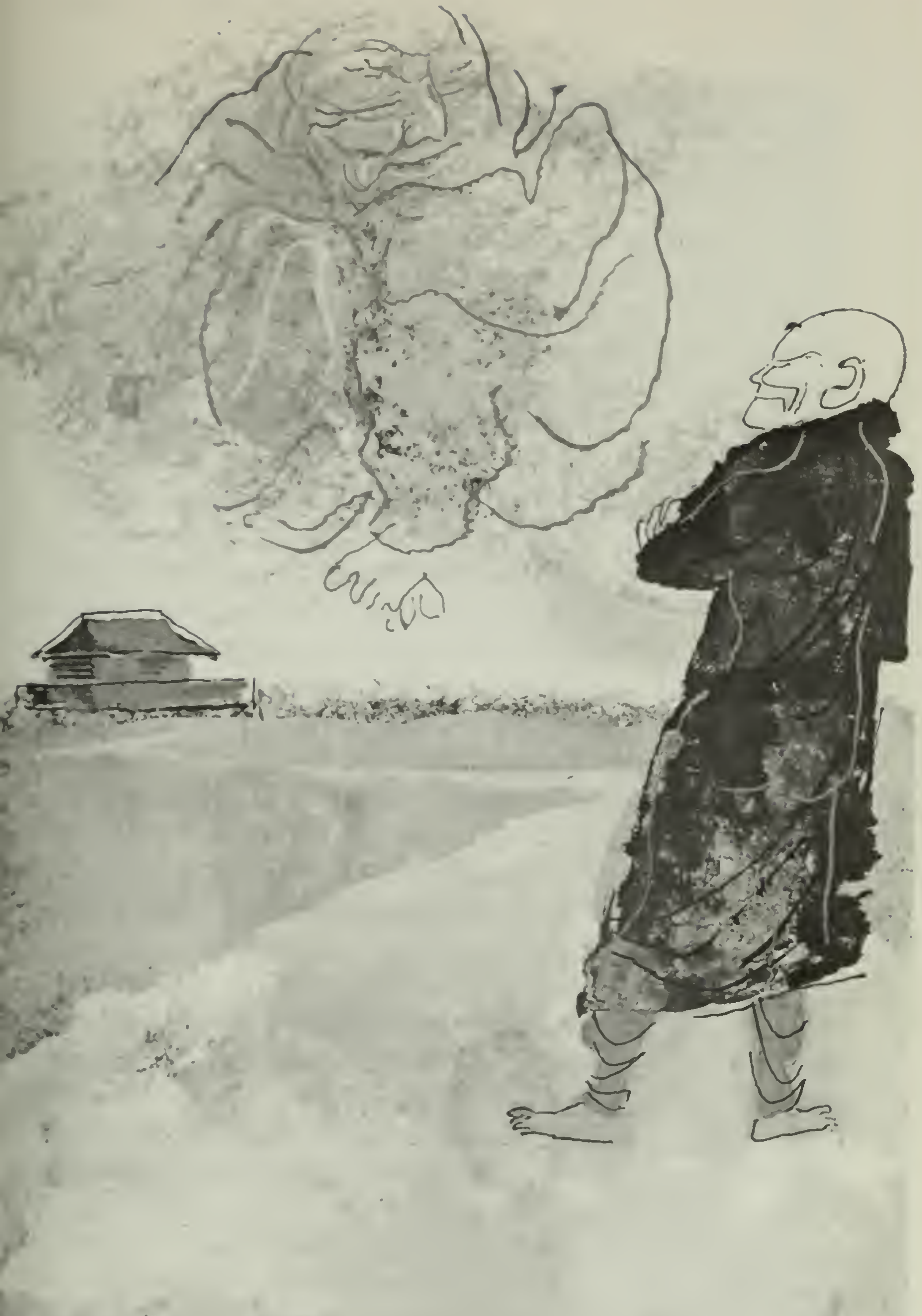

hwin Greenberg

heads and clicked their tongues. An old house, rather fine in its day and doubtless still in good repair, they said, but for many years it had been empty. Yes, haunted, without question, but why or by what manner of spirit none knew. Indeed no one had been foolhardy enough to enter the grounds, let alone the house, for as many years back as could be remembered. They strongly advised Yi Chang to have nothing to do with it.

He looked at the place long and questioningly from across the road. Over the weather-stained wall that surrounded it he could see the roof of the house, a tile roof, not one made of grass and thatch like a poor man's dwelling. The corners of it turned up at a proper angle, pagoda fashion, which should make it proof against invading evil spirits. He crossed the road and, after a moment's hesitation, pushed open the gate of the wall and approached the building. A wide clay-floored porch, or matang, extended across the front. Yi Chang skirted it and made his way through a tangle of weeds and garden plants run riot, to the back. There he found the usual kitchen court with a furnace which seemed to be in good condition. There were ample grates and shelves for cooking, and heat evidently had been piped through flues under the floors to keep the house warm in winter.

Yi Chang sighed with satisfaction. Truly, he thought, any man would be more than fortunate to live in such a place. Then he stepped up from the kitchen court into the house itself, there being nothing to prevent him, and looked around. Dust lay thick upon the floor, so thick and so completely untracked that he decided no living feet could have passed over it for years. There were a few bowls and eating utensils lying about, also gray with dust, and spiderwebs hung in the corners of the windows. His courage ebbed a little but he moved slowly across the floor, being as careful as if the stirring up of the dust and breaking of the cobwebs might rouse the dead. Perhaps it might! Ghosts might indeed be sleeping at that moment in the silent rooms and passages beyond. Yi Chang decided he would not explore farther for the present. It would be much pleasanter to have someone with him. Then a thought struck him. Hu and Haw, his two older brothers, lived in a little village not very far from Seoul. They were strong and bold, although a little stupid, perhaps. Why not get them to join him, help him clean up the place—or better, clean it up for him—and stay with him until he had found out a little more about the hauntings? He would tell them just enough to stir their interest and curiosity, not enough to frighten them.

Yi Chang put his thought speedily into action, and soon Hu and Haw, burly country fellows, had joined him and were ready to begin the process of cleaning. Together they went through the whole house. There was nothing unusual to be seen; every room was bare of all furnishings and thick with untracked dust. The paper partitions were whole and the doors slid easily—all except one. In the section of the house customarily reserved for the men of the family, there was one room they could not enter. Curiosity mounted in the three of them as they stood outside that tightly closed door.

At length Hu took a knife from his belt. "Why not thrust through the wall here beside the door? It would be simple enough to make a small peep hole, barely visible."

"Very well," agreed Yi Chang, after a moment's hesitation, for by now he considered himself the owner of the place. "A very small hole will do no harm."

An opening was accordingly made, and Hu, Haw and Yi Chang looked through it in turn and then exchanged puzzled glances.

"A harp with broken strings, a pair of worn shoes, some sticks, an old kettle and a broken sieve," Haw counted off. "Surely no one in his senses would carefully lock up such rubbish!"

"Let us break in the door," suggested Hu, preparing at once to do so.

But Yi Chang held him back. "Not so fast, brother," said he. "Someone has put those things there, someone to whom they mean something. It is best to leave them alone. I shall have plenty of rooms without this one."

So they set about cleaning the house, or rather Hu and Haw cleaned while Yi Chang gave directions and talked in a friendly and affectionate manner. All day they were busy, and only toward sun down did they lay aside their cloths and cleaning sticks. Yi Chang declared he was tired and the other two were willing enough to stop work and go out on the matang. They would rest a bit and eat the food they had brought with them.

But when they had stepped out on the porch, they started back in astonishment. Two large dogs lay sleeping at either end of it. One was tan and the other as black as midnight. Hu and Haw approached the tan dog cautiously while Yi Chang watched. They laid their hands upon the creature, gently at first, and then more roughly. It did not stir.

"Warm?" asked Yi Chang.

Hu nodded.

"I thought maybe they were dead." He ventured a gentle kick at the black dog. No sign of life except the even motion of his sides as he breathed.

The three looked at each other in growing wonder.

"What *are* they?" questioned Hu. "Surely not natural beasts!"

"Where did they come from? And how did they get in? I closed the gate behind us. I don't like it!" Haw said uneasily.

"It *is* strange—very strange," Yi Chang agreed, "but at least they seem harmless. Let them lie."

Hu and Haw rather reluctantly settled themselves on the clay floor of the porch as far from the dogs as possible. It had been a warm day and the cool of the evening was pleasant. After they had eaten they stretched out and were soon asleep.

Yi Chang sat where he could keep an eye on the animals, for, in spite of his confident words, he was uneasy about them. Long after his two brothers had fallen asleep he watched. Nothing happened, however, and at last he too fell into a doze.

He was aroused by the sound of pattering steps on the clay flooring. By the light of a bright moon that was now riding the skies he could see the two dogs, who had left their stations, restlessly pacing back and forth, sniffing the air, then nosing the ground, as if seeking for a scent.

A gong from a distant temple rang the hour. Midnight. Immediately the dogs, facing the moon, began to bay drearily. The sound wakened Hu and Haw who, with stifled screams of alarm, would have made off had not Yi Chang grasped them, one with each hand.

"Idiots!" he hissed as they wrenched themselves free. "Cowards! What are you afraid of? Two dogs baying at the moon?"

Rather shamefaced, the two turned back.

"See, they are paying no attention whatever to us! Let us get into the shadows and watch," Yi Chang suggested.

The three backed into a corner of the porch into which the light of the moon did not penetrate.

Almost at once the howling of the dogs changed to sharp, delighted barks of welcome and they began jumping about, wagging their tails and showing every sign of happy greeting to a loved master. And there on the center of the porch, his slender white hands caressing their heads, stood a strange figure. It was a little old gentleman dressed in ceremonial costume; a long white garment of rich silk, with flowing sleeves, the collar cut according to the careful usage of men of high social standing. On his head was the customary horsehair hat with a narrow crown cut off like a truncated pyramid. The stem of the long curved pipe in his mouth showed white in the moonlight.

How he had got onto the porch without the three seeing him they could not imagine. Perhaps the moon had slipped under a cloud, but it was very clear and bright at that moment and they noticed that neither man nor dogs, standing in the full light of it, cast any shadow.

The old gentleman now entered the house and the dogs returned to their posts at either end of the veranda.

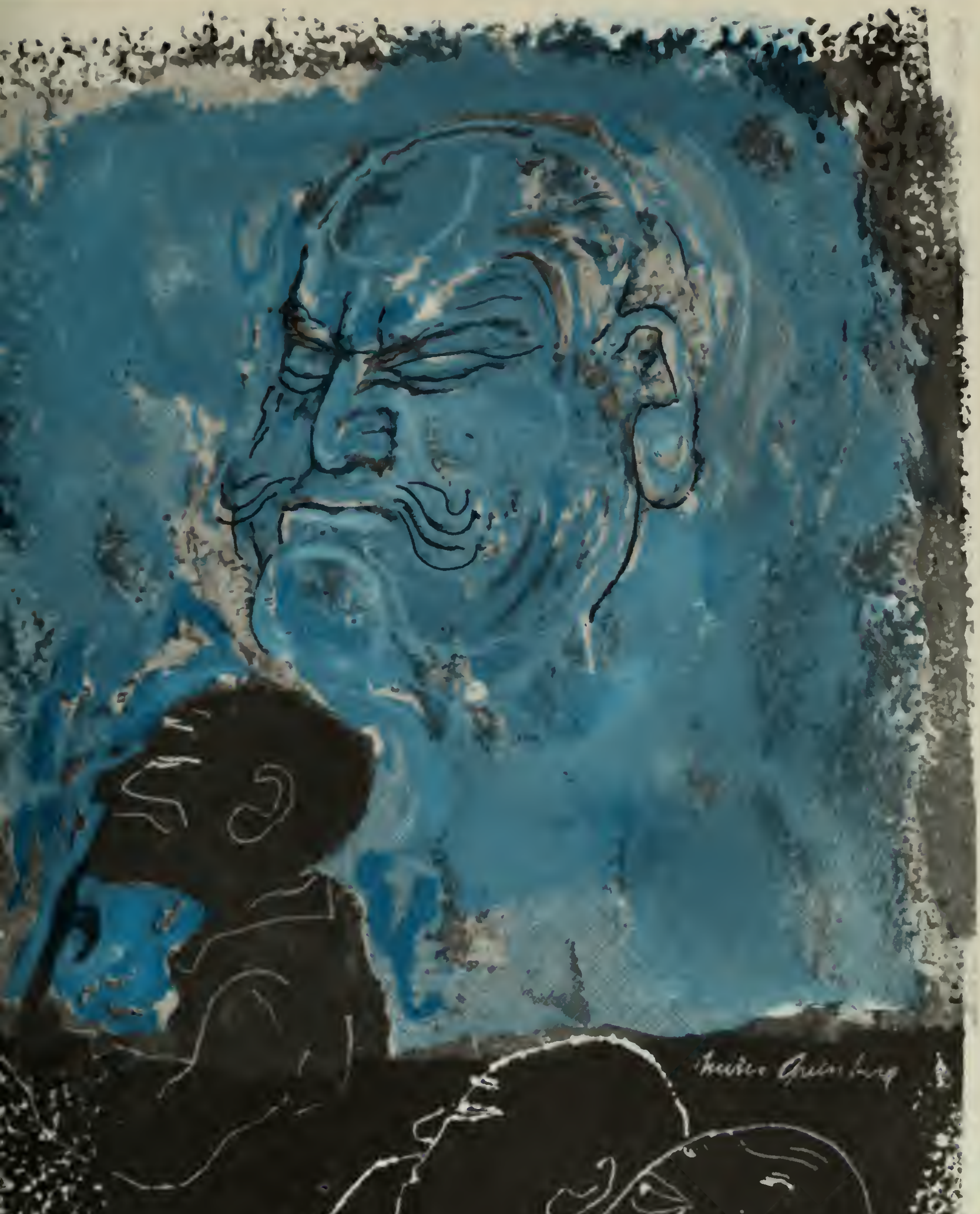
It took not a little urging and reassuring on the part of Yi Chang to persuade his brothers to follow him indoors and see what their curious visitor might be doing. Finally they agreed, keeping Yi Chang well ahead of them and being ready to flee at the slightest hint of danger.

They had no light save that of the moon shining in through windows and doors. Corners and inner passageways were black and threatening. The three tiptoed silently from room to room, pausing often to listen. Not a sound broke the stillness. All doors were open as they had left them after cleaning the place, and the heavy paper partitions separating the rooms gave no hint of light or motion behind them, at least until they reached the locked room.

Hu, Haw and Yi Chang stood motionless, scarcely breathing. It was not a sound exactly but a sense of motion, the barest possible whisper and stir, that issued from that closed and mysterious apartment. Through the paper walls they became aware of a faint luminousness which was not really light but a slight thinning of the heavy dark. The three drew closer together, trembling.

The light from within grew brighter and suddenly chords of music, weird, high, exciting, burst forth—dance music! The shuffling of a pair of shoes could be heard, then laughter and gay voices, the rattling of sticks, the hollow tones of a kettle struck as if it were a drum, and dominating the rhythm the sweet, vibrant chords of a harp.

Yi Chang, full of wonder, left the other two and crept



noiselessly to the hole Hu had pierced in the wall beside the sliding bamboo doors. He was just about to put his eye to it when a sword blade was shot through from within—a blue steel blade that glittered with unearthly light. Yi Chang barely avoided it by a sudden jump to one side.

Then the three fled in panic, never minding the clatter they made as they rushed through the house to the clay porch and from that to the gate of the wall and out into the street.

The next morning they consulted together. Hu and Haw were for returning to their home farm without delay. They had had enough, said they, of Seoul in general and of that evil, haunted house in particular. But Yi Chang was not satisfied. Now, in the broad daylight, the house and grounds looked ordinary enough with no sign of anything unusual.

"We spent yesterday there safely," he said to his uneasy brothers. "Why not go through the house once again and see whether those ghostly revelers have left anything interesting behind them?"

Rather unwillingly Hu and Haw agreed. The house, when they had entered it, showed the effects of their cleaning but otherwise was as empty and harmless-looking as could be imagined.

When they reached the locked room Yi Chang very cautiously put his eye to the peep hole. Everything was exactly as it had been before. Harp, sticks, kettle, shoes, sieve, were standing just where they had been and were thick with dust. Yi Chang drew back; the other two looked through into the room, then questioningly at each other.

Hu had an idea. "Look you," said he, speaking in a whisper, as if afraid unseen creatures might be listening. "I have often heard it said that the way to drive off ghosts and evil spirits is to burn the objects that they use."

"Ai!" exclaimed Haw, "the very thing! Let us break through into this haunted room, gather up the articles there and burn them out in the garden."

Yi Chang hesitated but finally nodded a reluctant consent.

It was easy enough to break the heavy paper walls. The three, being uneasy and fearful, worked with speed and soon had the oddly assorted contents of the room piled in the garden with dry leaves and twigs under and over them, ready for a light.

But Yi Chang was worried and unhappy. He watched with a long face and mournful eyes as the fire caught and began to lick the harp. Suddenly he leaped into the blaze and pulled it out. While the other two gaped in amazement he stamped and beat upon the flames, at the same time seizing one object after another and throwing it to safety.

"By the soul of my maternal ancestor," cried Haw, "what are you doing?"

And as Yi Chang made no answer, Hu pulled at his sleeve. "Don't you know we are doing the only thing that will rid your house of ghosts and goblins?"

Yi Chang stopped stamping out the blaze, which was nearly smothered, and brushed the smoke and ashes from his clothing before he answered. "That is just it," he said. "This house is no more mine than *theirs,* whoever they are. And besides, they sound like very gay company. Why should I destroy their simple possessions and so spoil their festivities?"

"I suppose you may even be minded to join them at some ghostly revel!" said Haw sarcastically.

"Until they hang you upside down in a tree or beat you to death or bury you in a deserted tomb! Ghosts and goblins do such things, you know!" Hu snorted in disgust as he spoke.

Yi Chang merely shrugged his shoulders and grinned.

"Very well," said Haw, "we will leave you to your haunted house and ghostly company. Come, Hu, let us return to our peaceful home in the country!"

With that, the two brothers Hu and Haw went off without another word.

As for Yi Chang, he gathered up the broken-stringed harp, the worn shoes, the kettle, the sticks and the sieve and returned them to the room from which they had been taken. With much care he mended the torn wall, even patching up the peep hole so that he would have no further temptation to pry. The next day he settled himself in the haunted house.

Weeks passed, months, a year. Then Hu and Haw, unable to bear their curiosity any longer, returned to Seoul and betook themselves to Ink Town at the foot of South Mountain. They intended to find out about their brother before telling him of their arrival and so sought out neighbors secretly to ask about him.

"Yes, oh yes, the lad Yi Chang is still living in the haunted house," said one.

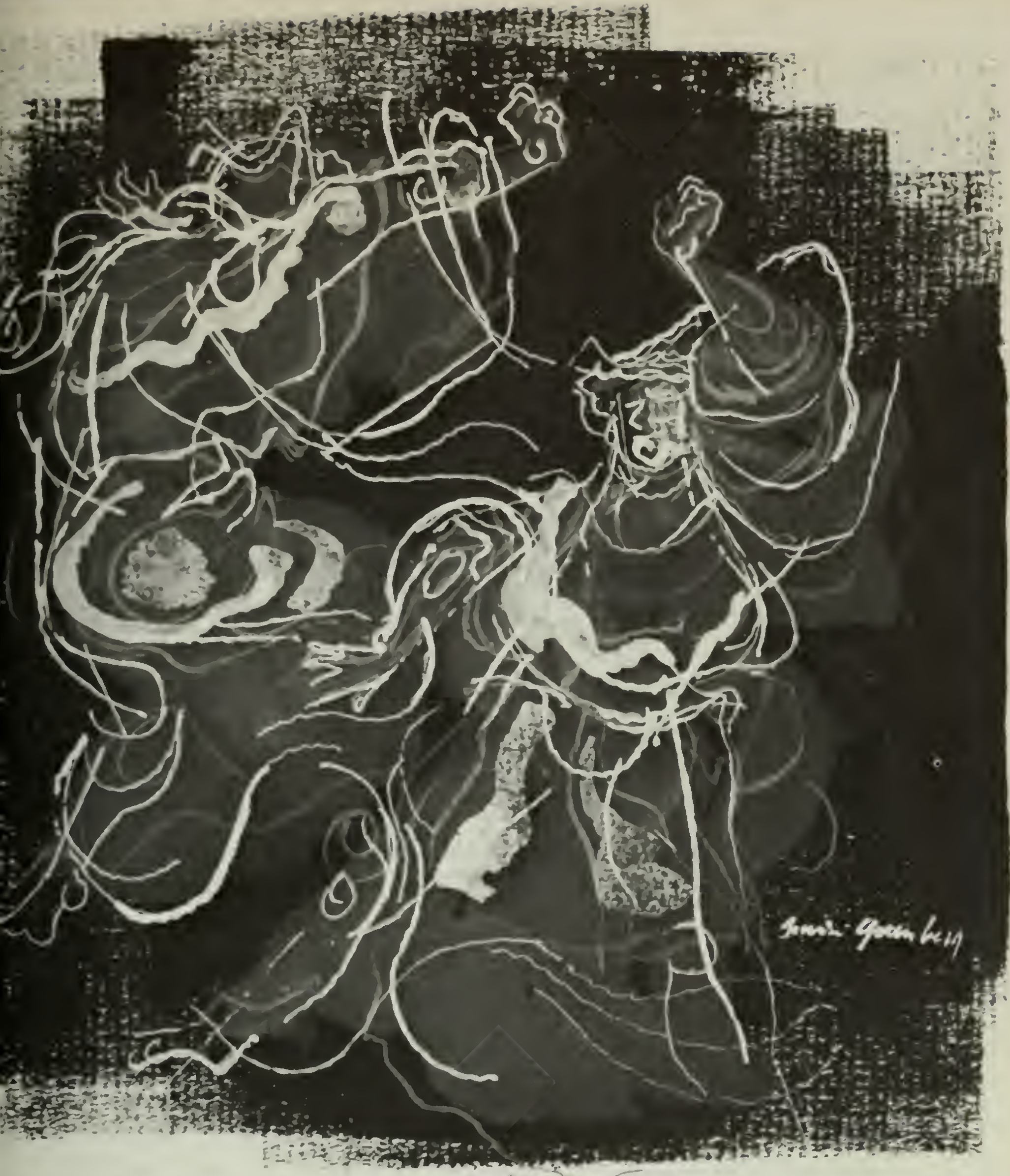
"And very happy and prosperous he seems," said another.

"Always ready with a smile or a friendly nod whenever he sees any of us," said a third. "Friendly—that's what he is. One cannot help liking him though he must be an odd one, the way he goes on living over yonder."

"Maybe the house is not haunted any more?" suggested Hu.

The three neighbors smiled and winked knowingly at each other. "There is no maybe about it. It is still haunted!" said the first with authority. But beyond that no one would say anything.

Hu and Haw hesitated and consulted together and decided they would investigate further. So, shortly before midnight, they were again on the road outside their brother's house, watching, listening and wondering.



The temple gong struck the hour. Immediately they heard the baying of dogs beyond the wall, then welcoming barks. Very cautiously they stepped inside the gate. The house was in total darkness and silence. They waited breathlessly. In a few moments a light glowed from the house, music sounded, laughter, and the chattering of voices. The shuffling of dancing feet kept time to the rhythmic, highly accented music in which the mellow tones of the harp could be heard. It seemed as if the whole house must be shaken with it. The two, in a panic, rushed for the gate in the wall, only to find themselves face to face with Yi Chang.

"Well, my brothers," said he, "have you come to pay me a visit?"

"N-n-no," stammered Hu, "not exactly."

"We—we—just happened to be passing," added Haw, edging closer to the gate.

"And you must leave so soon?" Yi Chang smiled and then laughed. "I thought I might persuade you to join me and my companions in our festivity tonight."

"Your companions?" Hu repeated in awe. "Then you—you—have really made friends with them? You are not afraid?"

"No, not at all," said Yi Chang. "Why should one be afraid of friends?"

"But—who *are* they?" whispered Haw. "*What* are they?"

Yi Chang shrugged his shoulders and answered indifferently. "I do not really know, but does it matter? They are friends. Come! I will make you acquainted with them!"

But Hu and Haw would not be persuaded. Another look at the house with its one glowing window and its strange, unearthly music growing wilder every moment was enough for them. They bade Yi Chang farewell and hurried away. Behind them they heard their brother's steps on the matang floor, the excited, happy barking of two dogs greeting him, and many thin, faint voices shouting welcome.

After they had walked for a long time in silence through the deserted streets of Seoul, Hu said, "He is a very friendly person, our brother Yi Chang."

"Yes," agreed Haw thoughtfully. "And it is a good thing to be friendly; one can see that—friendly with everybody."

"Even with ghosts?" Hu's voice sounded a little doubtful but Haw spoke with conviction.

"Even with ghosts!"

*JAPAN*

# The Tongue-Cut Sparrow

RETOLD BY YOSHIKO UCHIDA

*Illustration by Kakazo Fujiyama*

THERE once lived a kind old man who had a very wicked and greedy wife. They lived alone except for a little pet sparrow which the old man kept in a cage in the kitchen.

One day the old man went into the woods to collect faggots for the fire while the old woman did her washing outside by the well. After she had scrubbed all her clothes, she went back into the house for the starch which she had made and left in the kitchen. But when she looked at the bowl in which she had left the starch, she found it empty.

"Who has stolen my starch?" cried the old woman angrily. "What wicked person has taken every bit of the starch I made for my nice clean clothes?"

The little sparrow heard the old woman shouting and called out, "What is it, old woman? What are you looking for?"

"My starch, my starch!" cried the old woman. "I left it right here in this bowl, and now every bit of it is gone!"

"Oh, my," said the sparrow sadly. "I didn't know that was your starch, for it was in the bowl in which I usually get my dinner. I thought it was for me and I ate it all up."

Now the old woman had never loved the sparrow as the old man did, so when she heard what he had done,

From *The Dancing Kettle and Other Japanese Folktales,* Retold by Yoshiko Uchida, copyright 1949 by Yoshiko Uchida. Published by Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc

she screamed at him in a rage. "You hateful sparrow! I will punish you for eating up all my lovely starch."

Then she snatched a pair of scissors and snipped off the poor little sparrow's tongue. "There, that will teach you to eat things that don't belong to you," she shouted. Then letting the sparrow out of the cage, she called, "Be off with you! I don't ever want to see you again." And she shooed the sparrow out of the door and into the woods.

When the old man came home from the woods, he looked for his little pet sparrow, but found the cage empty and forlorn.

"How now, where is my little sparrow? I brought home a nice juicy worm for him," he said to the old woman.

The old woman told him what had happened in the morning, and said crossly, "That is what he deserves for having stolen my starch."

"But he didn't do it on purpose," said the old man sadly. "You did a very cruel and unkind thing to my poor little sparrow," and he cried as bitterly as if he had lost his own son.

The very next morning, the old man arose bright and early and set out to look for his little sparrow. He looked into the bamboo thickets, but he heard only the chirping of a lonely cricket. He looked up at the blue, blue sky, but he saw only the white clouds drifting silently by. He wandered slowly toward the forest calling,

"Tongue-cut sparrow, where are you now?
Tongue-cut sparrow, where is your home?"

Far in the deep thickets the little sparrow heard the old man's voice calling him. He flew out quickly to greet him, saying, "Here I am, my kind friend and master. How good it is to see you again."

"Oh, my little sparrow!" exclaimed the old man happily. "I couldn't rest till I found you again. My wife did a very cruel thing to you, and I am so glad to find that you are safe and well."

The sparrow chirped happily, for he loved the old man dearly. "Please come to see my little home," he said. "It was so kind of you to come to look for me."

The sparrow led the old man into his home, and wondered what he could do to entertain him. First, he spread his table with all sorts of strange and delicious foods, and the old man ate until he could eat no more. Then the sparrow called together his family and friends, and together they sang beautiful songs such as the old man had never heard before. Then they did the beautiful sparrow dance which most human beings are never permitted to see. The old man clapped his hands and rocked back and forth with glee, as the sparrows twirled and whirled in time to the lovely music.

At last the old man said, "Ah, I haven't had such a good time in many a year, but alas, it is growing dark, and I must think about returning home."

The little sparrow was sad to see the old man getting ready to leave and said, "If you cannot stay longer, I would at least like you to take a present home with you." Then he hurried into another room and came back with two golden chests. "Now one chest is very, very heavy and the other is very light. Which will you have, my friend?" asked the sparrow.

"Oh, thank you, the light one will be plenty for me," said the old man. "Besides, I am getting old, and I fear I could not carry the heavy one on my back."

So the old man took the lighter chest and carried it on his back. "Good-bye, good friend," he called to the sparrow. "I've had a lovely time indeed, and thank you so much for this fine present!"

"Please come back again soon," called the sparrow, and he stood at his door waving until the old man disappeared into the thick woods.

The golden moon was just beginning to climb up from behind the mountains as the old man trudged wearily back to his little home. Now the old woman had been waiting very impatiently for the old man, and when she saw him coming through the gate she called out crossly, "Well, old man, what have you been doing? Where have you been? I have been waiting all the long day for you!"

"Now, now, don't be cross," said the old man. "I have had such a lovely visit with my little pet sparrow. He gave me all kinds of delicious food and drink, and his friends did a beautiful dance for me. Then, when I was ready to leave for home, he even gave me a lovely present."

"A present?" asked the old woman. "Quickly, let me see it!"

"You see," explained the old man, "he had two chests, one which was heavy, and the other which was light. I chose the lighter one for I am much too old to carry a heavy bundle on my back."

Now the old woman was so anxious to see the present, she didn't even bother to make a cup of hot tea for the tired old man. Instead she snatched greedily at the chest and tore off the lid. When she saw what was inside, she could scarcely believe her eyes. The chest was filled with gold and silver; with beautiful sparkling diamonds and creamy white pearls; with rubies and emeralds, and many, many glittering and precious stones. There were beautiful silken *kimonos* and lovely *obis* of golden brocade.

"What lovely, wonderful gifts," said the old man happily. But the old woman only said, "Old man, why didn't you take the heavier chest? We could have gotten twice as many jewels and twice as much gold. You are a silly old man to come home with the smaller and lighter chest."

"But, my dear, do not be so greedy! This is more than we shall ever need. Is this not plenty for you and me?" asked the old man.

"No, indeed it isn't," said the old woman. "I am going right back to the sparrow's house and get the heavier chest now."

The old man begged the old woman not to do such a foolish thing, but she would not listen to him. "I shall be back in a short while," she said, and hurried out of the house toward the woods.

She walked down the lonely path calling,

"Tongue-cut sparrow, where are you now?
Tongue-cut sparrow, where do you live?"

At last she came upon the small house of the sparrow and knocked on the door. "Tongue-cut sparrow, is this where you live?" she asked in a sweet voice.

The little sparrow opened the door and was surprised indeed to see the cross old woman. He was a very polite sparrow, however, so he said, "Good evening, old woman, won't you come in?"

"No, no, I can't come in. I am in a very great hurry," answered the old woman.

"Won't you come in just for a cup of tea?" asked the sparrow.

"No, no, I don't want any tea or any food. I don't even want to see your beautiful dance. Just give me a present to take home with me. That will do," said the rude old woman.

"Very well then," said the sparrow, and he again brought out two golden chests. "One is heavy, but the other is light," said the sparrow. "Which one will you have?"

"I am younger and stronger than the old man," said the woman. "Give me the heavy one. I can manage very well."

So the old woman hoisted the heavy chest onto her back and set out for home. As she walked on, the chest seemed to grow heavier and heavier with each step.

"Oh, my poor back," groaned the old woman, but when she thought of all the gold and jewels which must be inside, she smiled happily and walked on. Soon she was so eager to see the treasures inside the chest, she couldn't wait until she got home. "I must see what is inside," she said to herself. "I'll just take a little peek right now."

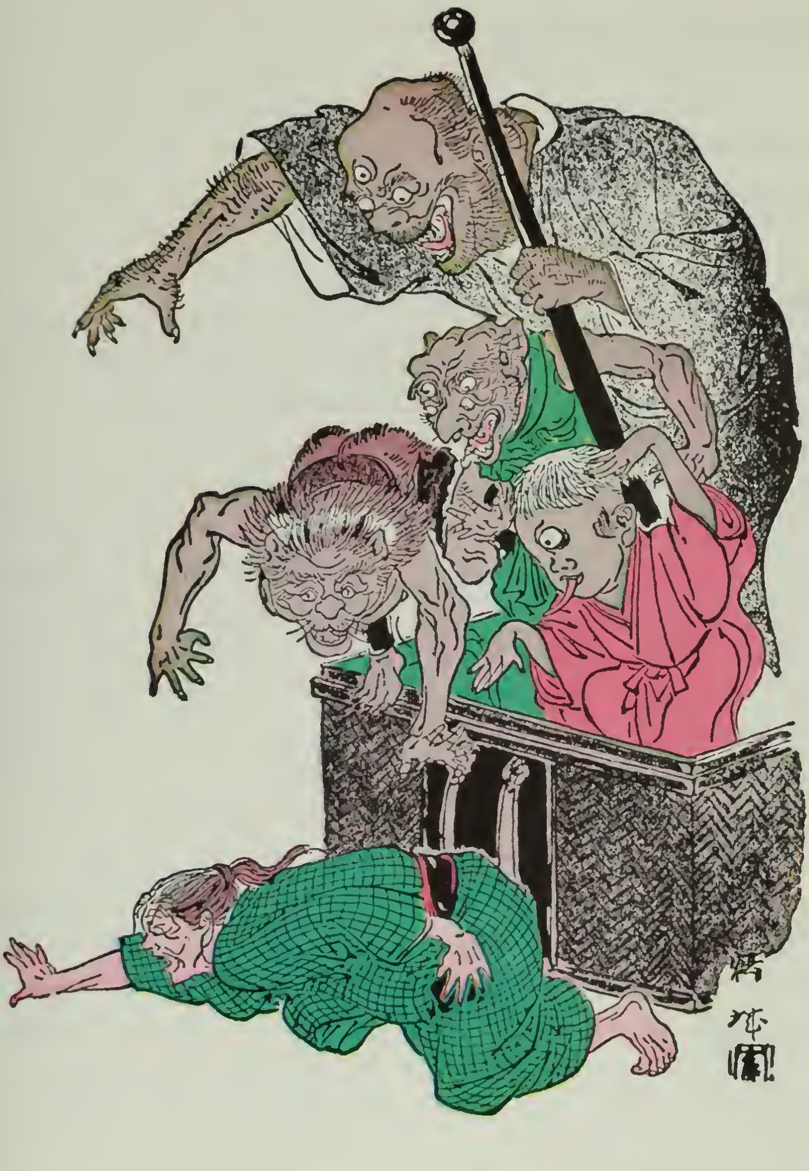
So she lowered the heavy chest to the ground and lifted the cover very carefully. She looked inside, expecting to see twice as many beautiful things as she had seen in the first chest, but there wasn't a single jewel there. When the old woman saw what was in the chest, she screamed in terror and fell to the ground. For this chest was filled with snakes and caterpillars, giant toads and poison spiders, and a huge three-eyed monster. They slithered and slid around and began to crawl out over the sides. They climbed on the old woman and swarmed about her head until she screamed and shrieked for help.

"Save me! Save me!" she cried with all her strength, but no one came to help her. At last she tore herself away from the horrible creatures and ran home as fast as her legs would carry her. When she got there she told the old man what had happened, and of the terrible creatures in the big chest.

"I'm not at all surprised," said the old man. "You see, that is what comes of being so greedy. Perhaps this has taught you a good lesson."

The old woman hung her head in shame and answered, "Indeed it has, old man. I shall never be greedy or unkind again."

And from that day on, the old woman truly kept her word. She was never greedy again, and before long she became just as good and kind as the kind old man.



# Chop-Sticks

BY ARTHUR BOWIE CHRISMAN

*Illustrations by Irwin Greenberg*

WHAT is better than roast duck with sweet ginger dressing? Is anything—anything—in the world and all, superior? Two roast ducks—as Ching Chung said—are more to be desired? Ah, of a certainty. Two. Two roast ducks, with *hong keong* dressing, and *ling gow,* and *jung yee,* and *tou ya,* and *yu chien* (the very fine tea that grows only in three gardens of Ku Miao), and—but really that's enough for any dinner. More might mean misery.

Those were the dishes that Cheng Chang prepared with matchless perfection. Those were the dishes that Ching Chung ate with the utmost gusto. Cheng Chang, the very fine cook, and Ching Chung, the extremely appreciative master. They were old bachelors, those two worthies. Little Cheng Chang and large Ching Chung were foot-free, funny, and forty. Cheng Chang came within an inch of being a dwarf. He was only a mere trifle taller than his own willow-wood ladle. Why, he was nearly as short as Wu Ta Lang, who, as you'll remember, when standing under his cherry tree could not reach the limb, and when on the limb could not touch earth.

Beyond a doubt, Cheng Chang was little—but . . . how he could cook. He was ugly—but . . . how he could cook. He tied his queue with a leather string—but . . . how he

From *Shen of the Sea,* by Arthur Bowie Chrisman. Copyright 1925 by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., renewal 1953 by Arthur Bowie Chrisman.

could cook. He taught his own grandmother how to roast eggs—and that's something few men could do.

Ching Chung was the master. He was a tremendous person. He was nearly as large as Ho Lan, the giant, who, one day when stretching, burned his hand on the hot red sun. Surely no one could ask for more proof that Ching Chung was quite large. And how the man could eat. He worked hard, from crow of cock till the owl said "Time for bed." And how he could eat. Four roast ducks at a sitting. . . how he could eat. But his voice was so powerful that it often shook the pots from Cheng Chang's stove. Then there was nothing to eat.

Ching Chung frequently complimented Cheng Chang upon his so glorious cookery. He would say to Cheng Chang: "Cheng Chang, this roast duck is simply *tou ming*. If I were king and you my cook, I would make you Governor of Kwang Ting, where the best ducks grow." And Cheng Chang would say: "To the Gracious Master I offer my no-account thanks. I sorrow that my terrible cooking is not better." Or, again, Ching Chung would say: "Cheng Chang, this exquisite roast duck has infused me with new strength. One more morsel, or maybe two, and I could conquer the world." And Cheng Chang would reply, "It is nothing, Honorable Master."

Strengthened and made bold by Cheng Chang's roast duck and perhaps by a sip of the stuff called *sam shu* (which is fire and madness in a bottle), Ching Chung one day went a-courting. Before a body could say "*Chang wang li chao*" (about the same as "Jack Robinson"), the beauteous lady, Li Kuan, was pledged to be Ching Chung's bride. Whereat, the happy groom to be, who had always proclaimed that a bachelor's life was the only life, promptly changed the burden of his song and declared that all old bachelors should be boiled in rancid bean oil and used as candles to lighten the darkness. And, no doubt, he was very right.

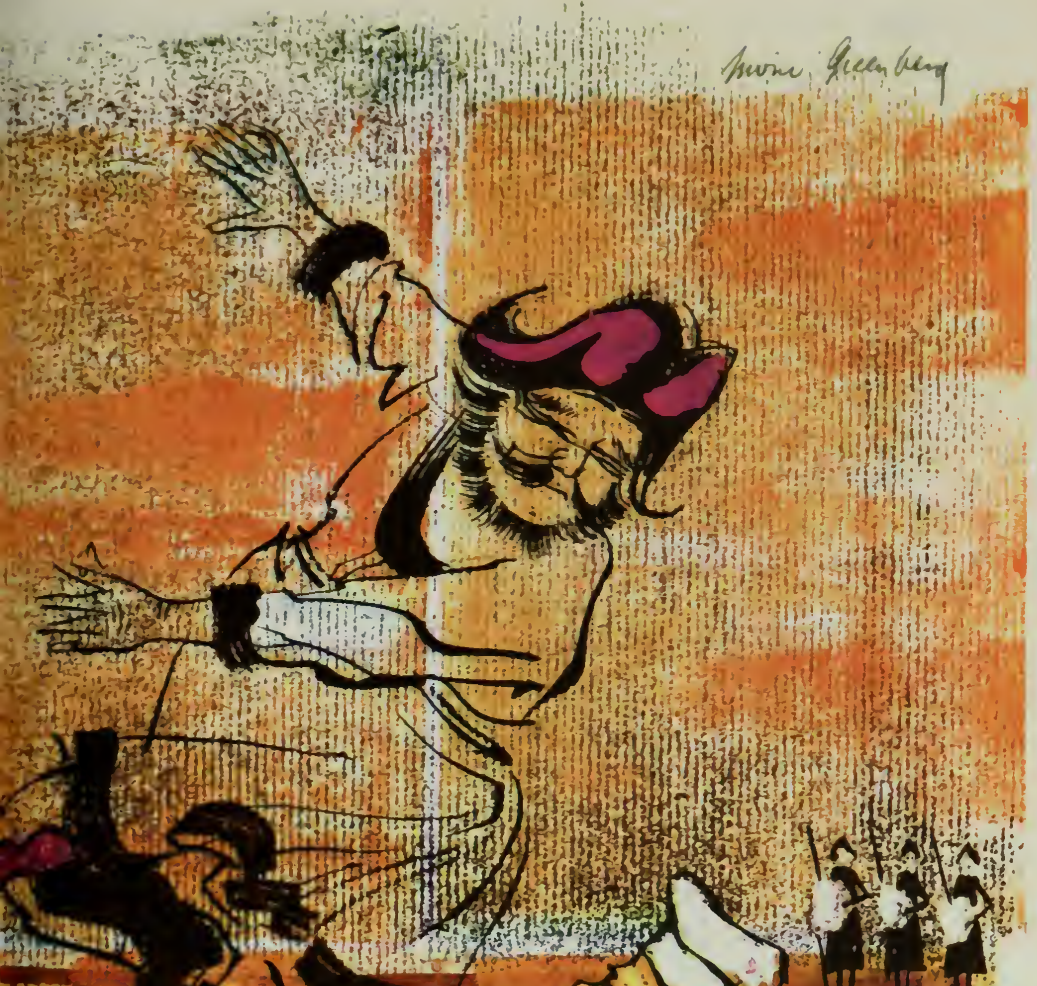
Said master to cook: "Cheng Chang, why don't you follow the excellent example that I have set and take unto yourself a bride? There's Pang Tzu, a buxom lady, and wealthy. Why not marry Pang Tzu?" So Cheng Chang answered, "Very well then, Honorable Master; I'll do as you advise." And he did.

With Ching Chung married and Cheng Chang wed, both of the old bachelors were husbands, and their lives were changed, utterly. For marriage is a most peculiar thing. It promotes the fortunes of some men. Other men go from bad to worse. The wedding bell has two tongues. One tongue speaks good; the other, evil.

Consider the case of Ching Chung. His wife had no wealth whatsoever. But her fifth cousin was a general in the royal army. The general came to visit, riding a handsome donkey, and wearing his two swords. He tasted the roast duck (cooked, mind you, by Cheng Chang), upon Ching Chung's table, and instantly took a great liking for Ching Chung. He thought his host a most hospitable and excellent man. Nor was he wrong. (But Cheng Chang had cooked the duck.)

It was no time till Ching Chung received a commission in the royal and brave army. He became a general. Before one could say "*Chang wang li çhao,*" he won a great victory. . . . And, the king having died meanwhile, Ching Chung was placed upon the throne. There he was—upon the throne—a king. And hail to King Ching Chung.

On the other hand, consider Cheng Chang, the cook. Poor Cheng Chang. He was afraid of his wife. Horribly afraid. His wife had but to whisper "Chang," and Chang trembled like jelly, spilled on the king's highroad. His wife had but to say "Cheng Chang," and Cheng Chang fell upon the floor. It often happened that his wife said "Chang," just as the poor man seasoned a duck on the stove. Then Cheng Chang would tremble, and drop in too much salt or garlic or ginger, and the dinner would



be ruined. Frequently Cheng Chang had to throw away a dozen ducks, before he dished up one that was really excellent. Of course, his own purse had to pay for the loss. Almost before one could say "*Chang wang li chao,*" the timid Cheng Chang was a pauper. A lucky thing for him that his wages were raised as soon as Ching Chung became King.

How remarkable are the tricks played by fate. She gives the wheel of life a turn. What was top becomes bottom. Strangely enough, what was bottom—becomes top. The once mighty eat humble pie. The once lowly sit upon gilt chairs, drinking *yu chien* from cups of eggshell porcelain, and eating birds' nests. Cheng Chang was at the bottom. And fate gave the wheel a whirl.

The wife of Cheng Chang went to visit her three brothers, who conducted a large go-down in Ning Poo. The art of cookery, so nearly lost to Cheng Chang, once more thrilled in his finger tips. A pinch of this. A mite of that. A dash of something else. Cheng Chang cooked as he had never cooked before. The roast duck that he served up for King Ching Chung was—was—was—. There are many words in the language of men, but not one of them can describe the duck that Cheng Chang presented his King and master, Ching Chung. Sublime, delicious, perfect—those words are weak and unable. Away with them. The duck must remain undescribed. But, oh, what a duck it was. King Ching Chung ate half of it. Perhaps he ate a trifle more than half. He kept his gaze upon the platter. He said neither "Good," nor "Bad."

Cheng Chang lingered near by to receive the praise that he felt was due. But the praise was slow in forthcoming. The wondering cook began to fear that he had dropped in too much *chiao fen.* Horrors. Horrors twice. Suppose he had? He deserved to be killed.

King Ching Chung laid his knife aside. He placed his fork in company. He raised his eyes and gazed at Cheng

Chang. For a full minute he gazed. He questioned, "Cheng Chang, did you cook this duck?" Poor Cheng Chang. Down he went, kneeling three times. Each time he knelt, his head rapped the floor thrice. "Yes, most gracious and forgiving Majesty, I cooked the duck. I, Cheng Chang, alone am guilty. Oh, have mercy." He could almost feel the headsman's sword.

Steadily for another minute the monarch stared. Then he spoke. "You did, did you? Well, all I can say is this. The man who cooked this duck should be King. And, by the teeth of the bobtailed dragon who brings famine, I am going to make him King. I shall abdicate and appoint him to rule in my stead. Arise, King Cheng Chang, ruler of the universe—and the best cook that ever roasted a duck."

So soon as Cheng Chang's wife heard of her smaller half's good fortune she hurried back to the palace. With her she fetched the three brothers, feeling sure that King Cheng Chang would appoint them to high places. If he wouldn't, *she* would. She had things planned to the last detail. One brother was to be keeper of the royal and full treasury. What a clever idea. He had the largest pockets. Another brother was to be Governor of Kwang Ting. The third was to be made Commander-in-chief of the royal and never-run army.

At breakfast, the eldest brother mentioned his desire. "Oh," said King Cheng Chang, "I can't make you keeper of the treasury. I've already put in a man who has no hands." "Well, what appointment have you saved for me?" "For you? Let's see. You can be Ambassador to Ho Chung Kuo." (A far-off country—America, in fact.) "Indeed?" screamed the Queen's brother in terrible rage. He took his knife from his mouth and lunged at the King. . . . Only a remarkable quickness of foot saved King Cheng Chang.

His Majesty, very properly, was much displeased at such unseemly behavior. Who wouldn't be? "I shall have your eldest brother beheaded," he told the Queen. "Indeed?" said the Queen. "Then I shall beat you." So that ended that. He was little and she was large. There was no beheading.

At dinner the Queen's second brother remarked in a casual tone: "It's an exquisite day, isn't it? I hope it will be this pleasant when I am inaugurated Governor of Kwang Ting." "You? Governor? I have appointed Ching Chung to be Governor of Kwang Ting. You can be constable at. . . ." "Indeed?" screamed the would-be governor in an ungovernable rage. He seized his fork and rushed at the King. Fortunately a mat slipped from beneath his feet. His fork tore a deep furrow in the floor. The monarch escaped injury.

Nevertheless, King Cheng Chang was highly indignant. Surely that was his kingly right. He said to the Queen, "I shall have your brother be. . . ." The Queen interrupted, "If you do, I shall beat you." She rather had him there. The King crawled under his throne. The subject was closed, and the headsman's sword was unstained.

Supper had barely begun when the Queen's youngest brother, a huge brawny yokel, remarked that he had already purchased his uniform and would take over the army tomorrow. The King was taken aback. "You command the army? Huh. I shall make you Minister to Yin Yung." (A place twenty thousand li distant as the ships sail.) "Indeed?" roared the Queen's brawny youngest brother. Clutching his soup spoon he leaned across the table and struck at King Cheng Chang, "Swish," with all his might.

Thanks to him who made the table, he made it of generous width. The Queen's youngest brother could not quite reach across it. His murderous spoon merely parted the King's beard. It was a most atrocious deed, meriting extreme punishment, but it caused no actual pain. Its

main effect was upon the King's dignity. But this time His Royal Mightiness said nothing of the headsman. He imagined that his wife would most likely raise objections. No. The King said nothing of punishment. Instead, he rewarded the Queen's youngest brother, appointed him director of the Imperial Gunpowder Factory, with a bed in the factory. . . .And gave him six pounds of smoking tobacco.

The three attempts upon his life worked havoc with Cheng Chang's nerves. When eating breakfast, he could never look at a knife without shuddering. Seated at dinner, each time he touched a fork cold chills raced down his marrow. At supper, he could scarcely eat because of the spoon. Each glance at the spoon wrought from His Majesty a groan of dread.

So King Cheng Chang did a most wise thing. He abolished knives and forks and spoons. He ate his rice and duck with the aid of two harmless, delicate, little sticks. There was nothing about the sticks to inspire uneasiness. They were incapable of hurt.

The little sticks used by King Cheng Chang were called Chop-Sticks. Chop means good.

Naturally enough, all the people in Cheng Chang's kingdom soon were using chop-sticks. They wished to do as the King did. People are like that. Chop-sticks became, first, fashionable, then, universal. Every one used them.

Wherefore, today King Cheng Chang is remembered not for his roast duck—which was heavenly, and gained him the throne—but for his chop-sticks—which are wood, mere wood.

# The Bear in the Pear Tree

BY ALICE GEER KELSEY

*Illustration by Irwin Greenberg*

THE ring of Nasr-ed-Din Hodja's axe sounded through the woods of the lonely mountainside. There was silence as the Hodja rested. It was very still on that mountainside —no noise but the twitter and call of birds, the hum and chirp of insects, and the rustle and whir of the leaves in the forest.

Suddenly the Hodja jumped to his feet. What was that tramping, crackle—crunch—crackle, through the twigs on the forest floor? That was not the footsteps of a squirrel, a rabbit, or a fox. Nasr-ed-Din Hodja stood frozen to attention, his eyes fixed on the place from which the sound came, crunch—crackle—crunch, steadily nearer and nearer, steadily louder and louder. A glimpse of moving black fur! Four stiff legs swinging awkwardly toward him! A shiny black nose between sharp eyes! The biggest bear the Hodja had seen in all his wood-chopping days!

For once the Hodja did not stop to argue. He ran for the nearest tree, a wild pear tree, and scrambled up it more nimbly than he had moved since he was a boy.

Crackle—crunch—crackle. Straight toward the pear tree, looking neither to right nor to left, plodded the enormous black bear. The nearer it came, the bigger it seemed. Crunch—crackle—crunch. It was directly under the very tree where the Hodja was hiding. The bear

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From *Once the Hodja*, by Alice Geer Kelsey. Copyright 1943 by Longmans, Green and Co., Inc.

yawned. It stretched. It yawned again. It lay down on the ground under the pear tree, gave a drowsy grunt, and closed its eyes.

"You don't fool me that way!" thought the Hodja. "You pretend to sleep but you are just waiting to pounce on me." Nasr-ed-Din Hodja clung to the branch, his eyes fixed wildly on the big bear. He expected it any minute to jump at him. He wanted to climb higher in the tree, but was afraid of the tell-tale sounds he might make.

He saw the bear's muscles tighten. He thought of all the mistakes of his life—of all the times he had been cross to Fatima, of all the times he had played tricks on people. He looked down at his home valley, perhaps for the last time. Then the bear shivered. It relaxed. Its breathing lengthened into a loud snore.

"You are asleep!" whispered the Hodja, not quite sure that he dared believe what he saw. He wriggled about, trying to find a comfortable place on his high perch. A magpie scolded to find such a clumsy stranger in her favorite tree. An inquisitive bee buzzed about the Hodja. The bear below the tree snored cozily. The Hodja squirmed from one position to another, making little showers of leaves and twigs fall around the heavily sleeping bear.

From far down in the valley floated dimly the musical chant of muezzins in many minarets, singing forth the call to prayer, "Allah eekbar, Allah eekbar."

"That means that it is two hours till sunset," thought the Hodja, wondering how long this could last.

Lower and lower marched the sun. Stiffer and stiffer grew the Hodja's poor cramped body. The sun touched the horizon and the melodious call to prayer, "Allah eekbar, Allah eekbar," wafted up from the valley.

The sun was down and the moon shining so brightly that the Hodja could peer through his leafy screen and see the huge black bulk below him rise and fall regularly

as the big bear snored. Once more the lilting sweetness of the call to prayer floated up from the villages in the valley.

"That means two hours after sunset!" groaned the Hodja as he looked pleadingly toward Mecca, the sacred city in the east.

At last there was a stirring in the black mass below him. The big bear stretched, rose stiffly to his feet, and sniffed hungrily. Then, to the Hodja's horror, it stuck its great claws into the very pear tree where the Hodja was clinging. Up the tree it came, while the poor Hodja trembled so that he could scarcely hang onto the branches. Sniff went the great nose, until the bear found just what he wanted—a juicy wild pear. Eating and climbing, eating and climbing, up the tree came the bear. Shivering and shaking, shivering and shaking, up the tree went the Hodja. Finally, the Hodja was on the highest branch that could possibly hold his weight. Oh, if only the bear would be content to climb no higher! Smack, smack went the bear's great lips until every wild pear within reach was gone. Then up it went, so close that the Hodja could feel its hot breath. Out went one big paw, scooping up a pear, and swinging around so that it almost touched the Hodja's mouth. Was it trying to share the pears?

"Oh, no, thank you!" screamed the Hodja, trying to be polite even at such a time. "I do not care for pears. I never eat them. No, never, never, never!"

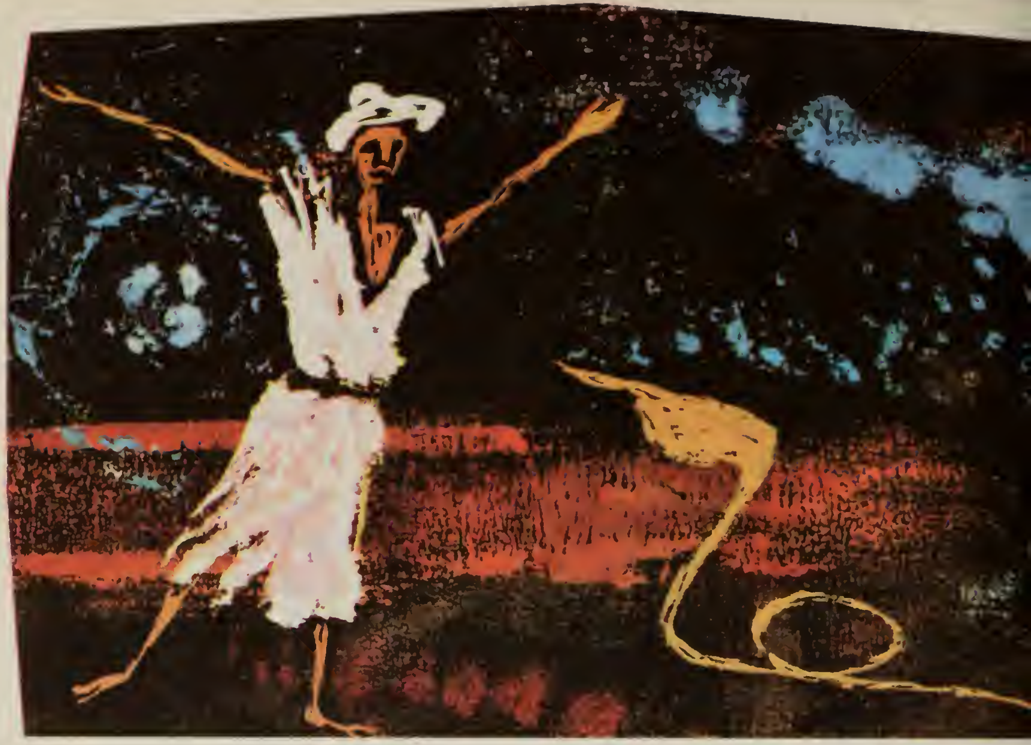
Now, the bear was really a gentle and shy old fellow, not at all prepared to have sudden screams pop out at it from behind a leafy branch. With a terrified howl, the bear lost its balance and toppled crashing through the branches. There was a thud as it hit the ground. Then there was silence—welcome silence.

The Hodja spent the rest of the night edging slowly down the tree, his eyes warily on the black heap that lay motionless in a patch of moonlight below him. After each move, the Hodja would wait to be sure that the bear still lay lifeless. By morning, the Hodja had reached the lowest branch of the wild pear tree. As the first rays of daylight shone through the woods, even the cautious Hodja was certain that the bear would never frighten anyone again. Never again would it climb trees to eat wild pears in the moonlight.

Nasr-ed-Din Hodja jumped clumsily from the lowest branch, a million needles pricking his numb arms and legs. He started limping toward home and breakfast, thinking what a story he would have to tell. However, the more he pictured himself telling of his harrowing night, the more he felt there would not be much glory in the telling for him. Something was wrong with a story that showed him up to be so shaky a hero.

Suddenly his old grin burst over his tired face. He ran back to the pear tree, whipped out his knife, and skinned the big bear. With the thick black fur slung over his shoulders, he strode singing down the mountainside and across the plain toward Ak Shehir. He did not enter the city by the small gate nearest his home, but walked around the city wall to enter by the main gate near the market place. He did not take the shortest path through the market to his house, but walked through one busy street after another, until all Ak Shehir knew—or thought it knew—that Nasr-ed-Din Hodja was a mighty hunter.

He did not need to say a word about his experiences of the night. Other people were talking for him, talking about the brave and wonderful Hodja who had killed the huge and ferocious black bear, single-handed.



*INDIA*

# The Gold-Giving Serpent

BY JOSEPH JACOBS

*Illustration by Irwin Greenberg*

NOW in a certain place there lived a Brahman named Haridatta. He was a farmer, but poor was the return his labor brought him. One day, at the end of the hot hours, the Brahman, overcome by the heat, lay down under the shadow of a tree to have a doze. Suddenly he saw a great hooded snake creeping out of an ant hill near at hand. So he thought to himself: "Surely this is the guardian deity of the field, and I have not ever worshipped it. That's why my farming is in vain. I will at once go and pay my respects to it."

When he had made up his mind, he got some milk, poured it into a bowl, and went to the ant hill, and said

From *Indian Fairy Tales*, by Joseph Jacobs. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

aloud: "O Guardian of this Field! all this while I did not know that you dwelt here. That is why I have not yet paid my respects to you; pray forgive me." And he laid the milk down and went to his house. Next morning he came and looked, and he saw a gold denar in the bowl, and from that time onward every day the same thing occurred: he gave milk to the serpent and found a gold denar.

One day the Brahman had to go to the village, and so he ordered his son to take the milk to the ant hill. The son brought the milk, put it down, and went back home. Next day he went again and found a denar, so he thought to himself: "This ant hill is surely full of golden denars; I'll kill the serpent, and take them all for myself." So next day, while he was giving the milk to the serpent, the Brahman's son struck it on the head with a cudgel. But the serpent escaped death by the will of fate, and in a rage bit the Brahman's son with its sharp fangs, and he fell down dead at once. His people raised him a funeral pyre not far from the field and burnt him to ashes.

Two days afterwards his father came back, and when he learnt his son's fate he grieved and mourned. But after a time, he took the bowl of milk, went to the ant hill, and praised the serpent with a loud voice. After a long, long time the serpent appeared, but only with its head out of the opening of the ant hill, and spoke to the Brahman:

" 'Tis greed that brings you here, and makes you even forget the loss of your son. From this time forward, friendship between us is impossible. Your son struck me in youthful ignorance, and I have bitten him to death. How can I forget the blow with the cudgel? And how can you forget the pain and grief at the loss of your son?" So speaking, it gave the Brahman a costly pearl and disappeared. But before it went away it said: "Come back no more." The Brahman took the pearl, and went back home, cursing the folly of his son.

# The Fire on the Mountain

BY HAROLD COURLANDER AND WOLF LESLAU

*Illustration by Irwin Greenberg*

PEOPLE say that in the old days in the city of Addis Ababa there was a young man by the name of Arha. He had come as a boy from the country of Guragé, and in the city he became the servant of a rich merchant, Haptom Hasei.

Haptom Hasei was so rich that he owned everything that money could buy, and often he was very bored because he had tired of everything he knew, and there was nothing new for him to do.

One cold night, when the damp wind was blowing across the plateau, Haptom called to Arha to bring wood for the fire. When Arha was finished, Haptom began to talk.

"How much cold can a man stand?" he said, speaking at first to himself. "I wonder if it would be possible for a man to stand on the highest peak, Mount Sululta, where the coldest winds blow, through an entire night without blankets or clothing and yet not die?"

"I don't know," Arha said. "But wouldn't it be a foolish thing?"

"Perhaps, if he had nothing to gain by it, it would be a foolish thing to spend the night that way," Haptom said. "But I would be willing to bet that a man couldn't do it."

From *The Fire on the Mountain and Other Ethiopian Tales,* by Harold Courlander and Wolf Leslau. Copyright 1950 by Holt, Rinehart & Winston, Inc.

"I am sure a courageous man could stand naked on Mount Sululta throughout an entire night and not die of it," Arha said. "But as for me, it isn't my affair since I've nothing to bet."

"Well, I'll tell you what," Haptom said. "Since you are so sure it can be done, I'll make a bet with you anyway. If you can stand among the rocks on Mount Sululta for an entire night without food or water, or clothing or blankets or fire, and not die of it, then I will give you ten acres of good farmland for your own, with a house and cattle."

Arha could hardly believe what he had heard.

"Do you really mean this?" he asked.

"I am a man of my word," Haptom replied.

"Then tomorrow night I will do it," Arha said, "and afterwards, for all the years to come, I shall till my own soil."

But he was very worried, because the wind swept bitterly across that peak. So in the morning Arha went to a wise old man from the Guragé tribe and told him of the bet he had made. The old man listened quietly and thoughtfully, and when Arha had finished he said:

"I will help you. Across the valley from Sululta is a high rock which can be seen in the daytime. Tomorrow night, as the sun goes down, I shall build a fire there, so that it can be seen from where you stand on the peak. All night long you must watch the light of my fire. Do not close your eyes or let the darkness creep upon you. As you watch my fire, think of its warmth, and think of me, your friend, sitting there tending it for you. If you do this you will survive, no matter how bitter the night wind."

Arha thanked the old man warmly and went back to Haptom's house with a light heart. He told Haptom he was ready, and in the afternoon Haptom sent him, under the watchful eyes of other servants, to the top of Mount

Sululta. There, as night fell, Arha removed his clothes and stood in the damp cold wind that swept across the plateau with the setting sun. Across the valley, several miles away, Arha saw the light of his friend's fire, which shone like a star in the blackness.

The wind turned colder and seemed to pass through his flesh and chill the marrow in his bones. The rock on which he stood felt like ice. Each hour the cold numbed him more, until he thought he would never be warm again, but he kept his eyes upon the twinkling light across the valley, and remembered that his old friend sat there tending a fire for him. Sometimes wisps of fog blotted out the light, and then he strained to see until the fog passed. He sneezed and coughed and shivered, and began to feel ill. Yet all night through he stood there, and only when the dawn came did he put on his clothes and go down the mountain back to Addis Ababa.

Haptom was very surprised to see Arha, and he questioned his servants thoroughly.

"Did he stay all night without food or drink or blankets or clothing?"

"Yes," his servants said. "He did all of these things."

"Well, you are a strong fellow," Haptom said to Arha. "How did you manage to do it?"

"I simply watched the light of a fire on a distant hill," Arha said.

"What! You watched a fire? Then you lose the bet, and you are still my servant, and you own no land!"

"But this fire was not close enough to warm me, it was far across the valley!"

"I won't give you the land," Haptom said. "You didn't fulfill the conditions. It was only the fire that saved you."

Arha was very sad. He went again to his old friend of the Guragé tribe and told him what had happened.

"Take the matter to the judge," the old man advised him.

Arha went to the judge and complained, and the judge sent for Haptom. When Haptom told his story, and the servants said once more that Arha had watched a distant fire across the valley, the judge said:

"No, you have lost, for Haptom Hasei's condition was that you must be without fire."

Once more Arha went to his old friend with the sad news that he was doomed to the life of a servant, as though he had not gone through the ordeal on the mountaintop.

"Don't give up hope," the old man said. "More wisdom grows wild in the hills than in any city judge."

He got up from where he sat and went to find a man named Hailu, in whose house he had been a servant when he was young. He explained to the good man about the bet between Haptom and Arha, and asked if something couldn't be done.

"Don't worry about it," Hailu said after thinking for a while. "I will take care of it for you."

Some days later Hailu sent invitations to many people in the city to come to a feast at his house. Haptom was among them, and so was the judge who had ruled Arha had lost the bet.

When the day of the feast arrived, the guests came riding on mules with fine trappings, their servants strung out behind them on foot. Haptom came with twenty servants, one of whom held a silk umbrella over his head to shade him from the sun, and four drummers played music that signified the great Haptom was here.

The guests sat on soft rugs laid out for them and talked. From the kitchen came the odors of wonderful things to eat: roast goat, roast corn and durra, pancakes called injera, and many tantalizing sauces. The smell of the food only accentuated the hunger of the guests. Time passed. The food should have been served, but they didn't see it, only smelled vapors that drifted from the

kitchen. The evening came, and still no food was served. The guests began to whisper among themselves. It was very curious that the honorable Hailu had not had the food brought out. Still the smells came from the kitchen. At last one of the guests spoke out for all the others:

"Hailu, why do you do this to us? Why do you invite us to a feast and then serve us nothing?"

"Why, can't you smell the food?" Hailu asked with surprise.

"Indeed we can, but smelling is not eating, there is no nourishment in it!"

"And is there warmth in a fire so distant that it can hardly be seen?" Hailu asked. "If Arha was warmed by the fire he watched while standing on Mount Sululta, then you have been fed by the smells coming from my kitchen."

The people agreed with him; the judge now saw his mistake, and Haptom was shamed. He thanked Hailu for his advice, and announced that Arha was then and there the owner of the land, the house, and the cattle.

Then Hailu ordered the food brought in, and the feast began.

# Ansige Karamba, the Glutton

BY HAROLD COURLANDER AND GEORGE HERZOG

*Illustrations by Irwin Greenberg*

ONCE in the village of Maku, in the country that lies between the Senegal and Gambia Rivers, there was a man by the name of Ansige Karamba.

Ansige was rich, for he had inherited much wealth from his father, but he was a miserly man and an incredible glutton. He had a wife named Paama and many servants and slaves. But he was a trial to them all. To Paama he was always complaining, "I never have enough to eat. You don't provide for me the way a wife ought to." Ansige was perpetually ill-mannered. He felt that the slaves and servants were eating too much, and robbing him besides. But they were really getting very little to eat, for Ansige hoarded his property so well that no one ever got anything out of him. The people of Maku thought that he was the most impossible man they had ever known.

Ansige abused Paama with his complaints until she couldn't stand it any longer. So she went to him one day and said:

"I think I shall visit my father's village for a while. My family needs me." She took her things and left Maku for her home.

Now Ansige was more unhappy and more petulant than before. His meals were prepared by the servants, who cared for him less than his wife had. Whereas his food had been, in fact, rather good before she went away,

From *The Cow-Tail Switch and Other West African Stories,* by Harold Courlander and George Herzog. Copyright 1947 by Holt, Rinehart & Winston, Inc.

now it was really bad, and there was less of it. The more he complained to the servants and slaves the worse things got, because they were quite tired of his greed and gluttony.

One morning, after Paama had been away for a long while, Ansige said to himself:

"This is certainly a cruel situation. My wife ran away to her parents two years ago. Now I have to pay fabulous wages to ungrateful servants to prepare my meals, and they only cheat me and give me bad things to eat. I am practically dying of hunger. I shall get Paama and bring her home."

So he started out, and after a long journey he came to the village where his wife's parents lived. He went to their home, and there he was greeted by Paama's father. As a gesture of hospitality Paama's father gave Ansige a young goat.

Ansige's mouth began to water. Forgetting everything else, he immediately took his goat out into a field, where he killed it and cooked it. He was very worried that someone might come along and want to share his meal with him. Even before it was quite done he began to gulp it down. He ate and ate. Before long the meat was all gone.

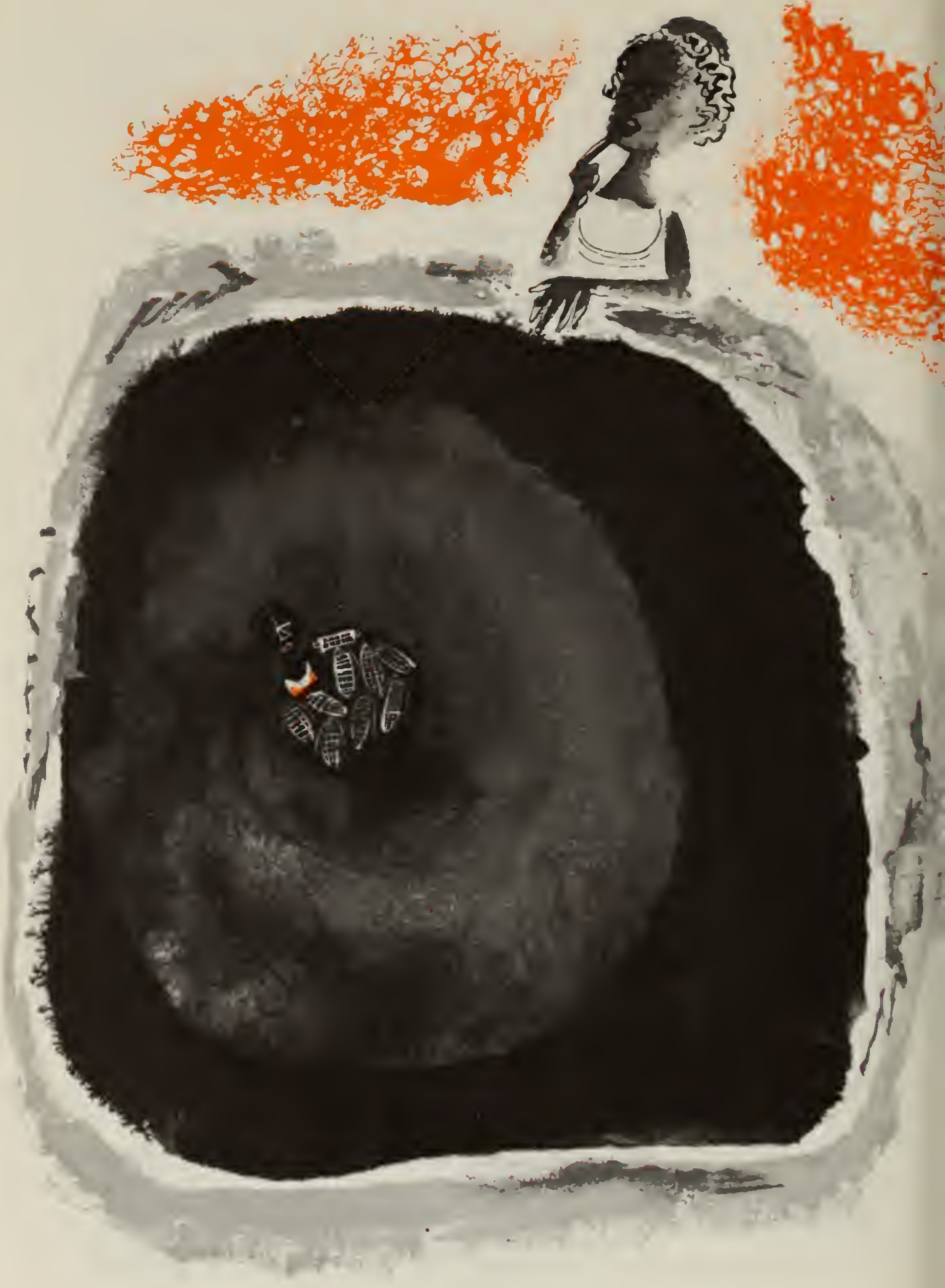
But Ansige was still hungry. He saw a large sheep grazing in the field. He caught it and killed it, and carried it to where his fire was burning.

He had been away from the village a long time, however, and Paama began to wonder where he was and what he was up to.

"I know my husband," she said to herself. "I had better go to see what kind of trouble his gluttony has gotten him into."

She went out to the field and found Ansige getting ready to cut the sheep up.

"What's this?" she said. "That isn't the goat my father gave you! It's a sheep that belongs to the chief!"



"Don't act as if you didn't know me," Ansige said petulantly. "I ate the goat your father gave me, but it wasn't enough. Then I saw this sheep, so I decided to round off my meal with him."

"Well, now you're in trouble," Paama said. "The chief will have you punished for killing his sheep. However, I'll get you out of it."

She made Ansige carry the dead sheep to where the chief's wild horse was tied, and they laid it down close by. Then they went back to the village. Paama stopped at the chief's house and reported to him that they had seen the sheep lying by the wild horse, and that the horse had kicked him and killed him. The chief sent a man out to see. "Yes," he told the chief when he returned, "the sheep must have been killed by the horse. It's an unfortunate accident."

The next day Paama said to her father, "If I know Ansige, he brought a great hunger along with him from Maku. What can I give him to eat that will satisfy him?"

"Why don't you give him some young roasted corn?" her father said. "That ought to quiet his hunger."

So Paama went out to the corn field and gathered a large basket of corn. There was enough corn for twenty men. She roasted it and took it to her husband.

Ansige ate it all. Not a single kernel was left. But his appetite was not stilled, it was simply aroused. He wanted more. So he went out to the fields. There he began breaking off ears of corn. When it was nearly dark Ansige picked up all that he could possibly carry and started off for the village.

He had trouble finding the trail, however, and it was getting darker and darker. At last he came out of the cornfield, but he couldn't see a thing, only the lights of the village. He started toward them, but between him and the village was a well. And when he came to the well Ansige fell into it with all his corn.

Meanwhile Pāama, at home in her father's house, said to herself:

"I know my husband. I guess I had better see what he is doing. I wonder what kind of predicament his stomach has gotten him into now."

She went off to look for him, a torch in her hand. When she came to the well she heard him calling for help. She looked down with her torch, and there was Ansige, corn floating all around him.

"What are you doing down there?" she asked him.

"Don't act as though you didn't know me!" Ansige shouted. "I was just looking for something more to eat! People are trying to starve me to death! Get me out of here!"

"You certainly are in trouble! The people won't like it that you've been stealing their corn. But never mind, I'll help you out of this."

She went to where the cattle were, and chased them into the field where Ansige had been so busy. After the cows began to graze there Paama began to shout. People came running from the village.

"What is happening?" they said.

"A misfortune!" Paama said. "My husband was taking a walk when he saw the cattle in the field, trampling the stalks and breaking off the ears of corn! He chased them and picked up the ears that had fallen off, but he is a stranger who doesn't know the trails, and he has fallen into the well!"

"Well, never mind," the people said. "It's not so bad. We'll get him up."

They chased the cows from the field and brought lights and ropes to pull Ansige out of the well. The first thing he did was to hurry back to the house for his dinner.

The next day Paama's father said to her:

"Today prepare something extra-nice for your husband to eat, something that he likes very much."

"I'll make millet dumplings," Paama said.

She put the millet in the wooden mortar and pounded it until it had become meal. Ansige looked on from a distance, hungrily. Four times she filled the mortar and made meal. There was a huge amount of it. She then mixed it with water and made the dumplings. When the dumplings were finished she brought them to Ansige. There were enough for twenty men.

But Ansige ate everything. And when the last speck of it was gone, he began to look longingly at the mortar in which the millet had been ground.

"Perhaps there is a little meal left in it!" Ansige said to himself. He went to the mortar and looked down into it. Halfway down he saw some meal clinging to the side. He put his head inside to lick the meal off with his tongue. There was a little more in the bottom. He pushed his head as far down as he could. But when he tried to take his head out he couldn't budge it. It was wedged fast.

Just about this time Paama was thinking:

"I know my husband. I ought to see what he is doing now. I'm sure his gluttony has gotten him into some new kind of trouble."

She went to the house and looked around, but Ansige wasn't there. Then she went out into the court, and there she saw her husband head-down in the mortar.

"What's going on?" Paama said.

"Don't stand there and ask me what's going on!" Ansige said angrily from down in the mortar. His voice sounded hollow and muffled. "I just stuck my head in here to get a little more of the meal! Now I'm wedged tight! Do something!"

"All right, all right," Paama said. "I'll get you out."

She shouted for help, and the village people came to see what was the matter.

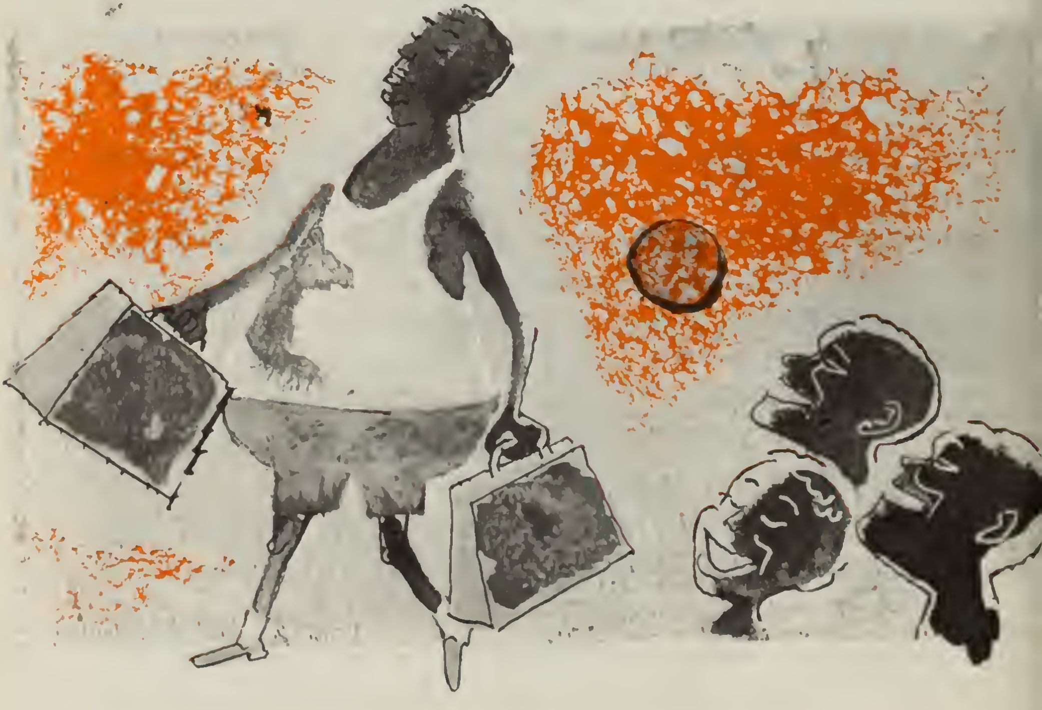
"Ah, what bad luck!" Paama said. "And it's all my fault! I told my husband he has a thick head, and he said no, he doesn't have a thick head. I said his head was too thick to go in the mortar, and he said no it wasn't. Then he put his head in the mortar to show me and it got caught. It's all my fault!"

"Well, it's not so bad," the people said. They had to laugh, seeing Ansige bottom-side-up in the mortar. "But you must be right, he evidently does have a thick head!"

They sent for an ax, and with it they broke the mortar apart and got Ansige out. The whole village was amused. But Ansige was angry. He didn't like to have people laughing at him. He was so angry he took his things and went back to his village of Maku.

When he arrived there he remembered that he had been so busy eating that he had forgotten to tell Paama to come back with him. So he sent a servant to her to tell her to return at once. But Paama simply sent the following message to Ansige:

"Don't act as though I didn't know you."



# Scarface

BY GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL

*Illustrations by Irwin Greenberg*

## 1

IN the earliest times there was no war. All the tribes were at peace. In those days there was a man who had a daughter, a very beautiful girl. Many young men wanted to marry her, but every time she was asked, she only shook her head and said she did not want a husband.

"How is this?" asked her father. "Some of these young men are rich, handsome, and brave."

From *Blackfoot Lodge Tales,* by George Bird Grinnell. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

"Why should I marry?" replied the girl. "I have a rich father and mother. Our lodge is good. The parfleches[°] are never empty. There are plenty of tanned robes and soft furs for winter. Why worry me, then?"

The Raven Bearers held a dance; they all dressed carefully and wore their ornaments, and each one tried to dance the best. Afterwards some of them asked for this girl, but still she said no. Then the Bulls, the Kit foxes, and others of the *I-kun-uh'-kah-tsi* held their dances, and all those who were rich, many great warriors, asked this man for his daughter, but to every one of them she said no. Then her father was angry and said: "Why, now, this way? All the best men have asked for you and still you say no. I believe you have a secret lover."

"Father! Mother!" replied the girl, "pity me. I have no secret lover, but now hear the truth. That Above Person, the Sun, told me; 'Do not marry any of these men, for you are mine; thus you shall be happy, and live to great age'; and again he said, 'Take heed. You must not marry. You are mine.' "

"Ah!" replied her father. "It must always be as he says." And they talked no more about it.

There was a poor young man, very poor. His father, mother, all his relations, had gone to the Sand Hills. He had no lodge, no wife to tan his robes or sew his moccasins. He stopped in one lodge today, and tomorrow he ate and slept in another; thus he lived. He was a good-looking young man, except that on his cheek he had a scar, and his clothes were always old and poor.

After those dances some of the young men met this poor Scarface, and they laughed at him, and said: "Why don't you ask that girl to marry you? You are so rich and handsome!" Scarface did not laugh; he replied: "Ah! I will do as you say. I will go and ask her." All the young

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[°] Rawhide saddlebags.

men thought this was funny. They laughed a great deal. But Scarface went down by the river. He waited by the river, where the women came to get water, and by and by the girl came along. "Girl," he said, "wait. I want to speak with you. Not as a designing person do I ask you, but openly where the Sun looks down, and all may see."

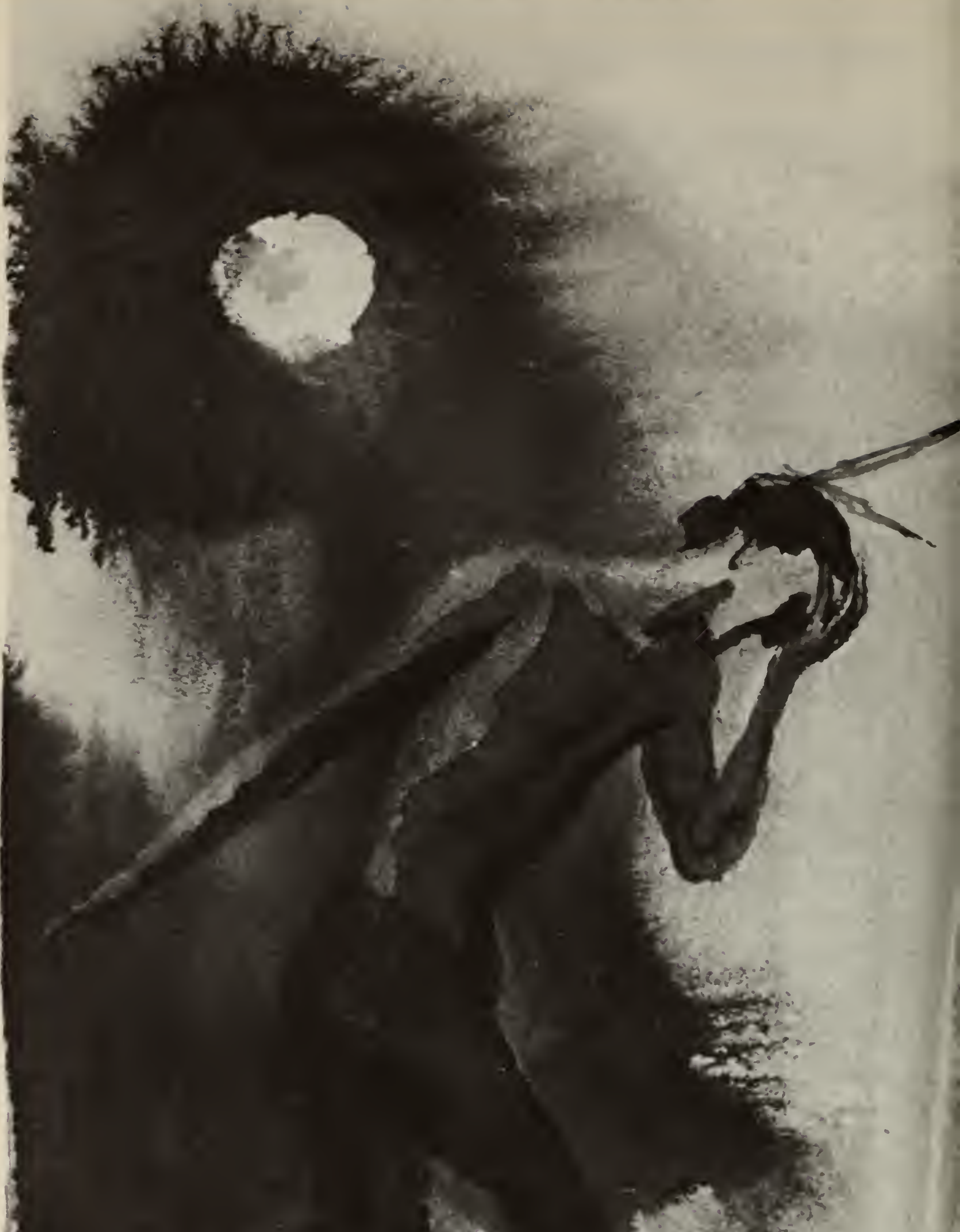
"Speak then," said the girl.

"I have seen the days," continued the young man. "You have refused those who are young, and rich, and brave. Now, today, they laughed and said to me, 'Why do you not ask her?' I am poor, very poor. I have no lodge, no food, no clothes, no robes and warm furs. I have no relations; all have gone to the Sand Hills; yet, now, today, I ask you, take pity, be my wife."

The girl hid her face in her robe and brushed the ground with the point of her moccasin, back and forth, back and forth; for she was thinking. After a time she said: "True. I have refused all those rich young men, yet now the poor one asks me and I am glad. I will be your wife and my people will be happy. You are poor, but it does not matter. My father will give you dogs. My mother will make us a lodge. My people will give us robes and furs. You will be poor no longer."

Then the young man was happy and he started to kiss her, but she held him back and said: "Wait! The Sun has spoken to me. He says I may not marry; that I belong to him. He says if I listen to him, I shall live to great age. But now I say: Go to the Sun.Tell him, 'She whom you spoke with heeds your words. She has never done wrong, but now she wants to marry. I want her for my wife.' Ask him to take that scar from your face. That will be his sign. I will know he is pleased. But if he refuses, or if you fail to find his lodge, then do not return to me."

"Oh!" cried the young man, "at first your words were good. I was glad. But now it is dark. My heart is dead.



Where is that far-off lodge? Where the trail, which no one yet has traveled?"

"Take courage, take courage!" said the girl and went to her lodge.

## 2

Scarface was very sad. He sat down and covered his head with his robe and tried to think what to do. After a while he got up, and went to an old woman who had been kind to him. "Pity me," he said. "I am very poor. I am going away now on a long journey. Make me some moccasins."

"Where are you going?" asked the old woman. "There is no war; we are very peaceful here."

"I do not know where I shall go," replied Scarface. "I am in trouble, but I cannot tell you now what it is."

So the old woman made him some moccasins, seven pairs, with parfleche soles, and also she gave him a sack of food—pemmican of berries, pounded meat, and dried back fat; for this old woman had a good heart. She liked the young man.

All alone, and with a sad heart, he climbed the bluffs and stopped to take a last look at the camp. He wondered if he would ever see his sweetheart and the people again. "*Hai'-yu!* Pity me, O Sun," he prayed, and turning, he started to find the trail.

For many days he traveled on, over great prairies, along timbered rivers and among the mountains, and every day his sack of food grew lighter; but he saved it as much as he could, and ate berries and roots, and sometimes he killed an animal of some kind. One night he stopped by the home of a wolf. "*Hai-yah!*" said that one; "what is my brother doing so far from home?"

"Ah!" replied Scarface, "I seek the place where the Sun lives; I am sent to speak with him."

"I have traveled far," said the wolf. "I know all the prairies, the valleys, and the mountains, but I have never seen the Sun's home. Wait; I know one who is very wise. Ask the bear. He may tell you."

The next day the man traveled on again, stopping now and then to pick a few berries, and when night came he arrived at the bear's lodge.

"Where is your home?" asked the bear. "Why are you traveling alone, my brother?"

"Help me! Pity me!" replied the young man. "Because of her words* I seek the Sun. I go to ask him for her."

"I know not where he stops," replied the bear. "I have traveled by many rivers, and I know the mountains, yet I have never seen his lodge. There is someone beyond, that striped-face, who is very smart. Go and ask him."

The badger was in his hole. Stooping over, the young man shouted: "Oh, cunning striped-face! Oh, generous animal! I wish to speak with you."

"What do you want?" said the badger, poking his head out of the hole.

"I want to find the Sun's home," replied Scarface. "I want to speak with him."

"I do not know where he lives," replied the badger. "I never travel very far. Over there in the timber is a wolverine. He is always traveling around, and is of much knowledge. Maybe he can tell you."

Then Scarface went to the woods and looked all round for the wolverine, but could not find him. So he sat down to rest. "*Haí-yu! Haí-yu!*" he cried. "Wolverine, take pity on me. My food is gone, my moccasins worn out. Now I must die."

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*A Blackfoot often talks of what this or that person said, without mentioning names.

"What is it, my brother?" he heard, and looking around, he saw the animal sitting near.

"She whom I would marry," said Scarface, "belongs to the Sun; I am trying to find where he lives, to ask him for her."

"Ah!" said the wolverine. "I know where he lives. Wait; it is nearly night. Tomorrow I will show you the trail to the big water. He lives on the other side of it."

Early in the morning the wolverine showed him the trail, and Scarface followed it until he came to the water's edge. He looked out over it, and his heart almost stopped. Never before had anyone seen such a big water. The other side could not be seen, and there was no end to it. Scarface sat down on the shore. His food was all gone, his moccasins worn out. His heart was sick. "I cannot cross this big water," he said. "I cannot return to the people. Here, by this water, I shall die."

Not so. His Helpers were there. Two swans came swimming up to the shore. "Why have you come here?" they asked him. "What are you doing? It is very far to the place where your people live."

"I am here," replied Scarface, "to die. Far away, in my country, is a beautiful girl. I want to marry her, but she belongs to the Sun. So I started to find him and ask for her. I have traveled many days. My food is gone. I cannot go back. I cannot cross this big water, so I am going to die."

"No," said the swans; "it shall not be so. Across this water is the home of that Above Person. Get on our backs, and we will take you there."

Scarface quickly arose. He felt strong again. He waded out into the water and lay down on the swans' backs, and they started off. Very deep and black is that fearful water. Strange people live there, mighty animals which often seize and drown a person. The swans carried him safely, and took him to the other side. Here was a broad hard trail leading back from the water's edge.

"*Kyi*," said the swans. "You are now close to the Sun's lodge. Follow that trail, and you will soon see it."

## 3

Scarface started up the trail, and pretty soon he came to some beautiful things lying in it. There was a war shirt, a shield, and a bow and arrows. He had never seen such pretty weapons; but he did not touch them. He walked carefully around them, and traveled on. A little way farther on, he met a young man, the handsomest person he had ever seen. His hair was very long, and he wore clothing made of strange skins. His moccasins were sewn with bright colored feathers. The young man said to him, "Did you see some weapons lying on the trail?"

"Yes," replied Scarface; "I saw them."

"But did you not touch them?" asked the young man.

"No; I thought someone had left them, so I did not take them."

"You are not a thief," said the young man. "What is your name?"

"Scarface."

"Where are you going?"

"To the Sun."

"My name," said the young man, "is A-pi-sú -ahts.* The Sun is my father; come, I will take you to our lodge. My father is not now at home, but he will come in at night."

Soon they came to the lodge. It was very large and handsome; strange medicine animals were painted on it. Behind, on a tripod, were strange weapons and beautiful clothes—the Sun's. Scarface was ashamed to go in, but

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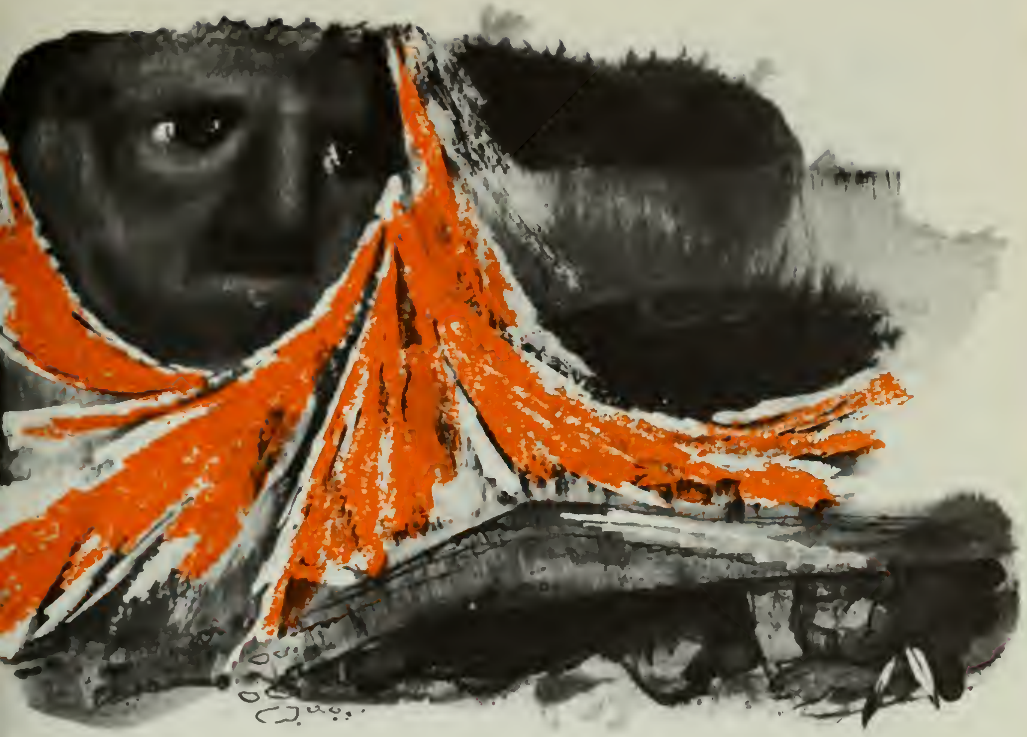
*Early Riser, *i.e.* The Morning Star.



Morning Star said, "Do not be afraid, my friend; we are glad you have come."

They entered. One person was sitting there, Ko-ko-mik′-e-is,* the Sun's wife, Morning Star's mother. She spoke to Scarface kindly and gave him something to eat. "Why have you come so far from your people?" she asked.

Then Scarface told her about the beautiful girl he wanted to marry. "She belongs to the Sun," he said. "I have come to ask him for her."

When it was time for the Sun to come home, the Moon hid Scarface under a pile of robes. As soon as the Sun got to the doorway, he stopped, and said, "I smell a person."

"Yes, father," said Morning Star; "a good young man has come to see you. I know he is good, for he found some of my things on the trail and did not touch them."

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*Night red light, the Moon.

Then Scarface came out from under the robes, and the Sun entered and sat down. "I am glad you have come to our lodge," he said. "Stay with us as long as you think best. My son is lonesome sometimes; be his friend."

The next day the Moon called Scarface out of the lodge and said to him: "Go with Morning Star where you please, but never hunt near that big water; do not let him go there. It is the home of great birds which have long sharp bills; they kill people. I have had many sons, but these birds have killed them all. Morning Star is the only one left."

So Scarface stayed there a long time and hunted with Morning Star. One day they came near the water and saw the big birds.

"Come," said Morning Star; "let us go and kill those birds."

"No, no!" replied Scarface; "we must not go there. Those are very terrible birds; they will kill us."

Morning Star would not listen. He ran toward the water and Scarface followed. He knew that he must kill the birds and save the boy. If not, the Sun would be angry and might kill him. He ran ahead and met the birds which were coming toward him to fight, and killed every one of them with his spear: not one was left. Then the young men cut off their heads and carried them home. Morning Star's mother was glad when they told her what they had done, and showed her the birds' heads. She cried, and called Scarface "my son." When the Sun came home at night, she told him about it, and he too was glad. "My son," he said to Scarface, "I will not forget what you have this day done for me. Tell me now, what can I do for you?"

"*Haí-yu*," replied Scarface. "*Haí-yu*, pity me. I am here to ask you for that girl. I want to marry her. I asked her and she was glad; but she says you own her, that you told her not to marry."

"What you say is true," said the Sun. "I have watched the days, so I know it. Now, then, I give her to you; she is yours. I am glad she has been wise. I know she has never done wrong. The Sun pities good women. They shall live a long time. So shall their husbands and children. Now you will soon go home. Let me tell you something. Be wise and listen: I am the only chief. Everything is mine. I made the earth, the mountains, prairies, rivers, and forests. I made the people and all the animals. This is why I say I alone am the chief. I can never die. True, the winter makes me old and weak, but every summer I grow young again."

Then said the Sun: "What one of all animals is smartest? The raven is, for he always finds food. He is never hungry. Which one of all the animals is most *Nat-ó -ye*[*]? The buffalo is. Of all animals, I like him best. He is for the people. He is your food and your shelter. What part of his body is sacred? The tongue is. That is mine. What else is sacred? Berries are. They are mine too. Come with me and see the world." He took Scarface to the edge of the sky, and they looked down and saw it. It is round and flat, and all around the edge is the jumping-off place [or walls straight down]. Then said the Sun: "When any man is sick or in danger, his wife may promise to build me a lodge if he recovers. If the woman is pure and true, then I will be pleased and help the man. But if she is bad, if she lies, then I will be angry. You shall build the lodge like the world, round, with walls, but first you must build a sweat house of a hundred sticks. It shall be like the sky [a hemisphere], and half of it shall be painted red. That is me. The other half you will paint black. That is the night."

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[*] This word may be translated as "of the Sun," "having Sun power," or more properly, something sacred.

Further said the Sun: "Which is the best, the heart or the brain? The brain is. The heart often lies, the brain never." Then he told Scarface everything about making the Medicine Lodge, and when he had finished, he rubbed a powerful medicine on his face and the scar disappeared. Then he gave him two raven feathers, saying: "These are the sign for the girl, that I give her to you. They must always be worn by the husband of the woman who builds a Medicine Lodge."

The young man was now ready to return home. Morning Star and the Sun gave him many beautiful presents. The Moon cried and kissed him, and called him "my son." Then the Sun showed him the short trail. It was the Wolf Road (Milky Way). He followed it, and soon reached the ground.

## 4

It was a very hot day. All the lodge skins were raised, and the people sat in the shade. There was a chief, a very generous man, and all day long people kept coming to his lodge to feast and smoke with him. Early in the morning this chief saw a person sitting out on a butte near by, close wrapped in his robe. The chief's friends came and went, the sun reached the middle, and passed on, down toward the mountains. Still this person did not move. When it was almost night, the chief said: "Why does that person sit there so long? The heat has been strong, but he has never eaten nor drunk. He may be a stranger; go and ask him in."

So some young men went up to him, and said: "Why do you sit here in the great heat all day? Come to the shade of the lodges. The chief asks you to feast with him."

Then the person arose and threw off his robe, and they

were surprised. He wore beautiful clothes. His bow, shield, and other weapons were of strange make. But they knew his face, although the scar was gone, and they ran ahead shouting, "The scarface poor young man has come. He is poor no longer. The scar on his face is gone."

All the people rushed out to see him. "Where have you been?" they asked. "'Where did you get all these pretty things?" He did not answer. There in the crowd stood that young woman; and taking the two raven feathers from his head, he gave them to her, and said: "The trail was very long, and I nearly died, but by those Helpers, I found his lodge. He is glad. He sends these feathers to you. They are the sign."

Great was her gladness then. They were married, and made the first Medicine Lodge as the Sun had said. The Sun was glad. He gave them great age. They were never sick. When they were very old, one morning, their children said: "Awake! Rise and eat." They did not move. In the night, in sleep, without pain, their shadows had departed for the Sand Hills.

# How Glooskap Made the Birds

BY CYRUS MACMILLAN

*Illustration by Irwin Greenberg*

ONCE upon a time, long before the white men came to Canada, there lived a wicked giant who caused great trouble and sorrow wherever he went. Men called him Wolf-Wind. Where he was born no man knows, but his home was in the Cave of the Winds, far in the north country in the Night-Night Land, and there men knew he was hiding on calm days when the sun was hot and the sea was still, and on quiet nights when not a leaf or a flower or a blade of grass was stirring. But whenever he appeared, the great trees cracked in fear and the little trees trembled and the flowers bent their heads close to the earth, trying to hide from his presence. Often he came upon them without warning and with little sign of his coming. And then the corn fell flat never to rise again, and tall trees crashed in the forest, and the flowers dropped dead because of their terror; and often the great waters grew white and moaned or screamed loudly or dashed themselves against the rocks trying to escape from Wolf-Wind. And in the darkness of the night, when Wolf-Wind howled, there was great fear upon all the earth.

It happened once in those old times that Wolf-Wind was in a great rage, and he went forth to kill and devour

From *Glooskap's Country and Other Indian Tales*, by Cyrus Macmillan. Published by Henry Z. Walck, Inc.

all who dared to come in his path. It chanced in that time that many Indian families were living near the sea. The men and women were fishing far off the coast; they were catching fish to make food for the winter. They went very far away in small canoes, for the sea had long been still and they thought there was no danger. The little children were alone on shore. Suddenly, as the sun went down, without a sign of his coming, out of the north came Wolf-Wind in his great rage looking for prey and roaring loudly as he came. "I am Wolf-Wind, the giant," he howled. "Cross not my path, for I will kill all the people I meet and eat them all up." His anger only grew as he stalked along, and he splashed and tossed the waters aside in his fury as he came down upon the fishermen and fisherwomen far out to sea. The fishers had no time to get out of his reach or to paddle to the shore, so quick was Wolf-Wind's coming, and the giant caught them in his path and broke up their boats and killed them all. All night long he raged over the ocean looking for more fishers.

In the morning Wolf-Wind's anger was not yet spent. Far away in front of him he saw the little children of the fishers playing on the shore. He knew they were alone, for he had killed their fathers and mothers. He resolved to catch them and kill them too, and after them he went, still in a great rage. He went quickly towards the land, roaring as he went and dashing the waters against the rocks in his madness. As he came near the beach he howled in his anger: "I will catch you and kill you all and eat you and bleach your bones upon the sand." But the children heard him and they ran away as fast as they could, and they hid in a cave among the great rocks and placed a big stone at the mouth of the cave and Wolf-Wind could not get in. He howled loudly at the door all day and all night long, but the stone was strong and he could not break it down. Then he went on his way still very angry and still roaring, and he howled: "I will come back and catch you yet. You cannot escape from me."

The children were very frightened, and they stayed long in the cave after Wolf-Wind had gone, for far away they could still hear him howling and crashing in the forest. Then they came out. They knew that Wolf-Wind had killed their fathers and mothers on the sea. They ran away into the forest, for they thought that there they would be safe. They went to the Willow-Willow Land where they found a pleasant place with grass and flowers and streams. And between them and the north country where Wolf-Wind lived were many great trees with thick leaves which they knew would protect them from the giant.

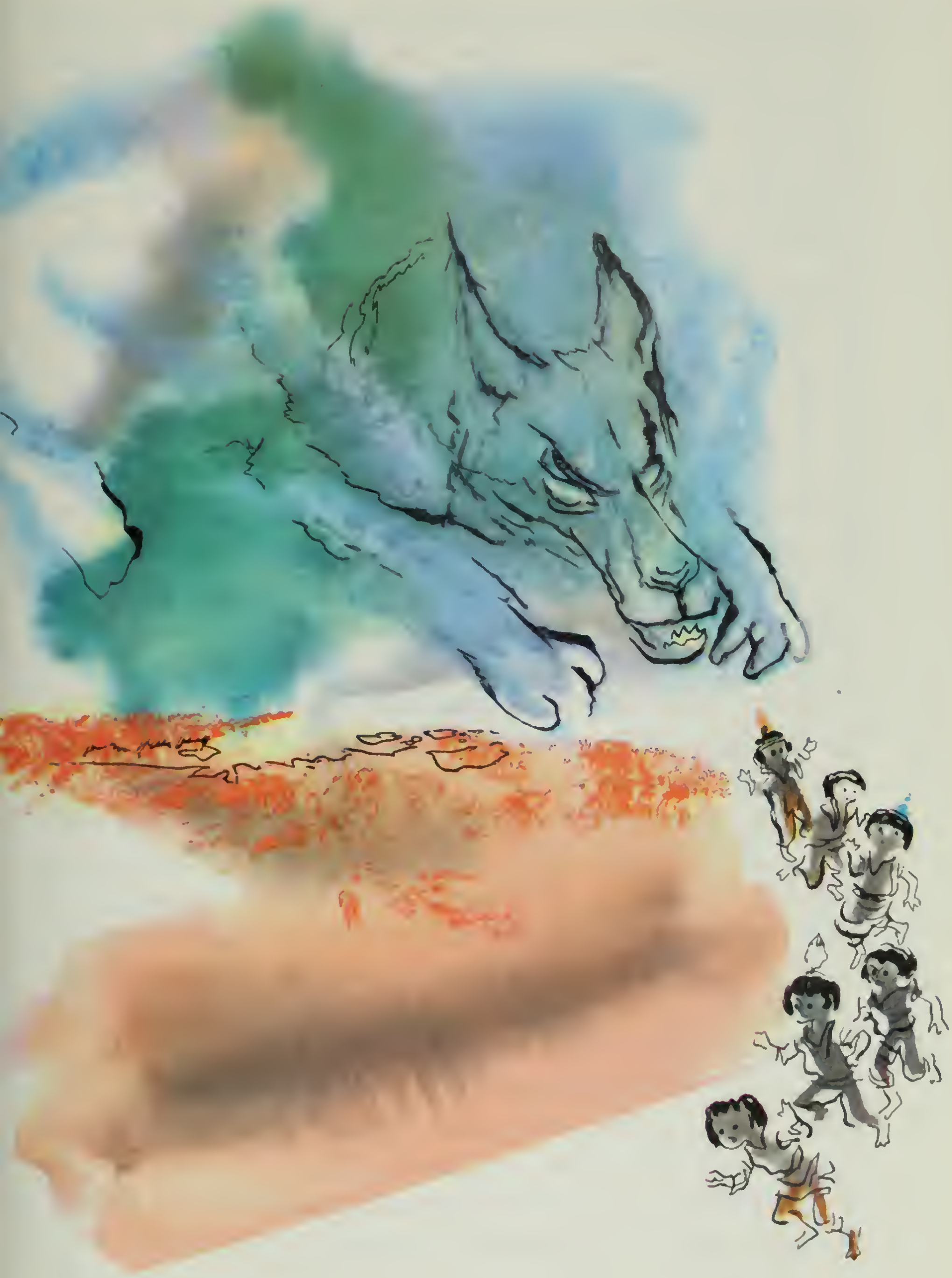
But one day Wolf-Wind, true to his promise, came again in a rage to find them. He came into the land killing all he met in his path. But he could not catch the children, for the trees with their thick leaves kept him away. They heard him howling in the forest far distant. For many days in the late summer he tried to find them, but their home was close to the trees, and the great branches spread over them and the thick leaves saved them, and only the sun from the south, coming from the Summer-Flower country, could look in upon them. Try as he could with all his might, old Wolf-Wind could not harm them, although he knew that they were there; and they were always safe while they lived in the Willow-Willow Land.

Wolf-Wind was more angry than ever because of his failure, for he liked to feed on little children, and his rage knew no bounds. He swore that he would have vengeance on the trees. So he came back again and he brought with him to aid him another giant from the north country who had with him a strange and powerful charm, the Charm of the Frost. And the two giants tried to kill the trees that had saved the little children. But over many of the trees they had no power, for when they came, the trees only laughed and merely swayed and creaked and said: "You cannot harm us; we are strong, for we came at first from the Night-Night Land in the far north country, and over us the Charm of the Frost has no power." These were the Spruce and the Fir, the Hemlock and the Pine and the Cedar.

But on the other trees Wolf-Wind had vengeance as he had vowed. One night, when the harvest moon was shining in the sky, he came without warning, and with the help of the giant bearing the Charm of the Frost he killed all the leaves that had kept him from the children and threw them to the ground. One after one the leaves came off from the Beech and the Birch, the Oak and the Maple, the Alder and the Willow. Some fell quickly, some fluttered slowly down, and some took a long time in dying. But at last the trees stood bare and cold against the sky and there was stillness and sadness in the forest. And Wolf-Wind laughed and played in silence through the leafless branches with the giant from Night-Night Land. And he said: "Now I have overcome the leaves that kept me away, and now when I please I can kill the children." But the children only moved closer to the strong and sturdy trees that had come at first from the far north country and over which the Charm of the Frost had no power, and Wolf-Wind could not reach them and they were still forever safe from the giants.

The children were very sad when they saw what Wolf-Wind had done to their friends and protectors, the trees. Summer had gone back to the Southland, following as she always did the Rainbow Road to her home in the Wilderness of Flowers. It was lonely now in the forest, and silent; there was not a whisper in the trees; there were no leaves, for it was autumn and Wolf-Wind had killed them all.

At last it came to that time of year when Glooskap, who



ruled upon the earth and was very great in those days, gave his yearly gifts to little children. And he came into the land on a sled drawn by his faithful dogs to find out for himself what the children wished for. And the children all came to him each asking for a boon. Now Glooskap had great power upon the earth in that old time. He could always do what he willed. And the little children whom Wolf-Wind had tried to harm in his rage came to Glooskap, the Magic Master of gifts, and they were all very sad because the leaves had gone.

"What do you wish?" said Glooskap.

"We wish nothing for ourselves," said the children, "but we ask that the leaves that were killed by Wolf-Wind because they saved us from his rage be brought back to life and put back again in their old home in the trees."

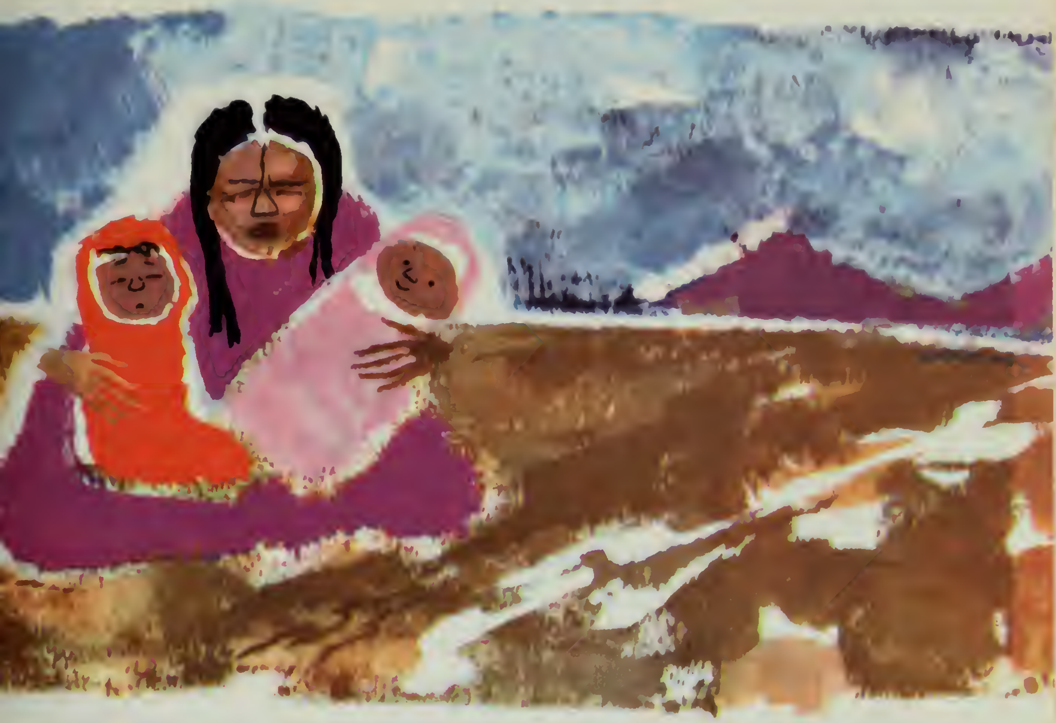
Glooskap was silent for a long time, and he sat and thought as was his custom, and he smoked hard at his mighty pipe, for he was a great smoker.

Now in that time there were no little forest birds upon the earth, for Glooskap had not yet brought them into being. There were only the birds that dwelt near the sea and over whom Wolf-Wind had no power—Sea-gull and Crane, Wild Duck and Loon, Kingfisher and Brant and Curlew. These only laughed at the giant in his rage and screamed in mockery as they flew from him and hid when he came, among the shallows or the rocks or the thick grass in the marshes. And there were also the sturdy birds that dwelt with men and worked for them, giving them eggs and food. These were Hen and Goose and Duck and Wild Turkey. They gave men food, but they were not fair to look upon; they waddled along and could not fly well and they made no sweet music upon the earth, for their song was a quack and a cackle.

Glooskap decided to bring other birds into the world —not to give food but to bring happiness to the children on the days when summer dwells in the land, with their pretty feathers and their pleasant songs. So after he had smoked long in silence he hit upon a plan. And he said to the children asking for their yearly gifts: "I cannot bring back to the trees the leaves that Wolf-Wind has killed and stripped off, for it is now too late. But I will take the fallen leaves and change them into little birds. And the birds shall never forget how they were born. When autumn comes they shall go with summer far away to the Summer-Flower Land, but in the springtime they shall always come back and they shall live as close as they can to the leaves from which they have sprung. And they shall nest, most of them, in the trees under the leaves, and even those that nest in the grass shall love the trees and linger in them. And they shall all be beautiful in colour like the leaves that gave them birth; and they shall have power to rest at times upon the air like a leaf fluttering; and the voice of the air and the laughing waters shall be in their throats and they shall sing sweet songs for little children. And I give the children charge over them to keep them from harm just as the leaves which gave them birth have saved the little children from the giants. And I will give the trees that Wolf-Wind has stripped, power to bring forth new leaves every springtime so that when Summer comes back from the Wilderness of Flowers, the trees shall not be bare. And although Wolf-Wind may strip them off when the Giant of the Frost comes with him from the Night-Night Land, they shall always be replaced in the springtime. And I will take away much of Wolf-Wind's power so that he can no longer harm little children as wickedly as he has done before."

Glooskap waved his magic wand as was his custom, and at once great flocks of little birds sprang from the ground where the fallen leaves had lain. And they twittered and sang in a great chorus and flew back to the trees. They were of beautiful colours like the leaves that had given them birth. There were Robin Redbreasts and Thrushes all brown and red from the red and brown leaves of the Oak. And there were Finches and Hummingbirds all yellow and green and brown from the leaves of the Alder and the Willow, and they glowed like willows in the sunlight and fluttered like a leaf upon the air. There were Yellowbirds and Canadian Warblers from the golden Beech and Birch leaves. And there were Scarlet Tanagers and Orioles and Grosbeaks, all of changing colours—red and purple and brown—from the leaves of the Canadian Maple. And they all sang to the children and the children were all very happy again.

Then Glooskap sent the little birds all away to a warm country until the rule of the Giant of the Frost from the Night-Night Land was over, for it was winter in all the land and it was very cold. But in the springtime the little birds always come back from the Summer-Flower Land. And they build their nests among the trees as close as they can to their kindred, the leaves from which they came. And all day long they sing among the leaves for little children. At daybreak they wake the children with their choir at dawn, and at twilight they lisp and twitter to lull the children to sleep. And at night they hide among the leaves from Wolf-Wind and are very still with never a twitter or a song. For they do not forget that they are the children's gift from Glooskap and that they came from the leaves stripped from the trees by Wolf-Wind because the leaves saved the little children from the giant long ago.



*INDIANS*

# The Bad Wishers

BY CHARLES J. FINGER

*Illustrations by Irwin Greenberg*

ONCE there was a woman in Paraguay who had no children and she wished day and night for a boy and a girl. She did more than wish, going to a place in the woods where there were wild sweet limes and oranges and lemons, and where the pools were covered with great leaves of waterlilies, and in the quiet of that place she made a song about the children she wished for. In that song she sang of the boy as handsome and swift of foot and strong of arm, and she sang of the girl as a light

From *Tales from Silver Lands,* by Charles J. Finger. Copyright 1924 by Doubleday & Company, Inc.

creature with keen eyes and silken hair. Day after day she did this and at last her wish came true, for she had a boy and a girl and the boy was straight-limbed and well made and the girl as lovely as a flower of the air.

So far, so good. But that was not the end. The woman had wished that the boy might be strong and brave and swift and all these he was. But she had not thought of other things, and, sad to say, he lacked sight. For him there was neither day nor night, neither sun nor moon, neither green of the pampas nor blue of the sky. As for the girl, it is true that she had sight so keen that she could see the eye of a humming-bird at a hundred paces, but her legs were withered and useless and she could not walk, for the mother in wishing had said nothing of her health and strength. To crawl about, helping herself with her hands, was as much as she could do.

Seeing what had come to pass the mother was very sad, for her dream had become a very pesadilla, a nightmare. So she grieved and each day grew paler, and at last one evening caught her children in her arms and kissed them and they saw her no more, the neighbours next morning telling them that she had died.

Now one day when the children were well grown, there came to the house in which they lived a man in a torn poncho who said that he had walked hundreds of miles, from the land of the Noseless People where it is always cold. He was tired and hungry and torn with thorn bushes, and his feet were cut with stones. So the boy and girl took him into the house and gave him water to wash himself with and chipa bread made of mandioca flour and sweet raspadura in banana leaves. When he was well rested and refreshed, in return for their great kindness he told them of a strange old witch woman who lived far away, one who knew many secrets by means of which she could do wonderful things.

"In a turn of the hand," said he, "she could make the girl strong of limb and with another turn could restore sight to the lad."

Then he went on to tell of other witches that he knew, saying that there were many who were not all bad, but like men, were a mixture. True, they sometimes kept children, but that was not to be laid to their meanness but rather to their love of beauty. "For," he said, "it is no more wrong to keep a child to look at than it is to pluck a flower or to cage a bird. Or, to put it another way, it is as wrong to cage a bird as it is to steal a child."

The meal being done the three of them sang a little, and the sun being set the old man bade them good-night and stretched out under a tree to sleep, and the next morning before the children awoke he had gone.

All that day brother and sister talked much of what the old man had told them, and the girl's face flushed red and her eyes were bright as she looked at her brother and thought of how sweet it would be if he could see the mists of the morning and the cool cleanness of the night. Meanwhile he in his dark world wondered how he could find his way to the witch and persuade her to work her magic, so that his sister might be able to go up and down, and to skip and dance on limbs that were alive. So at last they fell to talking, and the end of it all was that they started on a journey to the witch, the brother carrying the sister on his shoulder while she guided him safely through thorn-thicket, past swamps where alligators lay hidden, and through valleys where bushy palmetto grew shoulder high. Each night they found some cool place where there was a spring of crystal, or a pool of dark sweet water, and at last they came to the little hills where the witch lived.

They found that all was as the old man had said, for the witch was a lonely creature who saw few, because few passed that way. She was glad enough to see her visitors and led them to a fragrant leafy place, and seeing that the girl was drooping like a wind-wearied bird, did what things she could. To the boy she told tales of the birds and the golden light of the sun and the green of spreading branches, thinking that with her tales they would be comforted and content to stay with her in her soft green valley. But the more she did for their comfort and the more she told them of the wonders of the world, the greater was their desire to be whole, the girl with her limbs unbound, the boy with his eyes unsealed.

Before long the lad told the witch of the old man's visit and of their hopes that had led them to take the great journey, and then the old woman's heart fell as she saw her dream of companionship vanish. She knew that as soon as they were whole again they would leave her as the birds that she fed and tended in nesting time left her when winter came. Then she told them no more pleasant tales, but tales of things dead and cold, of gray skies and desert places, of tangled forests where evil things lived. "It is better not to see at all," she said, "than to see foul things and heart-searing things."

But the boy spoke up and said:

"There being such things, the more I would have my eyesight, so that I might clear those tangled forests of the evil beasts of which you speak."

Hearing that, the witch sighed, though her heart was glad at the boy's words. So she turned to the girl, telling her of the harm that sometimes came to those who walked, of the creatures that do violence and scratch and maul; of stocks and stones that hurt and cut tender feet; of venomous things that hide under rocks. But the girl heard patiently, then clasped her hands and said:

"And that is all the more reason that I ask what I ask, for with feet light and active I can skip away from the hurtful things, if indeed my brother does not kill them."

"Well," said the witch, "perhaps when you know the

beauty of the place in which I live, you will be content to stay with me. I must do what you ask because you are what you are by reason of a wish that went wrong. Now to get the magic leaves with which to cure you I must take a journey of a day and a night, and it is part of the magic that those who would be cured must do a task. So tomorrow while I am away you must work, and if I find the task finished you shall be cured. But if you should not finish the task, then all will remain as it is; but I will be eyes for the boy, telling him of the fine things of the world, and for the girl I will be as limbs, running for her, working for her. But I shall do and not wish. Truth is that I would gladly see both of you whole again, but then you would go away, and I sorely lack companionship."

After a little the witch said to the girl:

"Tell me, little one, if this place were yours what would you do to make it better to live in?"

"I would," answered the girl, "have all the thorn-bushes taken away that are now in the little forest behind the house, so that Brother could walk about without being scratched and torn."

"That is fair enough," said the witch. "And you, boy, what would your wish be?"

"I would have all the little stones that are in the valley taken away, so that Sister could play on the soft grass without being hurt."

"Well," said the witch, "it is in the magic that you set your own tasks. So the boy must have every stone cleared away before I return and the girl must see to it that there are no more thorn-bushes. Hard are the things that you have wished."

After the witch had gone there was no joy in the hearts of the children, for it seemed impossible that a blind boy should gather the stones and no more possible for a lame girl to clear the forest. There was a little time in which they tried, but they had to give up. So they stood wondering, and for a moment thought of starting for their own home.

Suddenly, strange to tell, who should come over the hill but the old man in the torn poncho, and they were both very glad to see him. After he had rested awhile they told him their troubles and spoke of their grief because, in spite of all their efforts, it seemed as though all must come to naught.

"I wish—" began the boy, but the old man stopped him with lifted finger.

"Wishing never does," he said. "But help does much and many can help one." He put his fingers to his mouth and gave a peculiar whistle, and at once the sky was darkened with birds and each bird dropped to the ground, picked up a stone and flew away with it, so that the valley was cleared in a moment. He gave another whistle and from everywhere came rabbits which ran into the woods, skipping and leaping, and at once set to work to gnaw the stems of the bushes. And as soon as the bushes fell, foxes came and dragged them away, so that in an hour the forest was clear, and when the witch came back, behold, the set task was done!

So the witch took the leaves that she had brought and made a brew of them, giving the liquid to brother and sister to drink. "But," said she, "see to it that you speak no word, for if you do before sunset, then back you go to your old state."

Both promised that heartily and drank. But as soon as the boy saw the green of the grass, and the blue and crimson and purple flowers, and the humming-birds like living diamonds in the shade, he called out in his great joy:

"Oh, Sister, see how beautiful!" and at once he was in utter darkness again. At the same moment, feeling her limbs strong, the girl was filled with such delight that she tossed her arms into the air and danced. Then from her came a keen cry of pain as she heard her brother's cry and knew that he was blind again. There was a moment when she wanted to lose all that she had gained so that she could tell her brother that she shared his grief, but she remembered that being strong she could help him in his pain, so she went to him and took him by the hand and kissed his cheek.

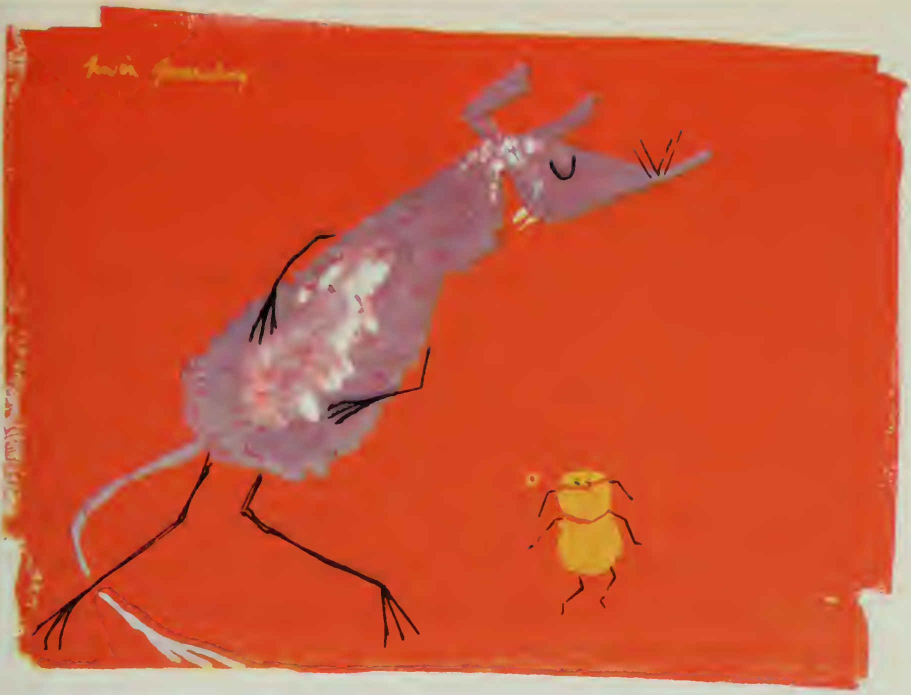
At sunset the boy, who had been sitting quiet, spoke, turning his sightless face to the witch.

"You have tried to be good to us," he said, "and you have been as kind as it lay in your power to be. Since Sister is well, I am content. And I have seen the beauty of the world, though it was in a flash. So, mother witch, since you have not been able to give us all we ask, we will give you all that we have. Come, then, to the place where we live and see the things that we love, the birds and the flowers and the trees, and we will try in kindness to repay you for what you have done."

Hearing that, the witch suddenly burst into singing and hand-clapping and told them that the spell was broken because she had been befriended.

"No witch am I," she said, "but your own mother who did not die, but was changed to this form for vain wishes."

Then the boy regained his sight and the mother became as she had been, tall and straight and beautiful and kind, and the three of them went to their old home and lived there for many years, very happy and contented.



## *LATIN AMERICA*

# How the Brazilian Beetles Got Their Gorgeous Coats

BY ELSIE SPICER EELLS

*Illustrations by Irwin Greenberg*

IN Brazil the beetles have such beautifully coloured, hard-shelled coats upon their backs that they are often set in pins and necklaces like precious stones. Once upon a time, years and years ago, they had ordinary plain brown coats. This is how it happened that the Brazilian beetle earned a new coat.

One day a little brown beetle was crawling along a wall when a big grey rat ran out of a hole in the wall and looked down scornfully at the little beetle. "O ho!" he

From *Fairy Tales from Brazil,* by Elsie Spicer Eells. Copyright 1917 by Dodd, Mead & Company; copyright 1944 by Elsie Spicer Eells.

said to the beetle, "how slowly you crawl along. You'll never get anywhere in the world. Just look at me and see how fast I can run."

The big grey rat ran to the end of the wall, wheeled around, and came back to the place where the little beetle was slowly crawling along at only a tiny distance from where the rat had left her.

"Don't you wish that you could run like that?" said the big grey rat to the little brown beetle.

"You are surely a fast runner," replied the little brown beetle politely. Her mother had taught her always to be polite and had often said to her that a really polite beetle never boasts about her own accomplishments. The little brown beetle never boasted a single boast about the things she could do. She just went on slowly crawling along the wall.

A bright green and gold parrot in the mango tree over the wall had heard the conversation. "How would you like to race with the beetle?" he asked the big grey rat. "I live next door to the tailor bird," he added, "and just to make the race exciting I'll offer a bright coloured coat as a prize to the one who wins the race. You may choose for it any colour you like and I'll have it made to order."

"I'd like a yellow coat with stripes like the tiger's," said the big grey rat, looking over his shoulder at his gaunt grey sides as if he were already admiring his new coat.

"I'd like a beautiful, bright coloured new coat, too," said the little brown beetle.

The big grey rat laughed long and loud until his gaunt grey sides were shaking. "Why, you talk just as if you thought you had a chance to win the race," he said, when he could speak.

The bright green and gold parrot set the royal palm tree at the top of the cliff as the goal of the race. He gave the signal to start and then he flew away to the royal palm tree to watch for the end of the race.

The big grey rat ran as fast as he could. Then he thought how very tired he was getting. "What's the use of hurrying?" he said to himself. "The little brown beetle can not possibly win. If I were racing with somebody who could really run it would be very different." Then he started to run more slowly but every time his heart beat it said, "Hurry up! Hurry up!" The big grey rat decided that it was best to obey the little voice in his heart so he hurried just as fast as he could.

When he reached the royal palm tree at the top of the cliff he could hardly believe his eyes. He thought he must be having a bad dream. There was the little brown beetle sitting quietly beside the bright green and gold parrot. The big grey rat had never been so surprised in all his life. "How did you ever manage to run fast enough to get here so soon?" he asked the little brown beetle as soon as he could catch his breath.

The little brown beetle drew out the tiny wings from her sides. "Nobody said anything about having to run to win the race," she replied, "so I flew instead."

"I did not know that you could fly," said the big grey rat in a subdued little voice.

"After this," said the bright green and gold parrot, "never judge any one by his looks alone. You never can tell how often or where you may find concealed wings. You have lost the prize."

Until this day, even in Brazil where the flowers and birds and beasts and insects have such gorgeous colouring, the rat wears a plain dull grey coat.

Then the parrot turned to the little brown beetle who was waiting quietly at his side. "What colour do you want your new coat to be?" he asked.

The little brown beetle looked up at the bright green and gold parrot, at the green and gold palm trees above their heads, at the green mangoes with golden flushes on their cheeks lying on the ground under the mango trees,

at the golden sunshine upon the distant green hills. "I choose a coat of green and gold," she said.

From that day to this the Brazilian beetle has worn a coat of green with golden lights upon it.

For years and years the Brazilian beetles were all very proud to wear green and gold coats like that of the beetle who raced with the rat.

Then, once upon a time, it happened that there was a little beetle who grew discontented with her coat of green and gold. She looked up at the blue sky and out at the blue sea and wished that she had a blue coat instead. She talked about it so much that finally her mother took her to the parrot who lived next to the tailor bird.

"You may change your coat for a blue one," said the parrot, "but if you change you'll have to give up something."

"Oh, I'll gladly give up anything if only I may have a blue coat instead of a green and gold one," said the discontented little beetle.

When she received her new coat she thought it was very beautiful. It was a lovely shade of blue and it had silvery white lights upon it like the light of the stars. When she put it on, however, she discovered that it was not hard like the green and gold one. From that day to this the blue beetles' coats have not been hard and firm. That is the reason why the jewellers have difficulty in using them in pins and necklaces like other beetles.

From the moment that the little beetle put on her new blue coat she never grew again. From that day to this the blue beetles have been much smaller than the green and gold ones.

When the Brazilians made their flag they took for it a square of green the colour of the green beetle's coat. Within this square they placed a diamond of gold like the golden lights which play upon the green beetle's back. Then, within the diamond, they drew a circle to represent the round earth and they coloured it blue like the coat of the blue beetle. Upon the blue circle they placed stars of silvery white like the silvery white lights on the back of the blue beetle. About the blue circle of the earth which they thus pictured they drew a band of white, and upon this band they wrote the motto of their country, "*Ordem e Progresso,* order and progress."

ORDEM e PROGRESSO

# Million Dollar Somersaults

BY PATRICIA FENT ROSS

*Illustrations by Irwin Greenberg*

MORE than two hundred years ago in far-away Spain lived a little girl named Paz. (*Paz* is the Spanish for "peace"; and anyone named Peace should be a very lovable little girl. But, as a matter of fact, Paz was a very disagreeable little girl, so this was not a good name for her.)

Paz's father and mother had both died when she was a very little girl. They had been poor, so Paz was not only an orphan, but she was a very poor orphan and her rich relatives had to take care of her. She was a proud girl and did not like this at all.

One day a letter came from her uncle who lived in Mexico, saying that since he had no children of his own he wanted Paz to be his little girl and come to live with him. This uncle was a rich nobleman whose title was Marquéz del Valle Salado, and was the most important person in the whole family. Of course Paz was delighted. It would be exciting to make the long journey across the ocean to Mexico. And being a very selfish little girl she thought it would be wonderful to be so rich.

Her relatives sent an old woman named Juana to take care of Paz on the boat and bring her safely to her uncle in Mexico. Juana was a nice old woman who had been a servant in the family for a long time. She loved Paz in

From *In Mexico They Say*, by Patricia Fent Ross. Copyright 1942 by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

Irwin Greenberg

spite of the fact that the little girl was often so disagreeable.

When they arrived in Mexico, there was Uncle Mendo to meet them and take them to his beautiful house on one of the finest streets in Mexico City. Uncle Mendo was happy to have a little girl of his own to live with him in the big house. Right away he began to give her beautiful things. He bought her so many dresses that she had to change three times a day in order to wear them all in two months. For each dress he bought her beautiful little shoes and a lace shawl and a fan of lace mounted with gold or silver.

Paz was proud and thought she was going to be very happy, too. But she had no time to be happy, because she was so busy being proud of having so many beautiful things and of living in the big house of the Marquéz. And every day she became more disagreeable because she felt so important. By the time she had lived in Mexico City two weeks she decided she was just as important as a princess.

Now it happened that in the same street lived another little girl just the age of Paz. Her name was Carmen. Carmen's father and mother were friends of Don Mendo, and one day Carmen's mother brought her to call on Paz. Don Mendo was pleased because Paz was going to have a friend to play with. But when old Juana went to call Paz, what do you think happened?

Paz said, "Who is this little girl who comes to see me?"

"Her name is Carmen," said Juana, "and she is a little lady."

"Is she a princess?" asked Paz.

"No," said Juana, "she is not a princess, but she will play with you and be your friend."

Paz lifted her chin and looked very haughty. "Only a princess is important enough to be my friend," she said.

Then Juana became terribly worried and unhappy.

"Oh, Paz, that is an awful thing to say," she said. "You'd better come down and be nice to Carmen, or Don Mendo will be angry."

So Paz went downstairs, but she was not nice to Carmen. "How do you do," she said very coldly. Then she went over and stood by the window so the visitors could see her beautiful dress. And she would not talk to Carmen at all. Carmen was so embarrassed and unhappy that after a short time her mother took her home.

When they had gone Don Mendo said, "Paz, my dear, why were you so rude to Carmen?"

Paz lifted her chin and looked very haughty. "Only a princess is important enough to be my friend," she said.

Uncle Mendo was shocked. "That is naughty, Paz. You must like other people, and you must learn to be courteous or you will never have any friends to play with."

"Play?" said Paz. "It is not dignified to play. Only common children play." And she lifted her beautiful fan, held the skirt of her lovely dress with one hand, and swept from the room. She was much too dignified to run.

The next day a little girl named Marina came to see Paz, and Don Mendo sent Juana to call her.

"Well, who is this little girl who has come today?" said Paz.

"Her name is Marina," said Juana.

"Is she a princess?" asked Paz.

"No, she is not a princess," said Juana. "She is just a nice little girl who will play with you and be a good friend."

Paz lifted her chin and looked very haughty. "Only a princess is important enough to be my friend," she replied.

But Paz went downstairs, because she was afraid that if she did not, Uncle Mendo would be angry and refuse to buy her any more pretty things.

"How do you do," said Paz to Marina very coldly. And again she went over and stood by the window so the light would fall on her pretty dress. She opened her little silver fan and waved it gracefully as she had seen grown ladies do. But she would not talk to Marina. So after a while Marina's mother took her home.

The next day Rosita and her mother came, and the day after that a beautiful little girl named Luz. But it was just the same. Paz wanted only a princess for a friend, and no princess came to see her.

Uncle Mendo was terribly worried by this time, because he knew now that Paz was really a most disagreeable little girl. And because he loved her very much he was unhappy about it. But no matter how much he talked to her, she kept right on being disagreeable.

After a while all the other children who lived in that street and all the grown people too, knew that Paz was terribly disagreeable, and they decided not to go near her any more. What was the use of bothering when they knew now that Paz thought it was undignified to play, and that she was rude to everyone who tried to be nice to her. So the days and the weeks and the months went by and no one at all came to see Paz.

One day Paz stood by the window and looked down into the street where all the children were playing. Actually she was very lonely, but she was too proud to admit it even to herself. She stood by the window and waved her fan as she had seen grown ladies do.

And she laughed and said to Juana: "It is very undignified to play. I would not think of running in the streets the way common children do."

Old Juana shook her head and looked worried. She knew that Paz was lonely and unhappy, and she knew, too, that Paz never would be happy until she learned to be friendly and kind.

Just then a beautiful carriage came down the street. Paz saw the plumes on the horses' heads and the crest on the carriage, and she knew it was the carriage of the viceroy. She had heard that every day at this time the viceroy's little daughter, Princess Isabella, went for a drive in the carriage. So she was sure this was the princess coming to see her. She walked down the long stairs—she was much too dignified to run—and waited in the big sala to receive the princess.

But no one knocked at the door. The princess was not coming to see Paz. And because she was waiting in the sala, Paz did not see the little princess leave her carriage down in the street, and play with Rosita and Carmen and Marina and Luz and all the other children for a long time before she went back to her father's palace.

After that every day when Juana took Paz for her daily drive in Uncle Mendo's carriage, Paz insisted that two of the footmen go along. And she kept the curtains of the carriage closed, because she thought that was the way a princess rode through the town. All the other children thought it was very funny, because Paz was no more important than they were, but she put on more airs than the real princess herself.

So several years passed, and Paz was growing up, just as Marina and Luz and Carmen and Rosita were growing up. But Paz was lonely and unhappy, and she thought it was because there was no one in all Mexico City important enough to be her friend. She did not know that she was unhappy just because she was so proud and disagreeable.

Don Mendo was unhappy, too, because in all these years he could not think of a way to make Paz see how foolish she was, and how much nicer it would be to have friends. Then he thought that maybe she would be happier if she fell in love with a young man and was married.

So Don Mendo invited all his friends who had sons to come to see him. And one by one he introduced them to Paz—all the handsomest young men in Mexico City.

Now Paz was really a very beautiful girl, but she had

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thought unkind thoughts for so long, and had always been so selfish, that it showed in her face. And people who looked at her saw only her proud disagreeable face, and did not notice that she was beautiful. So as soon as the young men saw her, they made polite excuses and then went home. And not one of them came back to ask Don Mendo if he might marry Paz.

Then one day Don Mendo died. But before he died he had thought of a way to cure Paz of her terrible pride. He knew that she did not love anything but money, and that being rich was the most important thing in the world to her.

Paz pretended she was sorry, when Uncle Mendo died, because she thought that was the proper thing to do. Since Uncle Mendo had been so very good to her, she was sure that he had left her all his money and that she would be very rich. And she thought, too, that she would inherit his title and be a marquesa.

So when the man who had charge of Uncle Mendo's money sent for her to tell her about his will, she put on a beautiful black dress and a black lace shawl, and carrying a lovely ebony fan went down to talk to him.

"Paz," said the man, "your uncle has left you all his money, but—"

"Of course," said Paz, "I was sure he would. My uncle loved me very much."

"But," said the man, "there is one condition. We must invite the whole town to gather in the big plaza as for a fiesta. Then you must dress up in your prettiest dress and drive through the streets in an open carriage so that everyone can see you. And when you come to the big plaza you must get out of the carriage and, on a little platform before all the people, you must turn three somersaults. If you do not do this all your uncle's money will be given to the Church and you will be very poor."

Paz was so angry she could not think of a single word to say. If she had not been so dignified she would have stamped her feet and screamed. But in all her life Paz had never done anything that was not dignified. And now Uncle Mendo, the only person in the world except old Juana, who had ever loved her, had fixed it so she must do such a terribly undignified thing that everyone in the city would laugh at her. Paz was so angry she wanted to cry. But of course she didn't cry, because crying was not dignified.

At first Paz said she would not do it. Then she thought about how terrible it would be to be poor again. Why, she would not even have enough money to go back to Spain where her other relatives might take care of her! She would have to find work, and perhaps be somebody's servant! Paz thought that would be even worse than turning somersaults! No matter how embarrassing it was she would have to turn those somersaults in the plaza.

So the word was sent through the city that on a certain day everyone was to gather in the big plaza for a surprise. Then Paz went upstairs and put on her prettiest dress, and went down and got into the carriage. She had the top put down, so everyone could see her as she drove through the streets. Her pretty little face was white and angry. But she had always looked so disagreeable that no one noticed much difference in her.

Then she arrived in the big plaza. There were all the people waiting. And right near the little platform were all the girls and boys who had tried to be friends with her when she first came from Spain. Suddenly she remembered how rude she had been to them, and that she could not blame them much if they laughed at her now. And she realized that she had not a friend in the world except old Juana.

Then Paz thought about all the money that her uncle had left. So she leaned over and put her head down on the little platform. Up went her feet in the pretty little shoes. Her full skirt fell over her head and everyone in town saw her little white pantalettes. Over she went, landing flat on her back. She sat up quickly and pulled her skirt down. Her curls were down over her face and her ribbon was gone. And all the people roared with laughter.

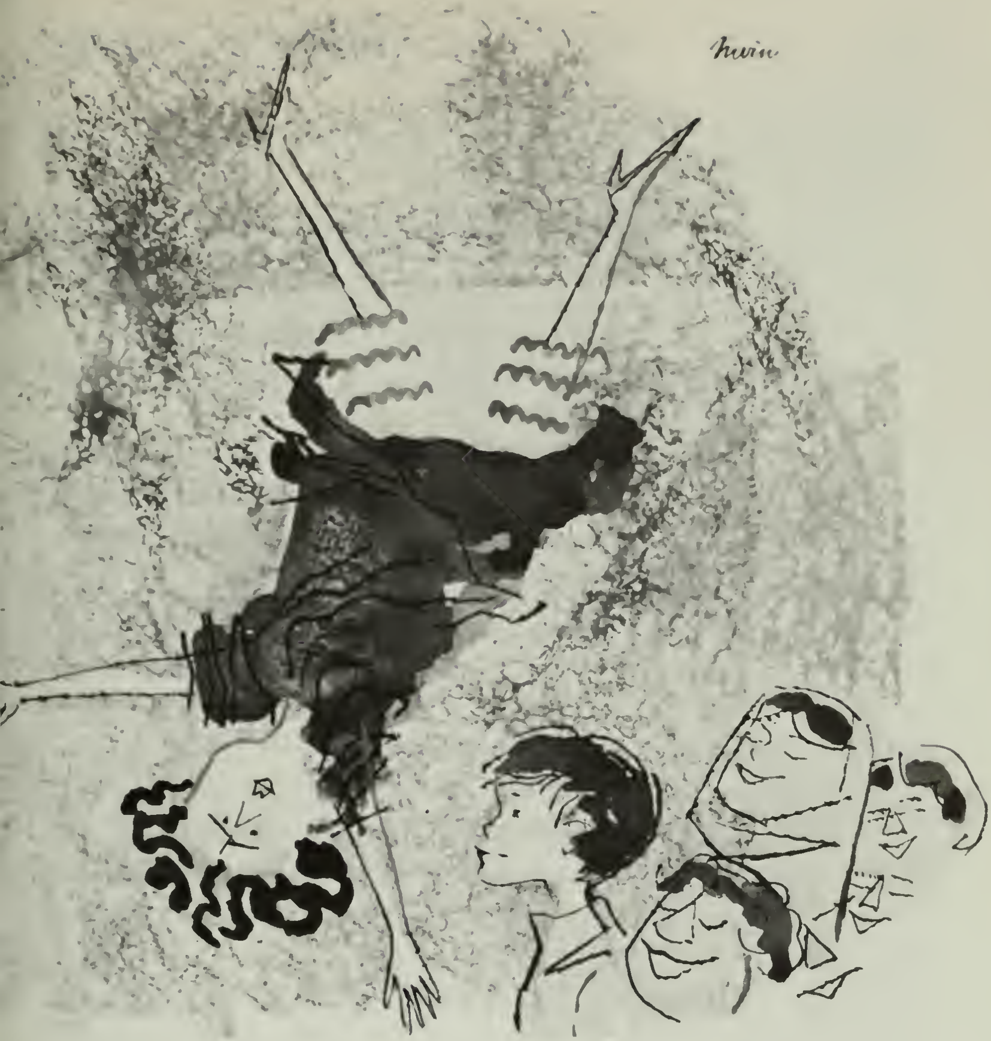
Paz jumped to her feet, with her curls every which way, and looked at the people. She was so angry that she forgot all about dignity. She jumped up and down and shook her fists at the people. But she remembered then that she still had to turn two more somersaults.

So down went her head again, and up went her feet in the pretty little shoes, and once more she landed flat on her back. She sat up, with her curls every which way. She felt a little dizzy. She had never cried in her life because she had always been too proud. But now suddenly she wanted to cry and she did.

This time when she stood up she did not stamp her feet. She looked around at the people and they all saw the tears that were in her eyes and running down her pretty flushed cheeks. Only a few people laughed this time, and she saw that Carmen and Rosita and Luz and Marina, who were quite near, did not laugh at all. They had tears in their eyes, too, because they were so sorry for her.

But Paz remembered that she still had one more somersault to turn. So once more she put her head down on the little platform. She was learning how to do a proper somersault by now, and this time her feet went over so much faster that her white pantalettes scarcely showed at all. She landed flat on her back, and sat up with her curls every which way.

She sat there and listened for the laughter, but she did not hear any. Then suddenly she thought how very



funny she must look, and before she knew it she began to laugh. She laughed and laughed and laughed. Then old Juana climbed up on the platform, and took her hands and pulled her to her feet. But Paz was still laughing. She looked around at the people. They were smiling at her—friendly smiles. Then they all began to laugh, too. But it was quite different now. They were not laughing *at* her, they were laughing *with* her.

And all of a sudden Paz understood that laughing made everything easier; and she realized how much fun she had missed all her life by being so proud and disagreeable. She looked down at Carmen and Rosita and Luz and Marina, who had lived in the same street with her for years and who had tried long ago to be her friends. Then she smiled at them.

"You know," said Paz, "I think it might be fun to turn somersaults, if I were turning them because I wanted to and not because I had to, and if I were turning them at home with some friends, instead of in the big plaza."

Marina and Luz and Rosita and Carmen all smiled at her in the friendliest manner.

"Lots of things are fun when you have friends," said Marina.

"Yes," said Carmen. "Let's all go home and see who can turn the best somersaults."

"Let's!" said Paz. "All of you girls come ride in the carriage with me."

So they all went home together and soon became very good friends. And that is how Paz learned how to laugh and to play and to have friends. Every time she felt like being disagreeable, she remembered how embarrassed she had been when she turned three somersaults in the big plaza. She never forgot it!

No one else ever forgot it either. They even made up a new name for the street where Paz lived. For two hundrd years that street has been called the Calle de la Machincuepa (which is Spanish for "The Street of the Somersault").

The city has grown very big now and that street is old and shabby. When you go to Mexico City you might drive through Somersault Street, yourself. Only I hope you never have to turn somersaults in the big plaza.

# The Golden Phoenix

BY MARIUS BARBEAU

Retold by Michael Hornyansky

*Illustrations by Irwin Greenberg*

THERE was once a King renowned for his wisdom. And how did he come to be so wise? Well, in his garden there grew a magic tree; and every night that tree bore one silver apple—the apple of wisdom. Each morning the King would take it from the tree and eat it while the trumpets blew. As a result he governed wisely and well, and all his people lived happily.

Then a strange thing happened. One morning, when the King came to pick the apple, it was gone. No one saw it go; and no one admitted to taking it.

"Someone has stolen the silver apple," said the King grimly. The next night he set his royal guards about the tree to keep watch.

But to no avail. In the evening the silver apple was there, ripening on its branch; in the morning it had gone. The guards swore that no one had passed them during the night.

The King called his three sons to him.

"This is a serious matter," he said. "Someone is stealing the silver apple during the night, and not even my royal guards can catch him. My sons, I put the task in your hands. Whichever one of you succeeds in catching the thief will be rewarded with my crown and my kingdom."

From *The Golden Phoenix and Other French Canadian Tales,* by Marius Barbeau, retold by Michael Hornyansky. Published by Henry Z. Walck, Inc.

"I will stand guard tonight," promised the eldest prince.

That evening he went into the garden and prepared to spend the night at the foot of the tree. He took a bottle of wine to keep himself company. From time to time he poured himself a cupful and gulped it down. Then as midnight drew near, he began to yawn.

"I must not fall asleep," he told himself. And he got up and marched around the tree. He could see the silver apple gleaming in the moonlight.

But soon he was too tired to go on walking. Surely it would do no harm to sit down for a moment? He sat down. Pop! He fell asleep.

When he woke, the damage was done. The silver apple had vanished.

"Well," he said, "good-bye to the crown!"

Next morning the King asked for news of the thief, and of course there was no news. The eldest prince had gone to sleep at his post.

"Leave it to me, Father," said the second prince. "I'll catch your thief."

The King shook his head doubtfully. But next evening the second prince went into the garden and prepared to spend the night at the foot of the tree. He took a platter of food to keep himself company. He felt sure that cold chicken and potato salad would keep him awake. But as midnight drew near he began to yawn.

"No one is going to bewitch me into falling asleep," he told himself. And he got up and marched around the tree. The apple was still there, gleaming in the moonlight.

But soon he was too tired to go on walking. Surely it would do no harm to sit down for a moment? He sat down. Pop! He fell asleep.

When he woke an hour later he jumped to his feet. But the damage was done. The silver apple had vanished.

"Well, that's that," he said. "I too have lost the crown."

Next morning the King asked if he had had better luck than his brother.

"No, Father," said the second prince, ashamed. "I stayed awake till midnight. But when midnight struck, I was sleeping like a badger."

Petit Jean, the youngest prince, burst out laughing. "A fine pair of sentries you are!"

"It's easy for you to talk," said his brother crossly. "You were sound asleep in your bed."

"All the same, if the King my father sends me to stand guard, *I* will bring back news of how the apple disappears."

"My dear son," said the King. "This is no ordinary thief. How can you be so sure you'll do better than your brothers?"

"Well," said Petit Jean, "I'm sure I can do no worse."

And so next evening he went into the garden and prepared to spend the night there. He looked up at the silver apple, gleaming by the light of the moon. Then he sat down to wait. When he felt himself growing sleepy, he got up and marched around the tree. But as midnight drew near, he began to yawn.

"This will never do," he told himself. "If I fall asleep, the apple will disappear as usual—and how my brothers will laugh!"

He climbed up into the tree and settled himself in a forked branch near the magic fruit. Then he put out his hand to the apple. It was as smooth as ivory, and cool as the night.

"Suppose I picked it now," he thought. "Then no one would be able to steal it without my noticing."

He plucked the apple from the branch and put it inside his shirt. Then he tucked in his shirt and buttoned it right up to the neck. Not a moment too soon. Pop! His eyes closed and he fell sound asleep.

But he was waked almost at once by something pulling at his shirt. Seeing a bright shadow in front of him, he reached out to grapple with the thief. He hung on with all his strength, but the thief broke free, leaving his hands full of shining feathers.

He felt in his shirt. The apple was gone.

"Oh, well," he said, "at least I have some evidence."

He tucked the feathers in his shirt and went to bed. Next morning, when the King asked for news of the thief, Petit Jean spread the feathers on the table.

"I couldn't hold him," he said. "But he left these behind in my hands."

"A fine thing," sneered his brothers, who were jealous of his success. "To have the thief in your hands and let him go!"

"Hush!" said the King, staring at the bright feathers. "I know this bird—it is the Golden Phoenix. No man can hold him against his will. Petit Jean, do you know in which direction he flew?"

"He left a fiery trail behind him, like a shooting star," said Petit Jean. "I saw him go over the top of the Glass Mountain."

"Good," said the King. "We shall be able to follow his trail."

And they all set off toward the Glass Mountain. Along the path from time to time they found a shining feather. But at the top of the Glass Mountain they stopped. They could see the shining feathers leading down into the Great Sultan's country. But they could not follow, for on this side the mountain fell away in a sheer cliff, a thousand feet straight down.

"We can go no farther," said the King.

"Father, look," said Petit Jean. "I've found a trap-door."

"A trap-door in a mountain?" scoffed his brothers. "Ridiculous!"

"Please, Father, come and see," repeated Petit Jean. "Perhaps it leads down into the Great Sultan's country."

The King came over to see the trap-door and decided it was worth looking into. All of them heaved together, and at last they managed to pull it open. Underneath they found a well going down into darkness.

"The sides are as smooth as ice," said the elder princes. "There is no way to climb down."

"We need a good long rope," said the King, "and a stout basket on the end of it."

These things were brought from the castle. To the end of the rope the princes tied a basket big enough for a man to sit in. On the King's advice they also attached a string to the basket, fastened at the other end to a bell.

"So if there is danger," he explained, "whoever is in the basket can signal us here at the top. Now, who is going down?"

The eldest prince turned white. "Not I," he said. "I can't stand heights."

The second prince turned green. "Not I," he said. "I don't like the dark."

Petit Jean laughed. "Then it's my adventure," he said. "Wish me luck, Father."

"Good luck, my boy," said the King. "And take with you this sword. Use it well, and it will keep you from harm. We shall keep watch here. When you come back and ring the bell, we will pull you up."

Petit Jean said good-bye and climbed into the basket. Down, down, down he went, with the sword in one hand and the bell-rope in the other. For a long time he heard nothing and saw nothing. Then at last the basket stopped with a bump. He climbed out and gave two quick tugs on the bell-rope. Then he groped his way along a tunnel towards a faint light.

"Just as I thought," he said. "It leads into the Great Sultan's country."

The light grew stronger, and the tunnel widened into a cavern. But here Petit Jean found his way barred. In the

middle of the cavern stood a fierce beast with one long horn in the middle of its forehead. When it saw him it bellowed.

"I am the Unicorn of the Cave," it said. "You may not pass!"

"But I must pass," said the prince. "I am on my way to see the Sultan."

"Then prepare for combat!" said the Unicorn.

And without another word it charged at him, the long sharp horn pointing straight at his heart. Petit Jean had no time to use his sword. At the last moment he dodged to one side, and the Unicorn thundered past. There was a terrific crash. The Unicorn had stuck fast in the wall of the cavern.

"Now may I pass?" asked Petit Jean.

"Yes, as far as I'm concerned," grunted the Unicorn as it tried to work its horn free.

But Petit Jean could not pass. This time his way was barred by a great Lion, waving his tail menacingly.

"I am the Lion of the Cave," he roared. "Prepare for combat!"

And without another word he sprang straight at Petit Jean. The prince stood firm, and at the last moment swung his sword. *Snick!* He shaved the whiskers off the Lion's left cheek. With a fierce roar the Lion sprang again. Petit Jean swung his sword on the other side—*snick!*—and shaved the whiskers off the Lion's right cheek.

At this the Lion gave a deafening roar. He gathered himself for one more leap, and came down on Petit Jean with his paws out and his mouth open. This time the prince judged his moment very carefully. *Snick, snack!* And the Lion's head tumbled to the ground.

"Ouch!" said the Lion. Petit Jean was amazed to see him pick up his head with his front paws and set it on his neck again, as good as new.

"Now may I pass?" asked Petit Jean. "Or must I do it again?"

"Oh, no," said the Lion wearily. "Once is enough for me."

But Petit Jean still could not pass. The cavern was suddenly filled with a slithery hissing noise, and he found his way barred by a terrible beast with seven heads.

"I am the Serpent of the Cave," hissed the beast. "Prepare for combat!"

Petit Jean took a deep breath. This one looked very dangerous indeed. But it did not spring at him. It just waited in his path. Wherever he tried to strike with his sword, he found a head snapping at him with fierce jaws and a forked tongue.

Then the young prince had a bright idea. He began running around the Serpent, striking with his sword; and the seven heads began to twist round each other trying to keep up with him. When the seven necks were twisted tight as a rope, he took a wide swing with his sword and—*snock!*—he cut off all the seven heads at once. There was a roar of applause from the Unicorn and the Lion.

"Now may I pass?" asked Petit Jean again.

"You may pass," sighed the Serpent, trying to find its seven heads and get them back on the right necks.

And so Petit Jean walked out into the realm of the Great Sultan. Just outside the cavern he found a glittering feather, so he knew he was still on the trail of the Golden Phoenix.

Before he had gone very far he was met by the Sultan himself riding on a white elephant. The Sultan had a long black moustache, and he stroked it as he looked down at his visitor.

"Who are you that have passed the Glass Mountain?" he asked. "And what do you seek in my realm?"

"I am the son of your neighbor, the wise King," replied

Petit Jean. "And I am looking for a bird that has been raiding our apple tree."

The Sultan nodded thoughtfully. He invited Petit Jean to climb up on the elephant behind him, and they rode back to the Sultan's palace. All along the road the prince kept his eyes open for the feathers that the Golden Phoenix had dropped in its flight.

When they reached the palace, the Sultan invited Petit Jean to dine with him in the garden. They were joined at table by the Sultan's daughter, who was more beautiful than the moon and stars combined. Petit Jean could hardly take his eyes off her.

They sat down beneath a jasmine tree, and as they began the feast a bird sang above their heads, filling the evening air with beautiful music. Petit Jean caught a glimpse of gold among the leaves.

"May I ask what bird is singing, your highness?" he said.

The Sultan stroked his moustache. "There are many birds in my realm," he said. "This one is probably a nightingale."

Petit Jean thought it was probably something else; but he said no more about it. He complimented the Sultan on the food, which was delicious, and on his daughter, who looked more beautiful every moment.

When they had finished, the Sultan spoke to him again. "It is the custom of this country," he said, "that every stranger passing through must play a game of hide-and-seek with me. Tomorrow morning it will be your turn. If you should win, you shall have the hand of my daughter in marriage. How does that appeal to you?"

"It appeals to me more than anything else in the world," said Petit Jean. "But what if I should lose?"

The Sultan stroked his long black moustache and smiled. "Ah," he said. "Then you will lose the dearest thing you own."

"I see," said Petit Jean. "But I am a stranger here. How can I be expected to play hide-and-seek in a place I do not know?"

The Sultan nodded. "This evening my daughter will show you round the garden. Take care to notice all the places where I might hide, for tomorrow morning you must find me three times. And now I shall wish you good night."

When the Sultan had gone, the Princess began showing Petit Jean round the garden. But she noticed that he was not really paying attention.

"I think you do not wish to win my hand," she said sadly, "for you are not looking at anything I show you."

"Dear Princess," said Petit Jean, "I would much rather look at you."

The Princess could not help smiling. But suddenly she looked so sad that Petit Jean asked her what was the matter.

"I am thinking of what must happen to you tomorrow," she said. "I will tell you the truth: no matter how well you knew this garden, you would not be able to find my father. For he has the power to change his shape so that not even I can recognize him. So you see, nobody can win his game of hide-and-seek."

"Then only luck can save me," said Petit Jean cheerfully. "Well, let us have no more sad talk. Tell me of yourself, Princess, and of the bird that sings over your banquet table."

"The bird?" said the Princess. "Oh, that is the Golden Phoenix. Whoever lives within the sound of its voice will never grow old."

"A very useful bird," said Petit Jean. "And how do you make sure it doesn't fly away?"

The Princess told him that the Phoenix did fly free during the night. But at sunrise he always came back to his golden cage. So whoever owned the cage could be sure of owning the Golden Phoenix.

They walked in the garden, talking of many things, until the moon rose. Then Petit Jean went to bed and slept soundly till morning.

Next day the Sultan was very cheerful, for he expected to win his game of hide-and-seek. He could hardly wait for Petit Jean to finish his breakfast.

"Now here are the rules of the game," he said. "I shall hide three times in the garden, and you must find me. And just to prove I am a fair man, I will offer you three prizes. If you find me once, you shall escape with your life. If you find me twice, you shall have your life and my daughter. If you find me three times, you shall have your life, my daughter, and whatever you choose as a dowry."

"Agreed," said Petit Jean.

The Sultan rushed off to hide, and Petit Jean invited the Princess to walk in the garden with him. She grew very pale and nervous, because he seemed to be making no effort to find her father.

At the Sultan's fish-pond they stopped and looked down. There were fishes of all colours and sizes swimming in it. Petit Jean looked at them closely and burst out laughing. One of the fishes had a long black moustache.

"Princess," he said, "I should like to borrow a net."

"A net?" said the Princess. "How can you think of fishing at a time like this?"

But she went and found him a net. Petit Jean leaned down and scooped out the fish with the moustache. There was a puff of white smoke, and the fish vanished. In its place was the Sultan, breathing hard.

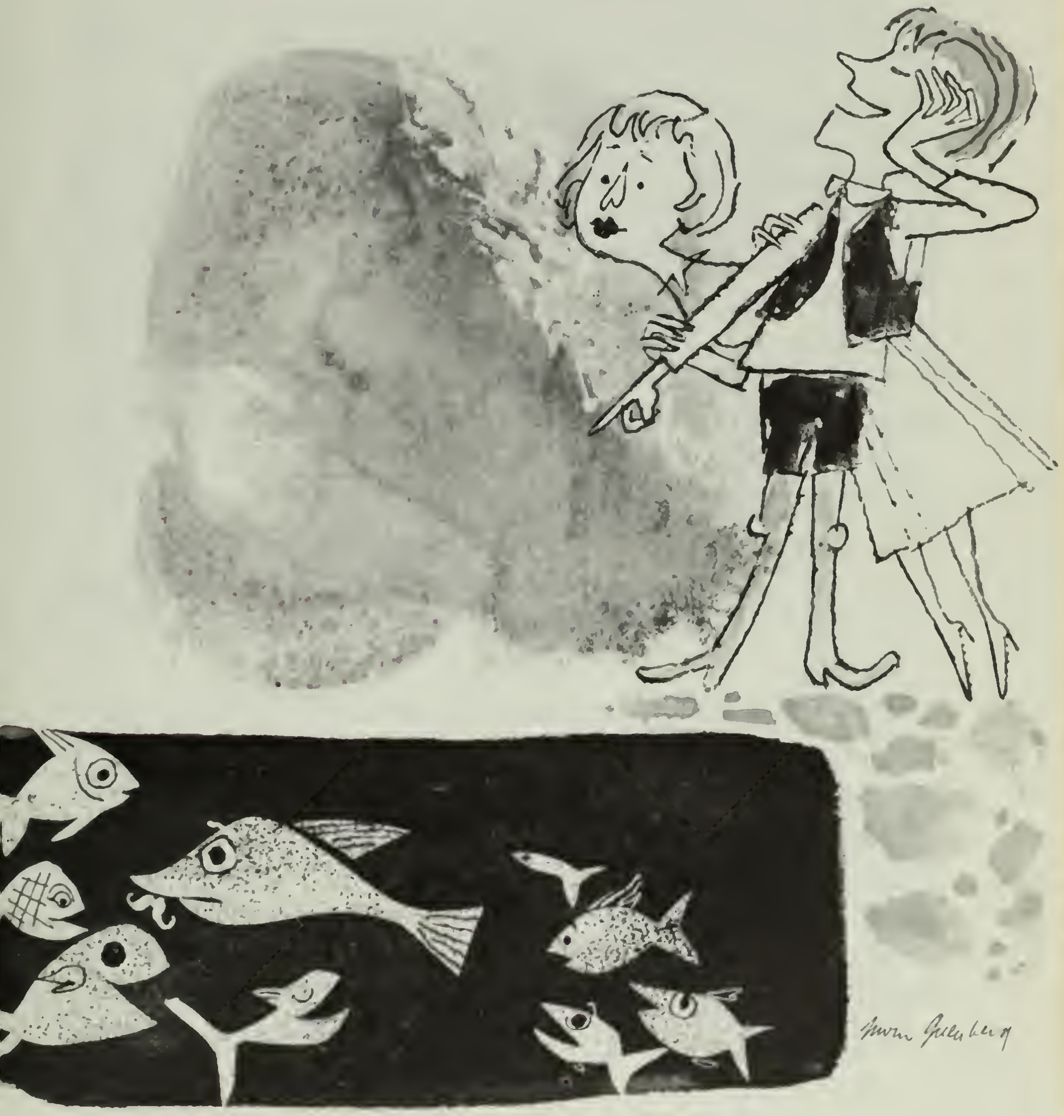
"Humph!" growled the Sultan, climbing out of the net. "And how did you happen to find me, young man?"

"Beginner's luck," said Petit Jean. "Well, have I earned my life?"

"Yes," said the Sultan angrily. "Do you want to stop there, or go on with the game?"

Petit Jean looked at the Princess. "Oh," he said, "I shall go on."

The Sultan rushed off to hide again. Petit Jean took the Princess's arm and they walked round the garden to-



gether. When she asked him where he would look this time, he shook his head.

"I don't know," he said. "I don't think your father will forget about his moustache again."

They looked everywhere, but found nothing that turned out to be the Sultan. At last Petit Jean stopped beside a rose-bush and sighed.

"Well," he said, "if I am never to see you again, I would like to give you something to remember me by."

And he leaned down to pluck the reddest rose on the bush. Pop! The rose disappeared in a puff of red smoke, and in its place stood the Sultan, red with anger.

"Oh!" exclaimed Petit Jean. "I thought you were a rose."

"You are too lucky for words," snarled the Sultan. "Well, you've won your life and my daughter. I suppose you want to stop there?"

"Oh, no," said Petit Jean. "That wouldn't be fair to you. I shall try my luck once more."

And so the Sultan rushed off to hide for the last time. The Princess and Petit Jean went on walking in the garden, wondering where he might be. No matter where they tried, they could not find him.

At last Petit Jean stopped beneath a pear-tree.

"All this exercise is making me hungry," he said. And reaching up, he plucked the ripest, roundest pear he could see.

Bang! There was a puff of black smoke, and in place of the pear stood the Sultan, black with fury.

"Oh," said Petit Jean. "I thought you were a pear."

"You are too lucky to live!" roared the Sultan.

"But I have already won my life," Petit Jean reminded him. "And now I have won my choice of dowry."

The Sultan grumbled, but finally asked what dowry Petit Jean would choose.

"A little thing which you'll hardly miss," said Petit Jean.

"I choose the old gold cage which hangs in your daughter's chamber."

The Sultan leaped into the air. "The old gold cage!" he shouted. Then he pretended to be calm. "Oh, you wouldn't want that old thing," he said. "Let me offer you three chests of treasure instead."

"I couldn't possibly take your treasure," said Petit Jean. "The cage is quite enough."

The Sultan turned purple with rage. But at last he agreed that Petit Jean had won the cage fair and square. He even promised to give them an escort as far as the Glass Mountain next day.

Meanwhile there was a banquet to celebrate Petit Jean's success, and above their heads the Golden Phoenix sang in the jasmine tree. But all through the meal the Sultan kept pulling his moustache and glancing angrily at Petit Jean. It was easy to see that he was not at all happy.

The Princess noticed her father's mood, and as she had by now fallen in love with Petit Jean, she felt nervous. When they were alone together she told him her fears.

"I do not believe my father will keep his word," she said. "He is so angry at losing the Golden Phoenix that he will try to kill you while you sleep."

"Then we had better leave during the night," said Petit Jean.

The Princess agreed. "Bring two horses from the stable, and muffle their hooves," she said. "Meanwhile I will fetch my travelling cloak and the golden cage."

Petit Jean tiptoed to the stable and chose two horses. He tied pieces of blanket around their hooves and led them back to the kitchen door. There he met the Princess, wearing her cloak and carrying the cage.

"My father is suspicious," she said. "But as long as he hears voices talking he will not stir from his room."

She put two beans into a frying-pan on the stove. As soon as they felt the heat the beans began to croak. One of them said "Nevertheless" in a high voice; the other said "Notwithstanding" in a deep voice. When they were both croaking they sounded just like a man and woman talking together.

Petit Jean and the Princess mounted their horses and rode softly away, carrying the golden cage, while upstairs the Sultan listened to the conversation in the kitchen. He had a sleepless night, for the two beans went on saying "Nevertheless—notwithstanding" until morning. And by the time he found out what had happened, Petit Jean and the Princess had reached the Glass Mountain.

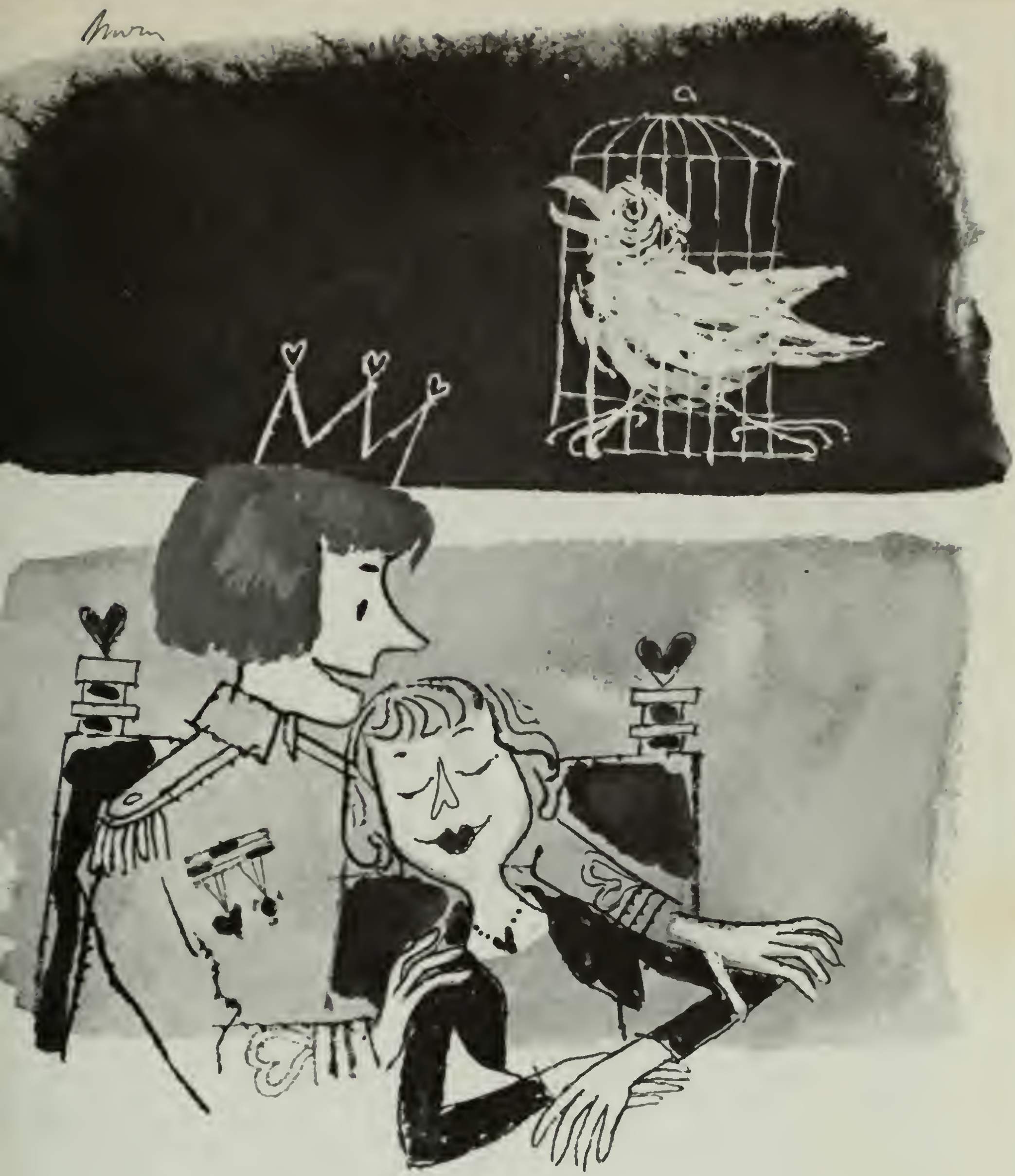
The Unicorn, the Lion, and the Serpent were there in the cavern, but they did not bar the way. Petit Jean placed his Princess in the basket and pulled on the bell-rope. His father and brothers were waiting at the top, and when they heard the bell they pulled the basket up the well.

They were astonished to see the Princess. The two princes would have stopped and gazed at her, but she told them to let down the basket again before it was too late. Presently they pulled up Petit Jean with the golden cage in his arms.

"Welcome home, my boy," said the King. "And welcome to your lady, too. But where is the bird you set off to find? This cage is empty."

Petit Jean pointed to the Great Sultan's country, and they saw a dazzling radiance moving toward them through the sky, with a beating of golden wings: for it was near daybreak, and the Phoenix was looking for his cage. And after him on the road below came the Sultan himself, riding his white elephant and shaking his fist at the sky.

The three princes rolled a big stone over the trap-door



so that the Sultan could never follow them. Then, with the Golden Phoenix safe in his cage, they set off homewards.

Petit Jean and his Princess were married, and the King gave them his crown and kingdom as he had promised. And with the Golden Phoenix singing every night in the tree where the silver apple of wisdom grew, they lived wisely and happily ever afterwards.

# Soap, Soap, Soap

RETOLD BY RICHARD CHASE

*Illustrations by Irwin Greenberg*

ONE time there was a woman fixin' to wash clothes and she found out she didn't have no soap, so she hollered for her little boy and told him to go to the store for soap, says, "Don't you forget now—*soap*."

So he headed for the store, a-runnin' along and sayin', "Soap! soap! soap!"—so he wouldn't forget. Come to a slick place in the road and he slipped and fell. Got up again, went on, tried to think what it was his mommy sent him for and he couldn't remember. So he walked back to where he slipped, says, "Right there I had it."

Walked on a few steps, stopped, says, "Right there I lost it."

Walked back—"Right there I had it."

Walked on again—"Right there I lost it."

Kept on walkin' back and forth sayin', "Right there I had it—Right there I lost it"—till he had him a regular loblolly there in the road—had mud mired plumb over the tops of his shoes. Man come along directly and heard what he was sayin'. Asked him, says, "What ye lost?"

*"Right there I had it—*
*Right there I lost it."*

"What ye lost? I'll help ye find it."

*"Right there I had it—*
*Right there I lost it."*

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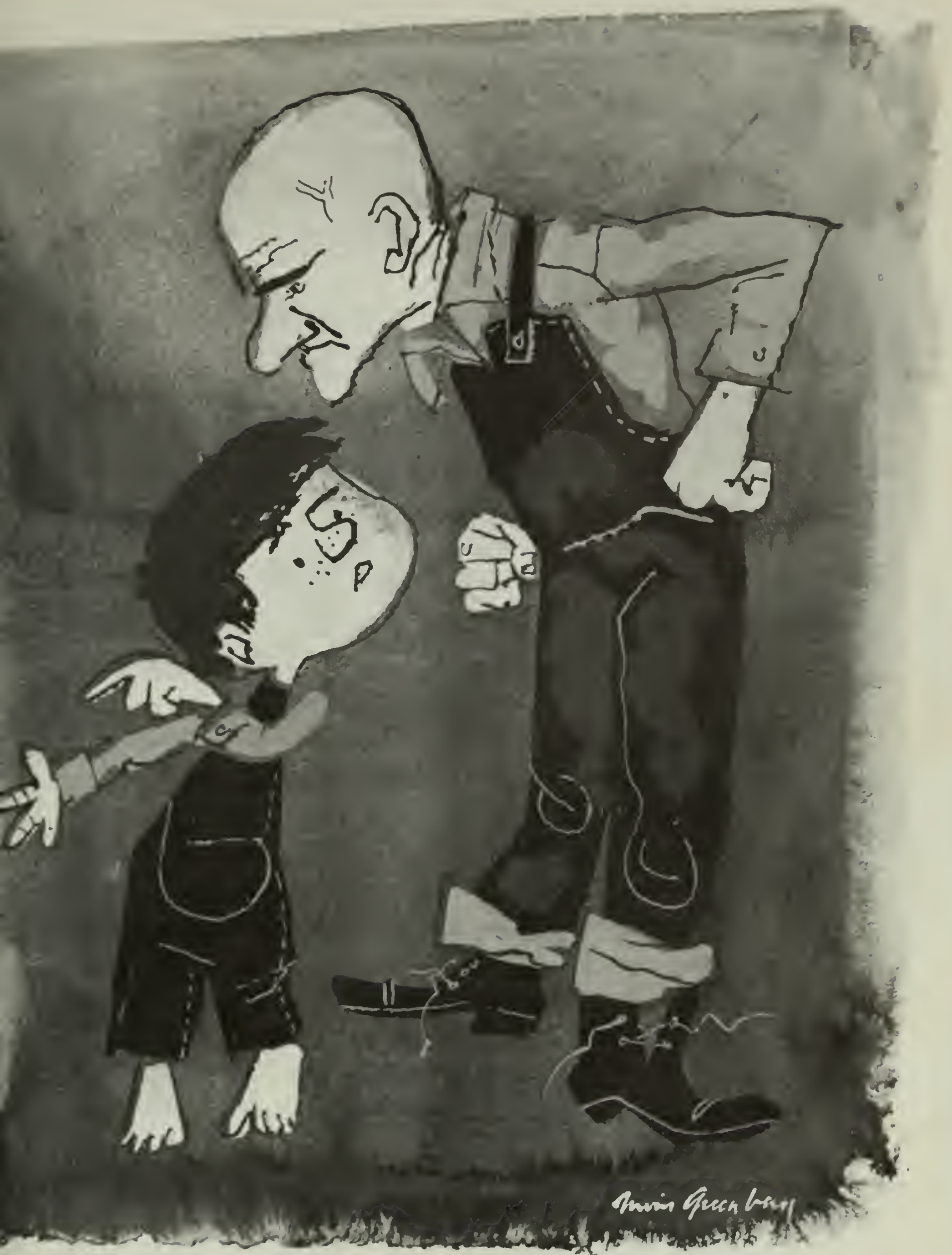

Irwin Greenberg

So the man thought he was crazy and started on by, and he slipped in the boy's loblolly and like to fell. Says, "That blame mud! Hit's slick as soap."

"Soap! soap! soap!" says the boy and started off again. And that man thought the boy was mockin' him so he stepped over and grabbed him and shook him, says, "You say you're sorry and won't do it again, or I'll whip you good."

*"Sorry I done it; won't do it again—*
*Sorry I done it; won't do it again."*

So the man turned him loose and the boy run on; but he started in sayin' that and couldn't think of the soap. Got down the road and come across an old woman had fell in the ditch and broke all the eggs she had in her basket. She was gettin' up about the time that boy come along—

*"Sorry I done it; won't do it again—*
*Sorry I done it; won't do it again"*

And the old woman thought he was makin' fun of her, so she grabbed him and boxed his ears, and then she pushed him in the ditch, says, "I'm out and you're in."

And when he got out the ditch he went on, sayin':

*"I'm out and you're in.*
*I'm out and you're in."*

Come to where a man had one wagon wheel mired 'way down in a mudhole and was tryin' to get it out—

The man grabbed him, says, "You oughtn't say that. One's out and now you come here and help me get the other'n out—or I'll whup you good."

So the boy had to help him, and when they got it out on down the road he went—

*"One's out; get the other'n out—*
*One's out; get the other'n out."*

And a one-eyed man come along and that boy went past him—

*"One's out; get the other'n out—*
*One's out; get the other'n out."*

So the one-eyed man grabbed him and he just smoked that boy's britches. Says, "You oughtn't say sech a thing to me. You might 'a said 'One's in anyway!' " Turned him loose, and on the boy went—

*"One's in anyway—*
*One's in anyway."*

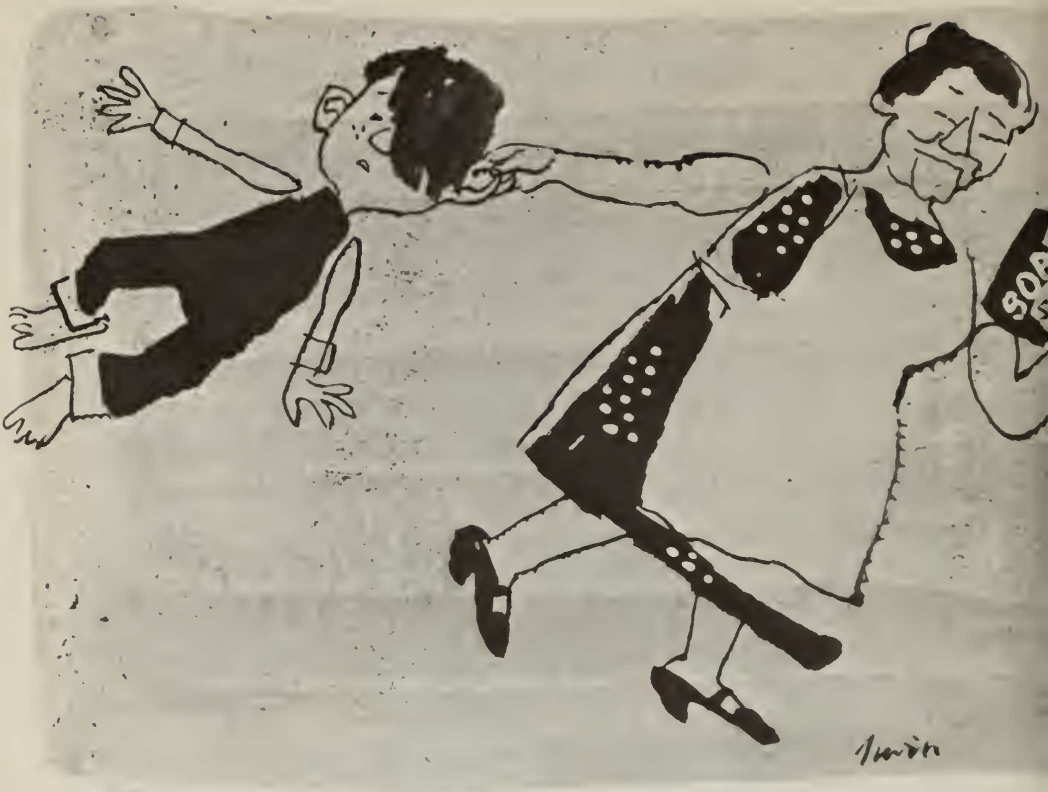
Come to where a woman was washin' clothes at her washin' place in the creek 'side the road. Her two least young 'uns was runnin' around there playin' and one of 'em had slipped and fell in the creek. The woman run to get it out and just about that time there was that boy—

*"One's in anyhow—*
*One's in anyhow."*

So she jerked the young 'un out of the creek, and then she went after that boy and grabbed him, and she was about to give him a good paddlin' for makin' fun of her and her young 'uns but when she saw how dirty he was where he'd been in the mud so many times and been cryin' and wipin' his face with his muddy hands, she took pity sake on him and turned him loose, says, "You run on back home and tell your mommy to take some soap and wash that black face."

Time he heard "Soap" he lit out down the road—

*"Soap! Soap! Soap!—*
*Soap! Soap! Soap!"*



And that time he got to the store and got the soap and run on home with it and handed it to his mommy. And she give him one look and then she took him by the ear and marched him down to her wash-place and soused him in the creek—clothes and all. Then she soaped him all over—with his britches and his shirt right on him. Soused him ag'in, till she got all the mud and dirt off him.

Then she took two clothespins and hung him up on her clothesline by his shirt-tail, and left him there to dry while she got the rest of her washin' done.

# Jack in the Giants' Newground

BY RICHARD CHASE

*Illustrations by Berkeley Williams, Jr.*

ONE time away back years ago there was a boy named Jack. He and his folks lived off in the mountains somewhere and they were awful poor, just didn't have a thing. Jack had two brothers, Will and Tom, and they are in some of the Jack Tales, but this one I'm fixin' to tell you now, there's mostly just Jack in it.

Jack was awful lazy sometimes, just wouldn't do ary lick of work. His mother and his daddy kept tryin' to get him to help, but they couldn't do a thing with him when he took a lazy spell.

Well, Jack decided one time he'd pull out from there and try his luck in some other section of the country. So his mother fixed him up a little snack of dinner, and he put on his old raggedy hat and lit out.

Jack walked on, walked on. He eat his snack 'fore he'd gone very far. Sun commenced to get awful hot. He traveled on, traveled on, till he was plumb out of the settle-ment what he knowed. Hit got to be about twelve, sun just a-beatin' down, and Jack started gettin' hungry again.

He came to a fine smooth road directly, decided he'd

From *The Jack Tales,* edited by Richard Chase, copyright 1943 by Richard Chase. Published by Houghton Mifflin Company.

take that, see where it went, what kind of folks lived on it. He went on, went on, and pretty soon he came to a big fine stone house up above the road. Jack stopped. He never had seen such a big house as that before. Then he looked at the gate and saw it was made out of gold. Well, Jack 'lowed some well-doin' folks must live there, wondered whether or no they'd give him his dinner. Stepped back from the gate, hollered, "Hello!"

A man came to the door, says, "Hello, stranger. What'll ye have?"

"I'm a-lookin' for a job of work."

"Don't know as I need to hire anybody right now. What's your name?"

"Name's Jack."

"Come on up, Jack, and sit a spell. Ain't it pretty hot walkin'?"

"Pretty hot," says Jack.

"Come on up on the porch and cool off. You're not in no hurry, are ye?"

Jack says, "Well, I'll stop a little while, I reckon."

Shoved back that gold gate and marched on in. The man reached in the door and pulled out a couple of chairs. Jack took one and they leaned back, commenced smokin'. Directly Jack says to that man, "What did you say your name was, mister?"

"Why, Jack, I'm the King."

"Well, now, King," says Jack, "hit looks like you'd be a-needin' somebody with all your land. I bet you got a heap of land to work."

"Are ye a hard worker, Jack?"

"Oh, I'm the workin'est one of all back home yonder."

"You a good hand to plow?"

"Yes sir!"

"Can ye clear newground?"

"Why, that's all I ever done back home."

"Can ye kill giants?"

"Huh?" says Jack, and he dropped his pipe. Picked it up, says, "Well, I reckon I could try."

The old King sort of looked at Jack and how little he was, says, "Well, now, Jack, I have got a little piece of newground I been tryin' for the longest to get cleared. The trouble is there's a gang of giants live over in the next holler, been disputin' with me about the claim. They kill ever' Englishman goes up there, kill 'em and eat 'em. I reckon I've done hired about a dozen men claimed to be giantkillers, but the giants killed them, ever' last one."

"Are these here giants very big uns?" says Jack.

"Well, they're all about six times the size of a natural man, and there's five of 'em. The old man has got four heads and his old woman has got two. The oldest boy has got two heads, and there's a set of twins has got three heads a-piece."

Jack didn't say nothin', just kept studyin' about how hungry he was.

King says, "Think ye can clear that patch, Jack?"

"Why, sure!" says Jack. "All I can do is get killed, or kill them, one."

"All right, son. We'll make arrange-ments about the work after we eat. I expect my old woman's about got dinner ready now. Let's us go on in to the table."

"Thank ye, King," says Jack. "I hope it won't put ye out none."

"Why, no," says the King. "Hit ain't much, but you're welcome to what we got."

Well, Jack eat about all the dinner he could hold, but the King's old woman kept on pilin' up his plate till he was plumb foundered. His dish set there stacked up with chicken and cornbread and beans and greens and pie and cake, and the Queen had done poured him milk for the third time. The old King kept right on, and Jack didn't want them to think he couldn't eat as much as anybody else, so directly he reached down and took hold on the old leather apron he had on and doubled that up under his coat. Then he'd make like he was takin' a bite, but he'd slip it down in that leather apron. He poured about four glasses of milk down there, too. Had to fasten his belt down on it so's it 'uld hold.

Well, directly the King pushed his chair back, and then he and Jack went on out and sat down again, leaned back against the house and lit their pipes.

King says to Jack, says, "If you get that patch cleared, Jack, I'll pay ye a thousand dollars a-piece for ever' giant's head you bring down, and pay ye good wages for gettin' that patch cleared: ten cents a hour."

Jack said that suited him all right, and he got the King to point him out which ridge it was. Then Jack says to the King, "You say them giants live over in the other holler?"

King said they did.

Jack says, "Can they hear ye when ye start hackin'?"

"They sure can," says the King.

Jack didn't say nothin'.

The King says to him, "You don't feel uneasy now, do ye, Jack?"

"Why, no, bedads!" says Jack. "Why, I may be the very giantkiller you been lookin' for. I may not kill all of 'em today, but I'll try to get a start anyhow."

So the King told him maybe he'd better go on to work. Said for him to go on out past the woodpile and get him a axe, says, "You might get in a lick or two 'fore them giants come. You'll find a tree up there where them other men have knocked a couple of chips out'n. You can just start in on that same tree."

So Jack started on out to the woodpile. The King watched him, saw him lean over and pick up a little old Tommy hatchet, says, "Hey, Jack! You'll need the axe, won't ye?"

"Why, no," says Jack. "This here'll do me all right." He started on off, turned around, says, "I'll be back about time for supper."

The old King just grinned and let him go on.

When Jack fin'ly got up on that ridge, he was scared to death. He sat down on a log and studied awhile. He knowed if he started in cuttin', them giants would come up there; and he knowed if he didn't, the King 'uld know he hadn't done no work and he'd likely get fired and wouldn't get no supper. So Jack thought about it some more, then he picked out the tallest poplar he could see, and cloomb up in it, started in choppin' on the limbs way up at the very top . . .

*Hack! Hack! Hack!*

Heard a racket directly, sounded like a horse comin' up through the bresh. Jack looked down the holler, saw a man about thirty foot high comin' a-stompin' up the mountain, steppin' right over the laurel bushes and the rock-clifts. Jack was so scared he like to slipped his hold.

The old giant came on up, looked around till he fin'ly saw where Jack was settin', came over there under him, says, "Hello, stranger."

"Howdy do, daddy."

"What in the world you a-doin' up there?"

"I'm a-clearin' newground for that man lives back down yonder."

"Clearin' land? Well, I never seen such a fool business, start in clearin' newground in the top of a tree! Ain't ye not no sense?"

"Why, that's allus the way we start in clearin' back home."

"What's your name, son?"

"My name's Jack."

"Well, you look-a-here, Jack. This patch of land is ours and we don't aim to have it cleared. We done told the King so."

"Oh, well, then," says Jack, "I didn't know that. If I'd 'a knowed that I'd 'a not started."

"Come on down, Jack. I'll take ye home for supper."

Didn't think Jack 'uld know what he meant. Jack hollered back, says, "All right, daddy. I'll be right down."

Jack cloomb down a ways, got on a limb right over the old giant's head, started in talkin' to him, says, "Daddy, they tell me giants are awful stout. Is that so?"

"Well, some," says the old giant. "I can carry a thousand men before me."

"Well, now, daddy, I bet I can do somethin' you can't do."

"What's that, Jack?"

"Squeeze milk out'n a flint rock."

"I don't believe ye."

"You throw me up a flint rock here and I'll show ye."

So while the old giant hunted him up a flint rock, Jack took his knife and punched a little hole in that old leather apron. The giant chunked the rock up to him and Jack squeezed down on it, pushed up against his apron, and the milk commenced to dreen out . . .

*Dreep, dreep, dreep.*

"Do it again, Jack!"

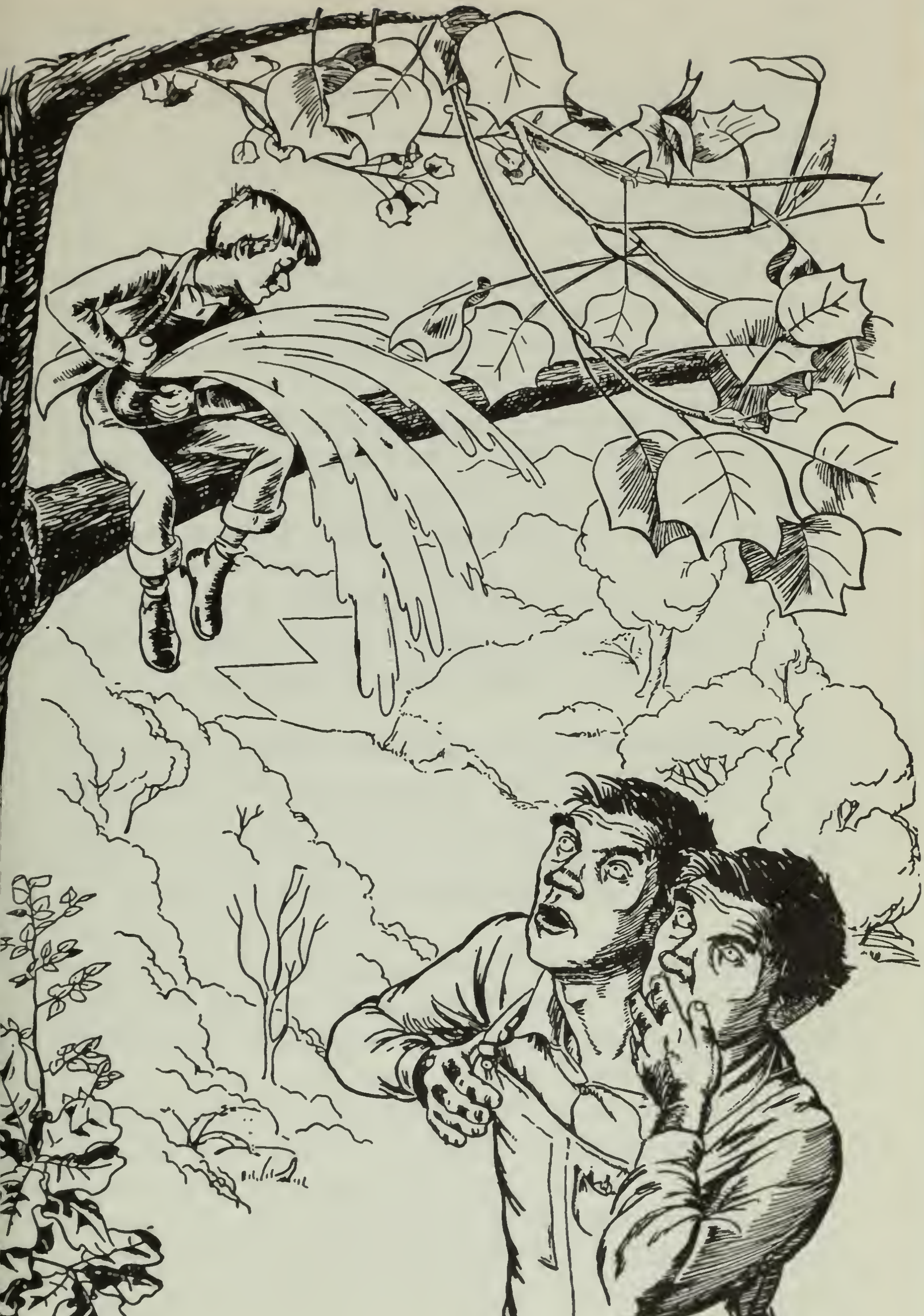
So Jack pushed right hard that time, and hit just went like milkin' a cow.

The old giant hollered up to Jack, says, "Throw me down that rock."

He took the rock and squeezed and squeezed till fin'ly he got so mad he mashed down on it and they tell me he crumbled that flint rock plumb to powder.

Then Jack hollered down to him again, says, "I can do somethin' else you can't do."

"What's that, Jack?"



"I can cut myself wide open and sew it back up. And it won't hurt me none."

"Aw, shucks, Jack. I know you're lyin' now."

"You want to see me do it?"

"Go ahead."

Jack took his knife and ripped open that leather apron, took a piece of string he had, punched some holes, and sewed it back up, says, "See, daddy? I'm just as good as I ever was."

Well, the old giant just couldn't stand to let Jack outdo him, so he hollered up, says, "Hand here the knife, Jack."

Took Jack's knife and cut himself wide open, staggered around a little and fin'ly querled over on the ground dead. Well, Jack, he scaled down the tree and cut off the old giant's heads with that little Tommy hatchet, took 'em on back to the King's house.

The King paid Jack two thousand dollars like he said he would. Jack eat him a big supper and stayed the night. Next mornin', after he eat his breakfast, Jack told the King he reckoned he'd have to be a-gettin' on back home. Said his daddy would be a-needin' him settin' out tobacco.

But the King says, "Oh, no, Jack. Why, you're the best giantkiller I ever hired. There's some more of that giant gang yet, and I'd like awful well to get shet of the whole crowd of 'em."

Jack didn't want to do it. He figgered he'd done made him enough money to last him awhile, and he didn't want to get mixed up with them giants any more'n he could help. But the King kept on after him till Jack saw he couldn't get out of it very handy. So he went and got the Tommy hatchet, started on up to the newground again.

Jack hadn't hardly got up there that time 'fore he heard somethin' comin' up the holler stompin' and breakin' bresh, makin' the awfulest racket. He started to climb him a tree like he done before, but the racket was gettin' closer and closer, and Jack looked and saw it was them twin giants that had three heads a-piece. Jack looked up, saw them six heads a-comin' over the tree tops, says, "Law me! I can't stand that! I'll hide!"

He saw a big holler log down the hill a ways, grabbed him up a shirt-tail full of rocks and shot in that log like a ground squirrel. Hit was pretty big inside there. Jack could turn right around in it.

The old giants fin'ly got there. Jack heard one of 'em say to the other'n, "Law! Look a-yonder! Somebody's done killed brother."

"Law, yes! Now, who you reckon could 'a done that? Why, he could 'a carried a thousand Englishmen before him, singlehanded. I didn't hear no racket up here yesterday, did you?"

"Why, no, and the ground ain't trompled none, neither. Who in the world you reckon could 'a done it?"

Well, they mourned over him awhile, then they 'lowed they'd have to take him on down and fix up a buryin'. So they got hold on him, one by the hands and the other by the feet, started on down.

"Poor brother!" says one of 'em. "If we knowed who it was killed him, we'd sure fix them!"

The other'n stopped all at once, says, "Hold on a minute. There ain't a stick of wood to the house. Mother sent us up here after wood; we sure better not forget that. We'll have to have plenty of wood too, settin' up with brother tonight."

"We better get about the handiest thing we can find," says the other'n. "Look yonder at that holler log. Suppose'n we take that down."

Well, they laid the old dead giant down across the top of that log and shouldered it up. Jack got shook around right considerable inside the log, but after he got settled again, he looked and saw the old giant in front had the log restin' right betwixt his shoulders. And directly Jack happened to recollect he had all them rocks. So after they'd done gone down the holler a little piece, Jack he picked him out a rock and cut-drive at the giant in front—fumped him right in the back of the head. Old giant stumbled, and stopped and hollered back at his brother, says, "You look-a-here! What you a-throwin' rocks at me for?"

"I never so throwed no rocks at you."

"You did so! You nearly knocked me down!"

"Why, I never done it!"

They argued awhile, fin'ly started on down again.

Jack waited a minute or two, then he cut loose with another good-sized rock. *Wham!*

"You con-founded thing! You've done hit me again!"

"I never done no such a thing!"

"You did too!"

"I never teched ye!"

"You're the very one. You needn't try to lie out of it neither. You can see as good as I can there ain't nobody else around here to throw no rocks. You just hit me one other time now, and I'll come back there and smack the fire out-a you!"

They jawed and cussed a right smart while till fin'ly they quit and got started on down again.

Well, this time Jack picked out the sharpest-edged rock he had, drew back and clipped him again right in the same place. *Pow!* The old giant in front hollered so loud you could 'a heard him five miles, throwed that log off'n his shoulder and just made for the other'n says, "That makes three times you've done rocked me! And you'll just take a beatin' from me now or know I can't do it!"

Them twin giants started in to fightin' like horses kickin'. Beat any fightin' ever was seen: pinchin' and bitin' and kickin' and maulin' one another; made a noise like splittin' rails. They fit and scratched and scratched and fit till they couldn't stand up no more. Got to tumblin' around on the ground, knockin' down trees and a-kickin' up rocks and dirt. They were clinched so tight couldn't neither one break loose from the other'n, and directly they were so wore out they just lay there all tangled up in a pile, both of 'em pantin' for breath.

So when Jack saw there wasn't no danger in 'em, he crawled out from that log and chopped off their heads, put 'em in a sack and pulled on back to the King's house.

Well, the old King paid Jack six thousand dollars for that load of heads. Then Jack said he just had to get on home. Said his folks would be uneasy about him, and besides that they couldn't get the work done up unless he was there.

But the King says to him, says, "Why, Jack, there ain't but two more of 'em now. You kill them for me and that'll wind 'em up. Then we won't have no trouble at all about that newground."

Jack said he'd see what he could do: went on back that same evenin'.

This time Jack didn't climb no tree or nothin'. Went to work makin' him a bresh pile, made all the racket he could. The old four-headed giant come a-tearin' up there in no time. Looked around, saw the other giants lyin' there dead, came over to where Jack was, says, "Hello, stranger."

"Hello, yourself."

"What's your name, buddy?"

"My name's Jack—Mister Jack."

"Well, Mister Jack, can you tell me how come all my boys layin' here dead?"

"Yes, bedads, I can tell ye," says Jack. "They came up here cussin' and 'busin' me, and I had to haul off and kill 'em. You just try and sass me ary bit now, and I'll kill you too!"

"Oh, pray, Jack, don't do that! There's only me and the old woman left now, and she's got to have somebody to get in her stovewood and tote up water."

"You better be careful what ye say then. I ain't goin' to take nothin' off nobody."

"Well, now, I don't want to have no racket with ye at all, Mister Jack. You come on down and stay the night with us, help set up with our dead folks, and we'll get fixed to have a buryin' tomorrow."

"Well, I'll go," says Jack, "but you sure better watch out what you say."

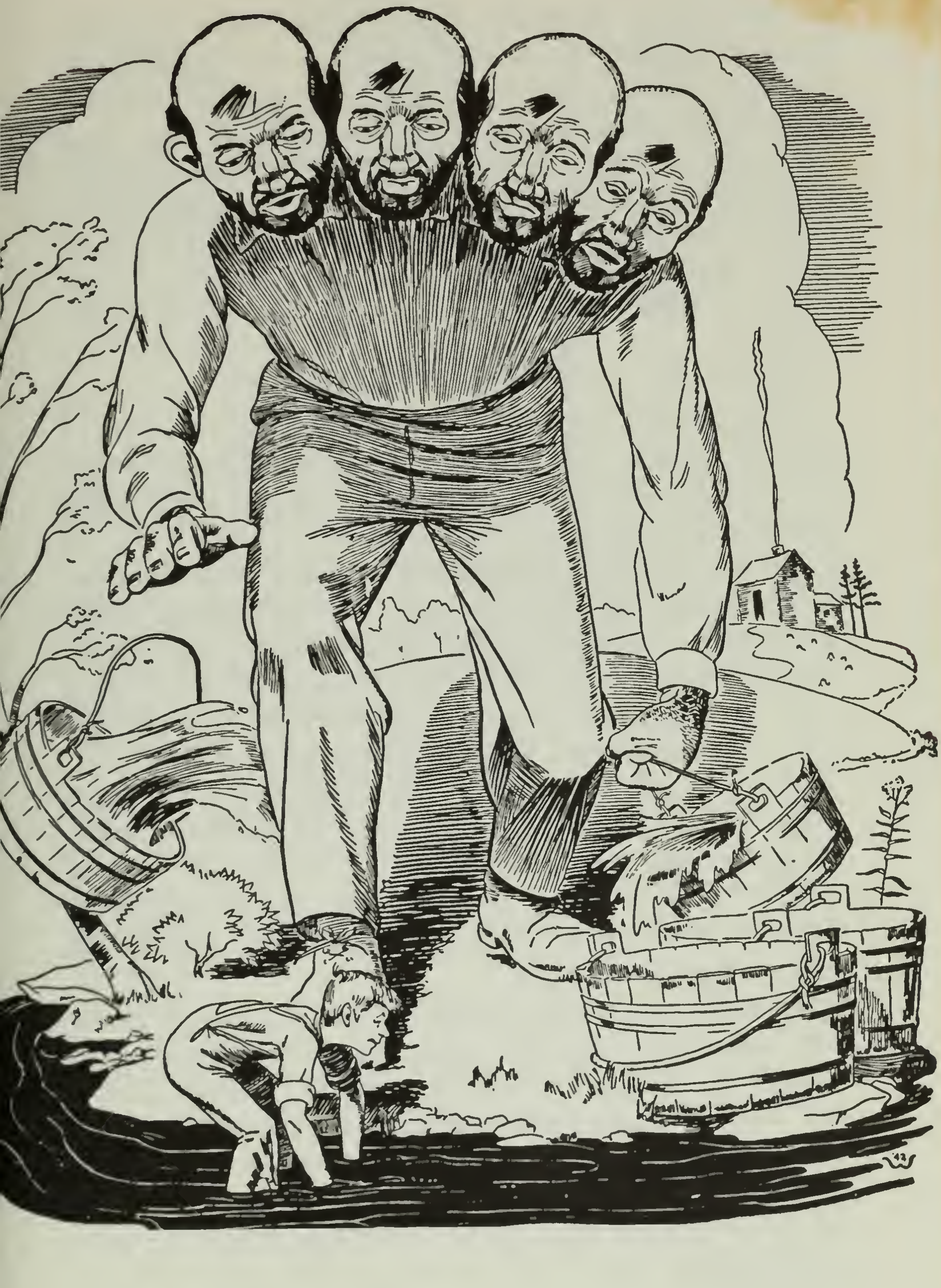
"Oh, I'll not say nothin'," says the old giant. Says, "Law, Jack, you must be the awfulest man!"

So the old giant stuck the dead 'uns under his arm and he and Jack started on down. When they got close to the house, the giant stopped, says to Jack, "Now, Jack, you better wait till I go and tell the old lady you've come down for supper. She might cut a shine. She'll be mad enough already about her boys bein' killed."

He went on in and shut the door. Jack slipped up and laid his ear to the keyhole so's he could hear what they said. Heard him tell his old lady, says, "I've got Jack here, claims to be a giantkiller. I found the boys up yonder at the newground with their heads cut off, and this here Jack says he's the one done it."

The old woman just carried on. Fin'ly the old giant got her hushed, says, "He don't look to me like he's so stout as all that. We'll have to test him out a little, and see whe'er he's as bad as he claims he is."

Directly Jack heard him a-comin' to the door rattlin' buckets. So he stepped back from the house and made like he was just comin' up. The old giant came on out, says, "There ain't a bit of water up, Jack. The old woman wants you and me to tote her some from the creek."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Jack saw he had four piggins big as wash tubs, had rope bails fixed on 'em, had 'em slung on one arm. So they went on down to the creek and the old giant set the piggins down. Stove his two in, got 'em full and started on back. Jack knowed he couldn't even tip one of them things over and hit empty. So he left his two piggins a-layin' there, waded out in the creek and started rollin' up his sleeves. The old giant stopped and looked back, saw Jack spit in his hands and start feelin' around under the water.

"What in the world ye fixin' to do, Jack?"

"Well, daddy," says Jack, "just as soon as I can find a place to ketch a hold, I'm a-going' to take the creek back up there closer to the house where your old woman can get her water everwhen she wants it."

"Oh, no, Jack! Not take the creek back. Hit'll ruin my cornfield. And besides that, my old lady's gettin' sort-a shaky on her feet; she might fall in and get drownded."

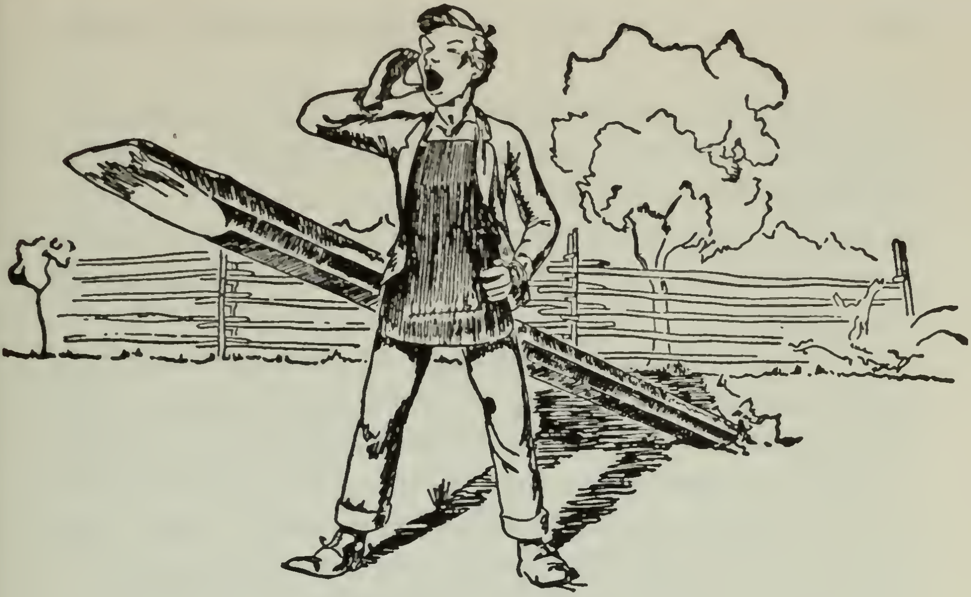
"Well, then," says Jack, "I can't be a-wastin' my time takin' back them two little bitty bucketfulls. Why, I'd not want to be seen totin' such little buckets as them."

"Just leave 'em there, then, Jack. Come on, let's go back to the house. Mind, now, you come on here and leave the creek there where it's at."

When they got back, he told his old woman what Jack had said. Says, "Why, Law me! I had a time gettin' him to leave that creek alone."

He came on out again, told Jack supper wasn't ready yet, said for him to come on and they'd play pitch-crowbar till it was time to eat. They went on down to the level field, the old giant picked up a crowbar from the fence corner. Hit must 'a weighed about a thousand pounds. Says, "Now, Jack, we'll see who can pitch this crowbar the furthest. That's a game me and the boys used to play."

So he heaved it up, pitched it about a hundred yards,



says, "You run get it now, Jack. See can you pitch it back here to where I'm at."

Jack ran to where it fell, reached down and took hold on it. Looked up 'way past the old giant, put his hand up to his mouth, hollers, "Hey, Uncle! Hey, Uncle!"

The old giant looked all around, says, "What you callin' me Uncle for?"

"I ain't callin' you.—Hey! *Uncle!*"

"Who are ye hollerin' at, Jack?"

"Why, I got a uncle over in Virginia," says Jack. "He's a blacksmith and this old crowbar would be the very thing for him to make up into horseshoes. Iron's mighty scarce over there. I thought I'd just pitch this out there to him. —Hey! UNCLE!"

"Oh, no, Jack. I need that crowbar. Pray don't pitch it over in Virginia."

"Well, now," says Jack, "I can't be bothered with pitchin' it back there just to where you are. If I can't pitch it where I want, I'll not pitch it at all."

"Leave it layin' then, Jack. Come on let's go back to the house.—You turn loose of my crowbar now."

They got back, the giant went in and told his old woman he couldn't find out nothin' about Jack. Said for her to test him awhile herself. Says, "I'll go after firewood. You see can't you get him in the oven against I get back, so's we can eat."

Went on out, says to Jack, "I got to go get a turn of wood, Jack. You can go on in the house and get ready for supper."

Jack went on in, looked around, didn't see a thing cookin', and there set a big old-fashioned clay oven with red-hot coals all across it, and the lid layin' to one side.

The old giant lady came at him, had a wash rag in one hand and a comb in the other'n, says, "Come here now, Jacky. Let me wash ye and comb ye for supper."

"You're no need to bother," says Jack. "I can wash."

"Aw, Jack. I allus did wash my own boys before supper. I just want to treat ye like one of my boys."

"Thank ye, m'am, but I gen'ally wash and comb myself."

"Aw, please, Jack. You let me wash ye a little now, and comb your head. Come on, Jacky, set up here on this shelf so's I won't have to stoop over."

Jack looked and saw that shelf was right on one side of the big dirt oven. He cloomb on up on the scaffle, rockled and reeled this-a-way and that-a-way. The old woman kept tryin' to get at him with the rag and comb, but Jack kept on teeterin' around till he slipped off on the wrong side. He cloomb back up and he'd rockle and reel some more. The old woman told him, says, "Sit straight now, Jack. Lean over this way a little. Sakes alive! Don't ye know how to sit up on a shelf?"

"I never tried sittin' on such a board before," says Jack. "I don't know how you mean."

"You get down from there a minute. I reckon I'll have to show ye."

She started to climb up there on the scaffle, says, "You put your shoulder under it, Jack. I'm mighty heavy and I'm liable to break it down."

Jack put his shoulder under the far end, and when the old woman went to turn around and sit, Jack shoved up right quick, fetched her spang in the oven. Grabbed him up a hand-spike and prized the lid on. Then he went and hid behind the door.

Old giant came in directly. Heard somethin' in the oven just a-crackin' and a-poppin'.

"Old woman! Hey, old woman! Jack's a-burnin'."

When she didn't answer, the old giant fin'ly lifted the lid off and there was his old lady just about baked done, says, "Well, I'll be confounded! That's not Jack!"

Jack stepped out from behind the door, says, "No, hit sure ain't. And you better mind out or I'll put you in there too."

"Oh, pray, Jack, don't put me in there. You got us licked, Jack. I'm the only one left now, and I reckon I better just leave this country for good. Now, you help me get out of here, Jack, and I'll go off to some other place and I'll promise not to never come back here no more."

"I'd sure like to help ye, daddy, but I don't think we got time now. Hit's too late."

"Too late? Why, how come, Jack?"

"The King told me he was goin' to send a army of two thousand men down here to kill ye this very day. They ought to be here any minute now."

"Two thousand! That many will kill me sure. Law, what'll I do? Pray, Jack, hide me somewhere."

Jack saw a big chest there in the house, told the old giant to jump in that. Time he got in it and Jack fastened the lid down on him, Jack ran to the window and made-out like that army was a-comin' down the holler, says, "Yonder they come, daddy. Looks to me like about three thousand. I'll try to keep 'em off, though. You keep right still now and I'll do my best not to let 'em get ye."

Jack ran outside the house and commenced makin' a terrible racket, bangin' a stick on the walls, rattlin' the windows, shoutin' and a-hollerin', a-makin'-out like he was a whole army. Fin'ly he ran back in the house, knocked over the table and two or three chairs, says, "You quit that now and get on out of here! I done killed that old giant! No use in you a-breakin' up them chairs. He ain't here I tell ye!"

Then Jack 'uld tumble over some more chairs and throw the dishes around considerable, says, "You all leave them things alone now, 'fore I have to kock some of ye down."

Then he'd run by that chest and beat on it, says, "He ain't in there. You all leave that chest alone. He's dead just like I told ye. Now you men march right on back to the King and tell him I done got shet of them giants and there ain't ary one left."

Well, Jack fin'ly made like he'd done run the army off. Let the old giant out the chest. He was just a-shakin', says, "Jack, I sure do thank ye for not lettin' all them men find out where I was at."

So Jack took the old giant on down to the depot, put him on a freight train, and they hauled him off to China.

The King paid Jack two thousand dollars for bakin' the old giant lady, but he said he couldn't allow him nothin' on the old giant because the trade they'd made was that Jack had to bring in the heads.

Jack didn't care none about that, 'cause his overhall pockets were just a-bulgin' with money when he got back home. He didn't have to clear that newground for the King, neither. He paid his two brothers, Will and Tom, to do it for him.

And the last time I went down to see Jack he was a-doin' real well.

# MODERN FAIRY TALES

Irwin Greenberg

# The Ugly Duckling

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

Translated by Paul Leyssac

*Illustrations by Irwin Greenberg*

IT was so lovely in the country—it was summer! The wheat was yellow, the oats were green, the hay was stacked in the green meadows, and down there the stork went tiptoeing on his red legs, jabbering Egyptian, a language his mother had taught him. Round about the fields and meadows were great forests, and in the midst of those forests lay deep lakes. Yes, it was indeed lovely in the country! Bathed in sunshine there stood an old manor house, surrounded by a deep moat, and from the walls down to the water's edge the bank was covered with great wild rhubarb leaves so high that little children could stand upright under the biggest of them. The place was as much of a wilderness as the densest wood, and there sat a duck on her nest; she was busy hatching her ducklings, but she was almost tired of it, because sitting is such a tedious business, and she had very few callers. The other ducks thought it more fun to swim about in the moat than to come and have a gossip with her under a wild rhubarb leaf.

At last one eggshell after another began to crack open. "Cheep, cheep!" All the yolks had come to life and were sticking out their heads.

"Quack, quack," said the duck, and all her ducklings came scurrying out as fast as they could, looking about

From *It's Perfectly True and Other Stories,* by Hans Christian Andersen, translated by Paul Leyssac. Copyright 1938 by Paul Leyssac. Published by Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc.

under the green leaves, and their mother let them look as much as they liked, because green is good for the eyes.

"How big the world is!" said all the ducklings, for they felt much more comfortable now than when they were lying in the egg.

"Do you imagine this is the whole of the world?" asked their mother. "It goes far beyond the other side of the garden, right into the Rector's field, but I've never been there yet. I hope you're all here," she went on, and hoisted herself up. "No, I haven't got all of you even now; the biggest egg is still there. I wonder how much longer it will take! I'm getting rather bored with the whole thing." And she squatted down again on the nest.

"Well, how are you getting on?" asked an old duck who came to call on her.

"That last egg is taking an awfully long time," said the brooding duck. "It won't break; but let me show you the others, they're the sweetest ducklings I've ever seen. They are all exactly like their father; the scamp—he never comes to see me!"

"Let me look at the egg that won't break," said the old duck. "You may be sure it's a turkey's egg. I was fooled like that once, and the trouble and bother I had with those youngsters, because they were actually afraid of the water! I simply couldn't get them to go in! I quacked at them and I snapped at them, but it was no use. Let me see the egg—of course it's a turkey's egg. Leave it alone, and teach the other children to swim."

"Oh, well, if I've taken so much trouble I may just as well sit a little longer," said the duck.

"Please yourself," said the old duck, and she waddled off.

At last the big egg cracked. "Cheep, cheep!" said the youngster, scrambling out; he was so big and ugly! The duck looked at him: "What a frightfully big duckling that one is," she said. "None of the others looked like that!

Could he possibly be a turkey chick? We'll soon find out; he'll have to go into the water, even if I have to kick him in myself!"

The next day the weather was simply glorious; the sun shone on all the wild rhubarb plants. Mother Duck appeared with her family down by the moat. Splash! There she was in the water! "Quack, quack," she said, and one duckling after another plumped in. The water closed over their heads, but they were up again in a second and floated beautifully. Their legs worked of their own accord; they were all out in the water now, and even the ugly gray creature was swimming along with them.

"That's no turkey!" she said. "Look how nicely he uses his legs, and how straight he holds himself! He's my own flesh and blood, I tell you. He isn't really so bad when you take a good look at him. Quack, quack—come along with me, I'll bring you out into the world and introduce you to the duckyard, but keep close to me or you may get stepped on, and look out for the cat!"

So they made their entrance into the duckyard. What a pandemonium there was! Two families were quarreling over an eel's head; but in the end the cat got it.

"There you are, that's the way of the world!" said Mother Duck, licking her lips, for she did so want the eel's head herself. "Now use your legs," she said. "Move about briskly and curtsey with your necks to the old duck over there; she is the most aristocratic person here, and of Spanish blood, that's why she is so stout; and be sure to observe that red rag round her leg. It's a great distinction, and the highest honor that can be bestowed upon a duck: it means that her owner wishes to keep her, and that she is to be specially noticed by man and beast. Now hurry! Don't turn your toes in; a well-brought-up duckling turns his toes out just as father and mother do—like that. That's right! Now make a deep curtsey with your necks and say, 'Quack, quack!' "

And they did as they were told; but the other ducks all round about looked at them and said out loud, "There now! have we got to have that crowd too? As if there weren't enough of us already; and ugh! what a dreadful-looking creature that duckling is! We won't put up with him." And immediately a duck rushed at him and bit him in the neck.

"Leave him alone," said the mother. "He's not bothering any of you."

"I know," said the duck who had bitten him, "but he's too big and odd. What he wants is a good smacking."

"Those are pretty children you've got, Mother," said the old duck with the rag round her leg. "They are all nice-looking except that one—he didn't turn out so well. I wish he could be made all over again!"

"That can't be done, Your Grace," said Mother Duck. "He's not handsome, but he's as good as gold, and he swims as well as any of the others, I daresay even a little better. I expect his looks will improve, or perhaps in time his size won't be so noticeable. He was in the egg too long, that's why he isn't properly shaped." And she pecked his neck and brushed up the little man. "As it happens he's a drake," she added, "so it doesn't matter quite so much. I think he'll be a strong fellow, and I'm sure he'll make his mark in the world."

"The other ducklings are lovely," said the old duck. "Make yourselves at home, and if you find an eel's head —you may bring it to me."

So at once they felt at home.

But the poor duckling who was the last to be hatched, and who looked so ugly, was bitten and buffeted about and made fun of both by the ducks and the hens. "He's too big!" they all said. And the turkey-cock, who was born with spurs and consequently thought he was an Emperor, blew himself up like a ship in full sail and made for him, gobbling and gabbling till his wattles were quite purple. The poor duckling did not know where to turn; he was so miserable because of his ugliness, and because he was the butt of the whole barnyard.

And so it went on all the first day, and after that matters grew worse and worse. The poor duckling was chased about by everyone; his own brothers and sisters were downright nasty to him and always said, "I hope the cat gets you, you skinny bag of bones!" And even his mother said, "I wish you were miles away!" And the ducks bit him and the hens pecked him, and the girl who fed them kicked him with her foot.

So, half running and half flying, he got over the fence.

The little birds in the bushes rose up in alarm. "That's because I'm so ugly," thought the duckling, and closed his eyes, but he kept on running, and finally came out into the great marsh where the wild ducks lived. There he lay the whole night long, tired and downhearted.

In the morning the wild ducks flew up and looked at their new companion. "What sort of a fellow are you?" they asked, and the duckling turned in all directions, bowing to everybody as nicely as he could.

"You're appallingly ugly!" said the wild ducks, "but why should we care so long as you don't marry into our family?" Poor thing! as if he had any thought of marrying! All he wanted to do was to lie among the reeds, and to drink a little marsh water.

So he lay there for two whole days, and then came two wild geese, or rather ganders, for they were two young men; they had not been out of the egg very long, and that was why they were so cocky.

"Listen, young fellow," they said. "You're so ugly that we quite like you. Will you join us and be a bird of passage? Close by, in another marsh there are some lovely wild geese, all nice young girls, and they can all say 'Quack.' You're so ugly that you might appeal to them."

Two shots rang out—bang! bang!—both ganders fell dead among the reeds, and the water was reddened with their blood. Bang! bang! was heard again, and whole flocks of wild geese flew up from the reeds, and—bang! bang! bang! again and again. A great shoot was going on. The men were lying under cover all round the marsh, and some of them were even up in the trees whose branches stretched out above the reeds. Blue smoke drifted in among the dark trees and was carried far out over the water. Through the mud came the gun-dogs—splash! splash!—bending down the reeds and rushes on every side. The poor duckling was scared out of his wits, and tried to hide his head under his wing, when suddenly a fierce-looking dog came close to him, with his tongue hanging far out of his mouth, and his wild eyes gleaming horribly. He opened his jaws wide, showed his sharp teeth, and—splash! splash!—off he went without touching the duckling.

"Thank heaven!" he sighed. "I'm so ugly that even the dog won't bother to bite me!"

And so he lay perfectly still, while the shots rattled through the reeds as gun after gun was fired.

It was towards evening when everything quieted down, but the poor duckling dared not stir yet. He waited several hours before he looked about him, and then hurried away from the marsh as fast as he could. He ran over field and meadow, hardly able to fight against the strong wind.

Late that night he reached a wretched little hut, so wretched, in fact, that it did not know which way to fall, and that is why it remained standing upright. The wind whistled so fiercely round the duckling that the poor thing simply had to sit down on his little tail to resist it.

The storm grew worse and worse. Then he noticed that the door had come off one of its hinges and hung so crooked that he could slip into the room through the opening, and that is what he did.

An old woman lived here with her tom-cat and her hen. The cat, whom she called "Sonny," knew how to arch his back and purr; in fact he could even give out sparks, but for that you had to rub his fur the wrong way. The hen had little short legs and was called "Stumpy." She was an excellent layer and the old woman loved her as her own child.

Next morning they at once noticed the strange duckling; the cat began to purr and the hen to cluck.

"What's the matter?" asked the old woman, looking about her; but her eyes were not very good, and so she mistook the duckling for a fat duck that had lost her way. "What a windfall!" she said. "Now I shall have duck's eggs—if it doesn't happen to be a drake. We must make sure of that." So the duckling was taken on trial for three weeks, but not a single egg came along.

Now the cat was master of the house, and the hen was mistress, and they always said, "We, and the world"; for they imagined themselves to be not only half the world, but by far the better half. The duckling thought that other people might be allowed to have an opinion too, but the hen could not see that at all.

"Can you lay eggs?" she asked.

"No."

"Well, then, you'd better keep your mouth shut!"

And the cat said, "Can you arch your back, purr, and give out sparks?"

"No."

"Well, then, you can't have any opinion worth offering when sensible people are speaking."

The duckling sat in a corner, feeling very gloomy and depressed; then he suddenly thought of the fresh air and the bright sunshine, and such a longing came over

Irwin Greenberg

him to swim in the water that he could not help telling the hen about it.

"What's the matter with you?" asked the hen. "You haven't got anything to do, that's why you get these silly ideas. Either lay eggs or purr and you'll soon be all right."

"But it's so delightful to swim in the water," said the duckling, "so delightful to get it over your head and dive down to the bottom!"

"Yes, it must be delightful!" said the hen. "You've gone crazy, I think. Ask the cat, the cleverest creature I know, if he likes swimming or diving. I say nothing of myself. Ask our mistress, the old woman, as well; no one in the world is wiser than she. Do you think she would like to swim, or to get the water over her head?"

"You don't understand me," said the duckling.

"Well, if we don't understand you, then who would? You surely don't imagine you're wiser than the cat or the old woman?—not to mention myself, of course. Don't give yourself such airs, child, but be grateful to your Maker for all the kindness you have received. Didn't you get into a warm room, and haven't you fallen in with people who can teach you a thing or two? But you talk such nonsense, it's no fun at all to have you about. Believe me, I wish you well. I tell you unpleasant things, but that's the way to know one's real friends. Come on, hurry up, see that you lay eggs, and do learn how to purr or to give out sparks!"

"I think I had better go out into the wide world," said the duckling.

"Please yourself," said the hen.

So the duckling went away: he swam in the water and dived down into it, but he was still snubbed by every creature because of his ugliness.

Autumn set in. The leaves in the woods turned yellow and brown: the wind caught them and whirled them about; up in the air it looked very cold. The clouds hung low, heavy with hail and snowflakes, and on the fence perched the raven, trembling with the cold and croaking, "Caw! Caw!" The mere thought of it was enough to make anybody shiver. The poor duckling was certainly to be pitied!

One evening, when the sun was setting in all its splendor, a large flock of big handsome birds came out of the bushes. The duckling had never before seen anything quite so beautiful as these birds. They were dazzlingly white, with long supple necks—they were swans! They uttered a most uncanny cry, and spread their splendid great wings to fly away from the cold regions, away to warmer countries, to open lakes. They rose so high, so very high in the air, that a strange feeling came over the ugly little duckling as he watched them. He turned round and round in the water like a wheel, craned his neck to follow their flight, and uttered a cry so loud and strange that it frightened him.

He could not forget those noble birds, those happy birds, and when they were lost to sight he dived down to the bottom of the water; then when he came up again he was quite beside himself. He did not know what the birds were called, nor where they were flying to, and yet he loved them more than he had ever loved anything. He did not envy them in the least; it would never have occurred to him to want such beauty for himself. He would have been quite content if only the ducks would have put up with him—the poor ugly creature!

And the winter grew so cold, so bitterly cold. The duckling was forced to swim about in the water to keep it from freezing altogether, but every night the opening became smaller and smaller; at last it froze so hard that the ice made cracking noises, and the duckling had to keep on paddling to prevent the opening from closing up. In the end he was exhausted and lay quite still, caught in the ice.

Early next morning a farmer came by, and when he saw him he went on to the ice, broke it with his wooden shoe, and carried him home to his wife. There the duckling revived.

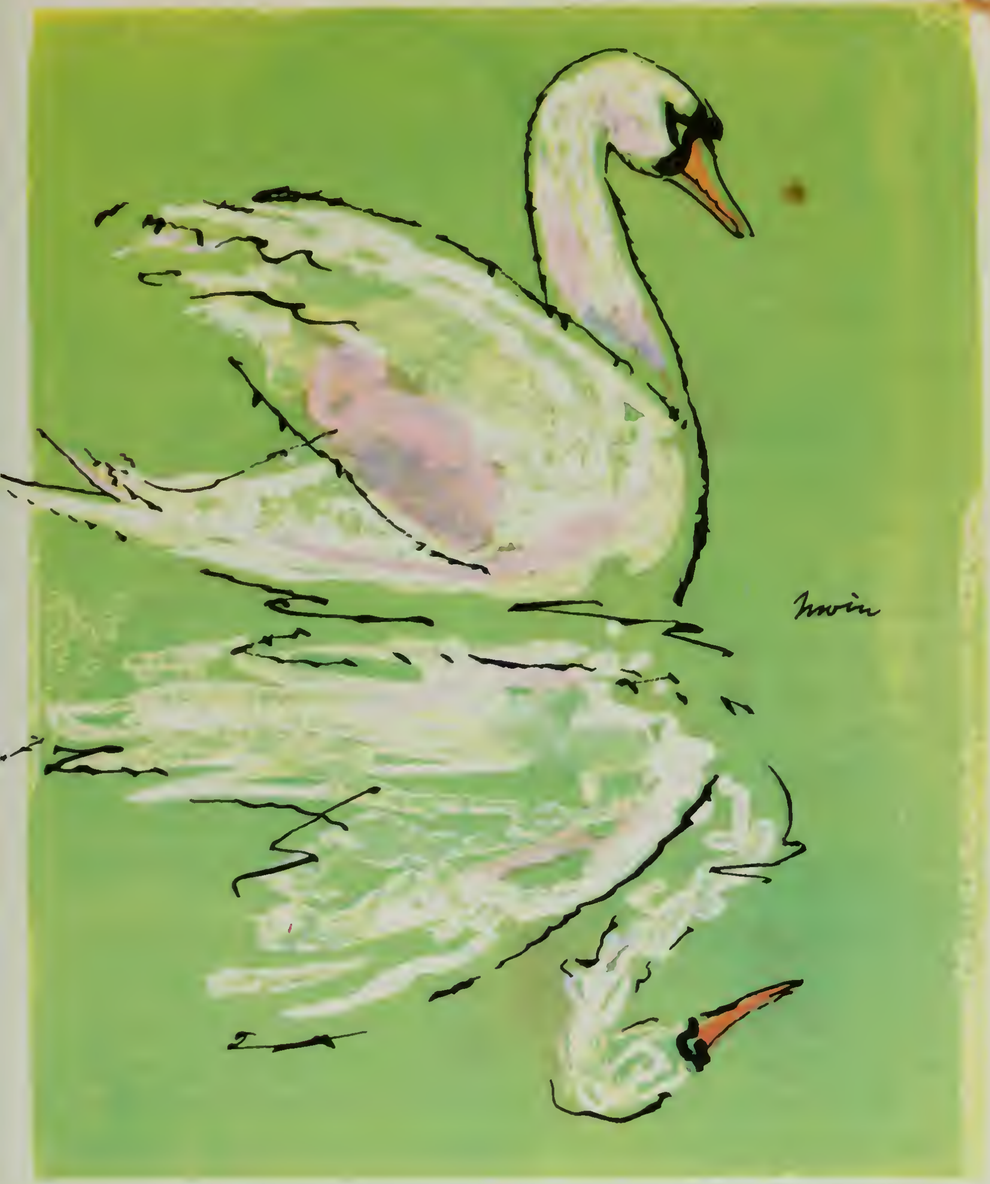
The children wanted to play with him, but he thought they meant to do him harm, so he fluttered, terrified, into the milk-pail, splashing the milk all over the room. The woman screamed and threw up her hands in fright. Then he flew into the butter-tub, and from that into the flour-barrel and out again. What a sight he was! The woman shrieked and struck at him with the tongs. Laughing and shouting, the children fell over each other trying to catch him. Fortunately the door was open, so the duckling dashed out into the bushes and lay there in the newly fallen snow, as if in a daze.

It would be too sad, however, to tell all the trouble and misery he had to suffer during that cruel winter. . . . When the sun began to shine warmly he found himself once more in the marsh among the reeds. The larks were singing—it was spring, beautiful spring!

Then suddenly he spread his wings; the sound of their whirring made him realize how much stronger they had grown, and they carried him powerfully along. Before he knew it, he found himself in a great garden where the apple trees stood in bloom, and the lilac filled the air with its fragrance, bending down the long green branches over the meandering streams.

It was so lovely here, so full of the freshness of spring. And look! from out of the thicket in front of him came three beautiful white swans. They ruffled their feathers proudly, and floated so lightly on the water. The duckling recognized the glorious creatures, and felt a strange sadness come over him.

"I will fly near those royal birds, and they will peck me to death for daring to bring my ugly self near them. But that doesn't matter in the least! Better to be killed by



them than to be bitten by the ducks, pecked by the hens, kicked by the girl in charge of the hen-run, and suffer untold agony in winter."

Then he flew into the water and swam towards the beautiful swans. They saw him and dashed at him with outspread rustling feathers. "Kill me," said the poor creature, and he bowed his head down upon the surface of the stream, expecting death. But what was this he saw mirrored in the clear water? He saw beneath him his own image, but it was no longer the image of an awkward dirty gray bird, ugly and repulsive—he himself was a swan!

It does not matter being born in a duckyard, if only one has lain in a swan's egg.

He felt quite glad to have been through so much trouble and adversity, for now he could fully appreciate not only his own good fortune, but also all the beauty that greeted him. The great swans swam round him and stroked him with their beaks.

Some little children came into the garden to throw bread and corn into the water, and the youngest exclaimed, "There's a new one!" And the other children chimed in, "Yes, there's a new one!" They clapped their hands, danced about, and ran to fetch their father and mother.

Bread and cake were thrown into the water, and everyone said, "The new one is the most beautiful of all! He's so young and handsome!" And the old swans bowed to him.

That made him feel quite embarrassed, and he put his head under his wing, not knowing what it was all about. An overwhelming happiness filled him, and yet he was not at all proud, for a good heart never becomes proud.

He remembered how once he had been despised and persecuted; and now he heard everyone saying that he was the most beautiful of all beautiful birds.

And the lilac bushes dipped their branches into the water before him; and the sun shone warm and mild. He rustled his feathers and held his graceful neck high, and from the depths of his heart he joyfully exclaimed, "I never dreamt that so much happiness was possible when I was the ugly duckling."

# The Steadfast Tin Soldier

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

Translated by Paul Leyssac

*Illustrations by Irwin Greenberg*

ONCE upon a time there were five-and-twenty tin soldiers; they were all brothers, for they were born of the same old tin spoon. They shouldered arms and looked straight in front of them in their fascinating red and blue uniforms. The very first thing they heard in this world, when the lid was taken off their box, was, "Tin soldiers!" A little boy shouted it, and clapped his hands; the soldiers were a present, for it was his birthday, and now he was busy setting them up on the table. Each soldier was the living image of the others, but there was one who was a little bit different. He had only one leg, for he was the last to be cast and the tin had run out. Still, there he stood, just as steadfast on his one leg as the others on their two; and he is the tin soldier we are going to hear about.

On the table where the soldiers had been set up stood a great many other toys, but the thing that caught the eye more than anything else was a wonderful paper castle, with little windows through which you could see straight in to the halls. In front of the castle there were little trees round a tiny looking-glass that was supposed to be a lake. Swans made of wax swam on it, and were mirrored in the glass. This was all very pretty, but the prettiest was a little lady who stood in the open doorway of the castle; she too was cut out of paper, but she had on a skirt of the very finest lawn, and a little narrow blue ribbon over her

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shoulder like a scarf; in the middle of it was placed a glittering spangle as big as the whole of her tiny face. The little lady held both her arms outstretched—for she was a dancer—and also lifted one of her legs so high that the tin soldier couldn't see it at all, and thought she had only one leg like himself.

"That's the wife for me," he thought, "but she's a very grand lady. She lives in a castle, and I've only got a box, and there are five-and-twenty of us to share it; it's no place for her. All the same I must get to know her." And then he laid himself down full length behind a snuff-box standing on the table. From there he could watch the graceful little lady who kept standing on one leg without losing her balance.

When it was getting late, all the other tin soldiers were put into their box, and the people in the house went to bed. Then the toys began to play, and they played at receiving visitors, at having wars, and giving balls. The tin soldiers rattled in their box, for they wanted to take part in the fun, but they could not get the lid off. The nut-crackers turned somersaults, the slate pencil capered about on the slate; finally there was so much noise that the canary woke up and began to talk—and that in verse, if you please! The only two who did not stir were the tin soldier and the little dancer: she stood firm on the tip of her toe with both arms outstretched; he stood just as steadfast on his one leg, and never took his eyes off her for a moment.

Then the clock struck twelve, and—pop!—up sprang the lid of the snuff-box; but there was no snuff in it, no, there was a little black imp—you see it was a trick-box.

"Tin soldier," said the imp, "kindly keep your eyes to yourself."

But the tin soldier pretended not to hear.

"Just you wait till tomorrow," said the imp.

Well, when tomorrow came and the children got up, the tin soldier was put on the window-sill, and all of a sudden—it was either due to the imp or to the draught—the window flew open, and the soldier fell head first out from the third story. It was a hair-raising fall. He found himself standing on his cap, with his bayonet buried between the paving stones, and his one leg pointing straight up in the air.

The servant and the little boy rushed down immediately to look for him, but though they almost stepped on him, they never saw him. If the soldier had shouted, "Here I am!" they would certainly have found him, but he thought it beneath his dignity to shout when he was in uniform.

Then it began to rain; the drops followed each other faster and faster, until it became a regular downpour. When it was all over, two urchins came along.

"Crikey!" said one of them, "here's a tin soldier! Let's send him sailing!"

So they made a boat out of a newspaper, placed the tin soldier right in the middle of it, and off he sailed, down the gutter; the two boys ran along beside him, clapping their hands. Did you ever see waves like that in the gutter—and did you ever see such a strong current? Now don't forget that it had been raining cats and dogs. The paper boat danced up and down, and sometimes whirled round so rapidly that the tin soldier was shaken from head to foot—but he remained steadfast, never blinked an eyelash, looked straight ahead, and kept on shouldering arms.

Suddenly the boat sailed under a long plank covering the gutter. It was as dark there as if he had been in his box.

"I wonder where I can be going?" he thought. "I bet it's the imp wanting to get even with me! Oh, if only the little lady were here with me in the boat, it could be twice as dark for all I'd care!"

At that very moment there appeared a great water rat who lived under the plank.

"Got your passport?" asked the rat. "Haul it out!"

The tin soldier said nothing, but held his rifle tighter than ever. The boat rushed on and the rat after it, gnashing his teeth horribly, and calling out to sticks and straws, "Stop him! Stop him! He hasn't paid any toll! He hasn't shown his passport!"

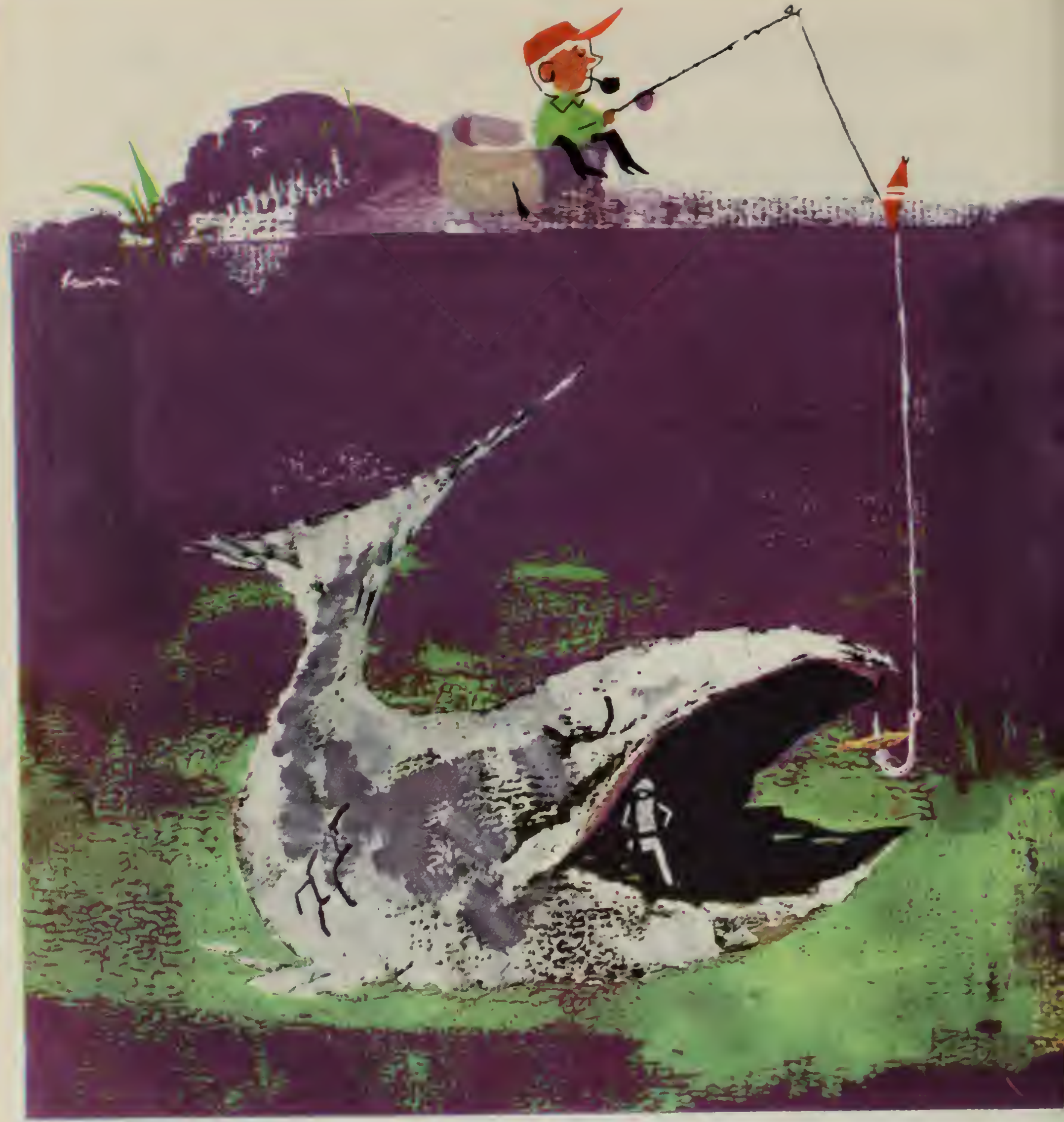
But the current became stronger and stronger; the tin soldier could already catch a glimpse of daylight where the plank ended, but he also heard a roaring noise which might very well have frightened the bravest man; for, just imagine! at the end of the plank the water rushed out into a huge canal. The situation was as dangerous for him as shooting a great waterfall would be for us.

By now he had got so near the place that he could not possibly stop. The boat darted out, and the poor tin soldier held himself as stiffly as he could—no one should say of him that he even blinked an eye. The boat whirled round three or four times and filled with water to the very brim; it was bound to sink. The tin soldier was already up to his neck in water. The boat sank deeper and deeper, the paper grew softer and softer. The water now closed over the soldier's head; then he thought of the pretty little dancer whom he would never see again, and in his ears rang the old song:

*Here comes a candle to light you to bed,*
*Here comes a chopper to chop off your head.*

Then the paper fell to pieces, and the tin soldier went right through, and was immediately swallowed by a great fish!

Heavens! How appallingly dark it was inside—worse than under the plank! And besides it was terribly cramped, but the tin soldier was as steadfast as ever, and lay there full length with shouldered arms.



The fish bounced about, making the most awful contortions, and finally lay absolutely still. Something like a streak of lightning flashed through it, broad daylight appeared, and a voice was heard exclaiming, "Look who's here!" The fish had been caught, taken to market and sold, and had now landed in a kitchen where the cook cut it open with a knife.

She seized the soldier by his middle and carried him into the sitting-room where everybody wanted to see so remarkable a fellow, who had traveled about in the inside of a fish. But the tin soldier was not at all proud of it. He was placed on the table, and there—now, isn't that the most extraordinary coincidence?—the tin soldier found himself in the very same room he had been in before! He saw the very same children and the very same toys on the table; the beautiful castle with the pretty little dancer was still there; she was still balancing herself on one leg, and lifting the other high up. She too was steadfast! That moved the tin soldier; he almost wept tin tears—only that isn't done in uniform. He looked at her and she looked at him, but they said nothing.

At that very moment one of the little boys picked up the soldier and threw him into the stove. There was no reason why he should have done that; it was undoubtedly the imp in the snuff-box who was to blame for it.

The tin soldier stood all lit up, and felt a heat that was terrible, but whether it came from the real fire or from love, he did not know. He had lost all his bright colors, but whether that had happened on his voyage, or had been caused by sorrow, nobody could tell. He looked at the little lady, she looked at him, and he felt that he was melting, but still he stood steadfast with shouldered arms. Then suddenly a door opened, the wind caught the dancer, and she flew, like a sylph, into the stove to the tin soldier, blazed up in a flame, and was gone. The tin soldier melted down into a lump, and when next day the servant took out the ashes, she found him in the shape of a little tin heart. But of the dancer nothing remained except the spangle, and that was burnt as black as coal.

# The Apple of Contentment

BY HOWARD PYLE

*Illustrations by Irwin Greenberg*

## 1

THERE was a woman once, and she had three daughters. The first daughter squinted with both eyes, yet the woman loved her as she loved salt, for she herself squinted with both eyes. The second daughter had one shoulder higher than the other, and eyebrows as black as soot in the chimney, yet the woman loved her as well as she loved the other, for she herself had black eyebrows and one shoulder higher than the other. The youngest daughter was as pretty as a ripe apple, and had hair as fine as silk and the color of pure gold, but the woman loved her not at all, for, as I have said, she herself was neither pretty, nor had she hair of the color of pure gold. Why all this was so, even Hans Pfifendrummel cannot tell, though he has read many books and one over.

The first sister and the second sister dressed in their Sunday clothes every day, and sat in the sun doing nothing, just as though they had been born ladies, both of them.

As for Christine—that was the name of the youngest girl—as for Christine, she dressed in nothing but rags, and had to drive the geese to the hills in the morning and home again in the evening, so that they might feed on the young grass all day and grow fat.

The first sister and the second sister had white bread

From *Pepper and Salt*, by Howard Pyle. Published by Harper & Brothers.

(and butter beside) and as much fresh milk as they could drink; but Christine had to eat cheese-parings and bread-crusts, and had hardly enough of them to keep Goodman Hunger from whispering in her ear.

This was how the churn clacked in that house!

Well, one morning Christine started off to the hills with her flock of geese, and in her hands she carried her knitting, at which she worked to save time. So she went along the dusty road until, by-and-by, she came to a place where a bridge crossed the brook, and what should she see there but a little red cap, with a silver bell at the point of it, hanging from the alder branch. It was such a nice, pretty little red cap that Christine thought that she would take it home with her, for she had never seen the like of it in all of her life before.

So she put it in her pocket, and then off she went with her geese again. But she had hardly gone two-score of paces when she heard a voice calling her, "Christine! Christine!"

She looked, and who should she see but a queer little gray man, with a great head as big as a cabbage and little legs as thin as young radishes.

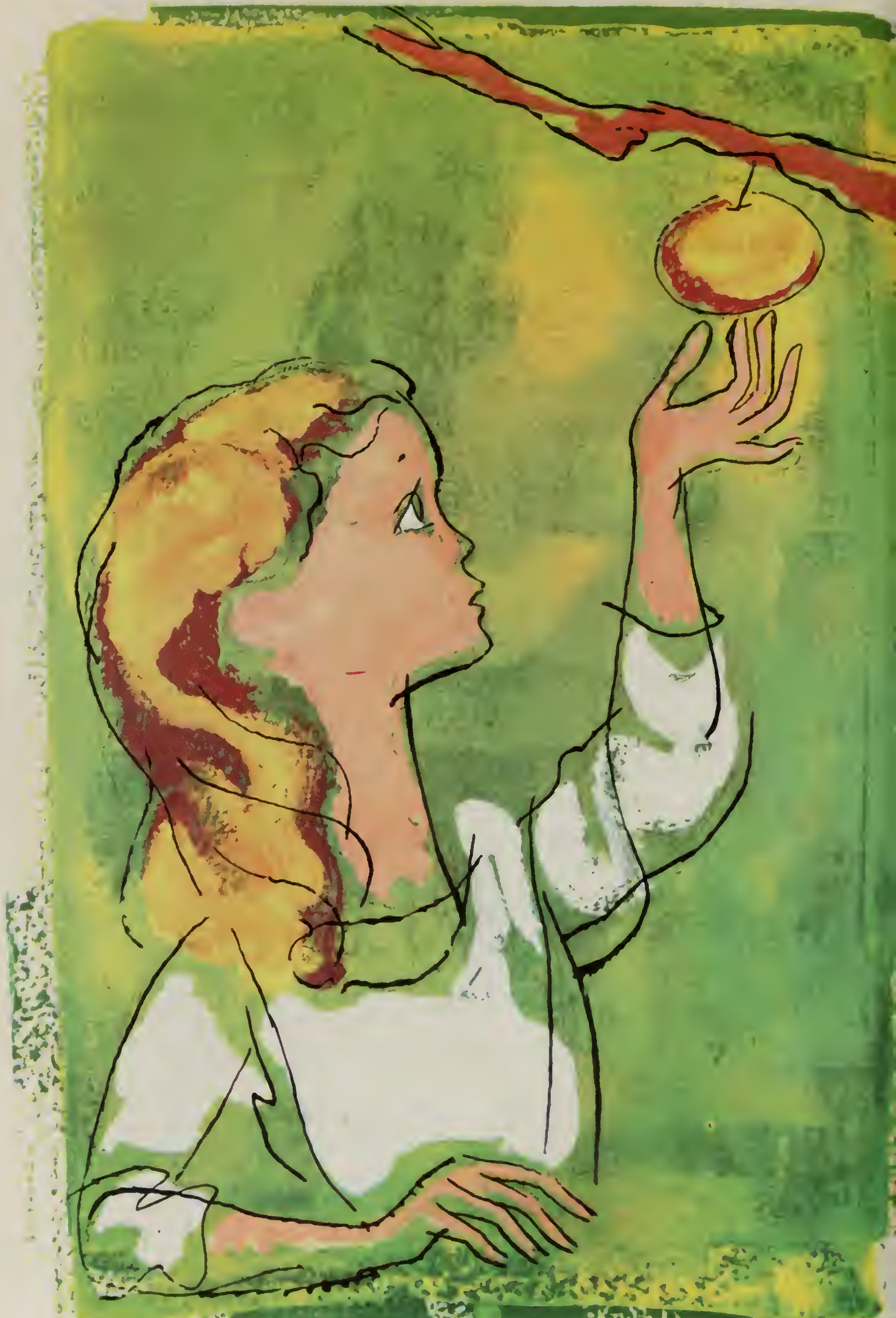
"What do you want?" said Christine, when the little man had come to where she was.

Oh, the little man only wanted his cap again, for without it he could not go back home into the hill—that was where he belonged.

But how did the cap come to be hanging from the bush? Yes, Christine would like to know that before she gave it back again.

Well, the little hill-man was fishing by the brook over yonder when a puff of wind blew his cap into the water, and he just hung it up to dry. That was all that there was about it; and now would Christine please give it to him?

Christine did not know how about that; perhaps she would and perhaps she would not. It was a nice, pretty



little cap; what would the little underground man give her for it? that was the question.

Oh, the little man would give her five thalers for it, and gladly.

No; five thalers was not enough for such a pretty little cap—see, there was a silver bell hanging to it too.

Well, the little man did not want to be hard at a bargain; he would give her a hundred thalers for it.

No; Christine did not care for money. What else would he give for this nice, dear little cap?

"See, Christine," said the little man, "I will give you this for the cap"; and he showed her something in his hand that looked just like a bean, only it was as black as a lump of coal.

"Yes, good; but what is that?" said Christine.

"That," said the little man, "is a seed from the apple of contentment. Plant it, and from it will grow a tree, and from the tree an apple. Everybody in the world that sees the apple will long for it, but nobody in the world can pluck it but you. It will always be meat and drink to you when you are hungry, and warm clothes to your back when you are cold. Moreover, as soon as you pluck it from the tree, another as good will grow in its place. *Now*, will you give me my hat?"

Oh yes; Christine would give the little man his cap for such a seed as that, and gladly enough. So the little man gave Christine the seed, and Christine gave the little man his cap again. He put the cap on his head, and —puff!—away he was gone, as suddenly as the light of a candle when you blow it out.

So Christine took the seed home with her, and planted it before the window of her room. The next morning when she looked out of the window she beheld a beautiful tree, and on the tree hung an apple that shone in the sun as though it were pure gold. Then she went to the tree and plucked the apple as easily as though it were a gooseberry, and as soon as she had plucked it another as good grew in its place. Being hungry she ate it, and thought that she had never eaten anything as good, for it tasted like pancake with honey and milk.

By-and-by the oldest sister came out of the house and looked around, but when she saw the beautiful tree with the golden apple hanging from it you can guess how she stared.

Presently she began to long and long for the apple as she had never longed for anything in her life. "I will just pluck it," said she, "and no one will be the wiser for it." But that was easier said than done. She reached and reached, but she might as well have reached for the moon; she climbed and climbed, but she might as well have climbed for the sun—for either one would have been as easy to get as that which she wanted. At last she had to give up trying for it, and her temper was none the sweeter for that, you may be sure.

After a while came the second sister, and when she saw the golden apple she wanted it just as much as the first had done. But to want and to get are very different things, as she soon found, for she was no more able to get it than the other had been.

Last of all came the mother, and she also strove to pluck the apple. But it was no use. She had no more luck of her trying than her daughters; all that the three could do was to stand under the tree and look at the apple, and wish for it and wish for it.

They are not the only ones who have done the like, with the apple of contentment hanging just above them.

As for Christine, she had nothing to do but to pluck an apple whenever she wanted it. Was she hungry? there was the apple hanging in the tree for her. Was she thirsty? there was the apple. Cold? there was the apple. So you see, she was the happiest girl betwixt all the seven hills that stand at the ends of the earth; for nobody in the world can have more than contentment, and that was what the apple brought her.

## 2

One day a king came riding along the road, and all of his people with him. He looked up and saw the apple hanging in the tree, and a great desire came upon him to have a taste of it. So he called one of the servants to him, and told him to go and ask whether it could be bought for a potful of gold.

So the servant went to the house, and knocked on the door—rap! tap! tap!

"What do you want?" said the mother of the three sisters, coming to the door.

Oh, nothing much; only a king was out there in the road, and wanted to know if she would sell the apple yonder for a potful of gold.

Yes, the woman would do that. Just pay her the pot of gold and he might go and pluck it and welcome.

So the servant gave her the pot of gold, and then he tried to pluck the apple. First he reached for it, and then he climbed for it, and then he shook the limb.

But it was no use for him to try; he could no more get it—well—than *I* could if I had been in his place.

At last the servant had to go back to the King. The apple was there, he said, and the woman had sold it, but try and try as he would he could no more get it than he could get the little stars in the sky.

The the King told the steward to go and get it for him; but the steward, though he was a tall man and a strong man, could no more pluck the apple than the servant.

So he had to go back to the King with an empty fist. No; he could not gather it, either.

Then the King himself went. He knew that he could pluck it—of course he could! Well, he tried and tried; but nothing came of his trying, and he had to ride away at last without having had so much as a smell of the apple.

After the King came home, he talked and dreamed and thought of nothing but the apple; for the more he could not get it the more he wanted it—that is the way we are made in this world. At last he grew melancholy and sick for want of that which he could not get. Then he sent for one who was so wise that he had more in his head than ten men together. This wise man told him that the only one who could pluck the fruit of contentment for him was the one to whom the tree belonged. This was one of the daughters of the woman who had sold the apple to him for the pot of gold.

When the King heard this he was very glad; he had his horse saddled, and he and his court rode away, and so came at last to the cottage where Christine lived. There they found the mother and the elder sisters, for Christine was away on the hills with her geese.

The King took off his hat and made a fine bow.

The wise man at home had told him this and that; now to which one of her daughters did the apple-tree belong? so said the King.

"Oh, it is my oldest daughter who owns the tree," said the woman.

So, good! Then if the oldest daughter would pluck the apple for him he would take her home and marry her and make a queen of her. Only let her get it for him without delay.

Prut! that would never do. What! was the girl to climb the apple-tree before the King and all of the court? No! no! Let the King go home, and she would bring the apple to him all in good time; that was what the woman said.

Well, the King would do that, only let her make haste, for he wanted it very much indeed.

As soon as the King had gone, the woman and her daughters sent to the hills for the goose-girl. Then they told her that the King wanted the apple yonder, and that she must pluck it for her sister to take to him; if she did not do as they said they would throw her into the well. So Christine had to pluck the fruit; and as soon as she had done so the oldest sister wrapped it up in a napkin and set off with it to the King's house, as pleased as pleased could be. Rap! tap! tap! she knocked at the door. Had she brought the apple for the King?

Oh yes, she had brought it. Here it was, all wrapped up in a fine napkin.

After that they did not let her stand outside the door till her toes were cold, I can tell you. As soon as she had come to the King she opened her napkin. Believe me or not as you please, all the same, I tell you that there was nothing in the napkin but a hard round stone. When the King saw only a stone he was so angry that he stamped like a rabbit and told them to put the girl out of the house. So they did, and she went home with a flea in her ear, I can tell you.

Then the King sent his steward to the house where Christine and her sisters lived.

He told the woman that he had come to find whether she had any other daughters.

Yes; the woman had another daughter, and, to tell the truth, it was she who owned the tree. Just let the steward go home again and the girl would fetch the apple in a little while.

As soon as the steward had gone, they sent to the hills for Christine again. Look! she must pluck the apple for the second sister to take to the King; if she did not do that they would throw her into the well.

So Christine had to pluck it and give it to the second sister, who wrapped it up in a napkin and set off for the King's house. But she fared no better than the other, for, when she opened the napkin, there was nothing in it but a lump of mud. So they packed her home again with her apron to her eyes.

After a while the King's steward came to the house again. Had the woman no other daughter than these two?

Well, yes, there was one, but she was a poor ragged thing, of no account, and fit for nothing in the world but to tend the geese.

Where was she?

Oh, she was up on the hills now tending her flock.

But could the steward see her?

Yes, he might see her, but she was nothing but a poor simpleton.

That was all very good, but the steward would like to see her, for that was what the King had sent him there for.

So there was nothing to do but to send to the hills for Christine.

After a while she came, and the steward asked her if she could pluck the apple yonder for the King.

Yes; Christine could do that easily enough. So she reached and picked it as though it had been nothing but a gooseberry on the bush. Then the steward took off his hat and made her a low bow in spite of her ragged dress, for he saw that she was the one for whom they had been looking all this time.

So Christine slipped the golden apple into her pocket, and then she and the steward set off to the King's house together.

When they had come there everybody began to titter and laugh behind the palms of their hands to see what a poor ragged goose-girl the steward had brought home with him. But for that the steward cared not a rap.

"Have you brought the apple?" said the King, as soon as Christine had come before him.

Yes; here it was; and Christine thrust her hand into her pocket and brought it forth. Then the King took a

Irwin Greenberg

great bite of it, and as soon as he had done so he looked at Christine and thought that he had never seen such a pretty girl. As for her rags, he minded them no more than one minds the spots on a cherry; that was because he had eaten of the apple of contentment.

And were they married? Of course they were! and a grand wedding it was, I can tell you. It is a pity that you were not there; but though you were not, Christine's mother and sisters were, and, what is more, they danced with the others, though I believe they would rather have danced upon pins and needles.

"Never mind," said they; "we still have the apple of contentment at home, though we cannot taste of it." But no; they had nothing of the kind. The next morning it stood before the young Queen Christine's window, just as it had at her old home, for it belonged to her and to no one else in all of the world. That was lucky for the King, for he needed a taste of it now and then as much as anybody else, and no one could pluck it for him but Christine.

*Now, that is all of this story. What does it*
*mean? Can you not see? Prut! rub*
*your spectacles and look again!*

# The Elephant's Child

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

*Illustrations by Irwin Greenberg*

IN the High and Far-Off Times the Elephant, O Best Beloved, had no trunk. He had only a blackish, bulgy nose, as big as a boot, that he could wriggle about from side to side; but he couldn't pick up things with it. But there was one Elephant—a new Elephant—an Elephant's Child—who was full of 'satiable curtiosity, and that means he asked ever so many questions. *And* he lived in Africa, and he filled all Africa with his 'satiable curtiosities. He asked his tall aunt, the Ostrich, why her tail-feathers grew just so, and his tall aunt the Ostrich spanked him with her hard, hard claw. He asked his tall uncle, the Giraffe, what made his skin spotty, and his tall uncle, the Giraffe, spanked him with his hard, hard hoof. And still he was full of 'satiable curtiosity! He asked his broad aunt, the Hippopotamus, why her eyes were red, and his broad aunt, the Hippopotamus, spanked him with her broad, broad hoof; and he asked his hairy uncle, the Baboon, why melons tasted just so, and his hairy uncle, the Baboon, spanked him with his hairy, hairy paw. And *still* he was full of 'satiable curtiosity! He asked questions about everything that he saw, or heard, or felt, or smelt, or touched, and all his uncles and his aunts spanked him. And still he was full of 'satiable curtiosity!

One fine morning in the middle of the Precession of the Equinoxes this 'satiable Elephant's Child asked a new fine question that he had never asked before. He asked,

From *Just So Stories*, by Rudyard Kipling, copyright 1912 by Rudyard Kipling. Published by Doubleday & Company, Inc.

"What does the Crocodile have for dinner?" Then everybody said, "Hush!" in a loud and dretful tone, and they spanked him immediately and directly, without stopping, for a long time.

By and by, when that was finished, he came upon Kolokolo Bird sitting in the middle of a wait-a-bit thorn-bush, and he said, "My father has spanked me, and my mother has spanked me; all my aunts and uncles have spanked me for my 'satiable curtiosity; and *still* I want to know what the Crocodile has for dinner!"

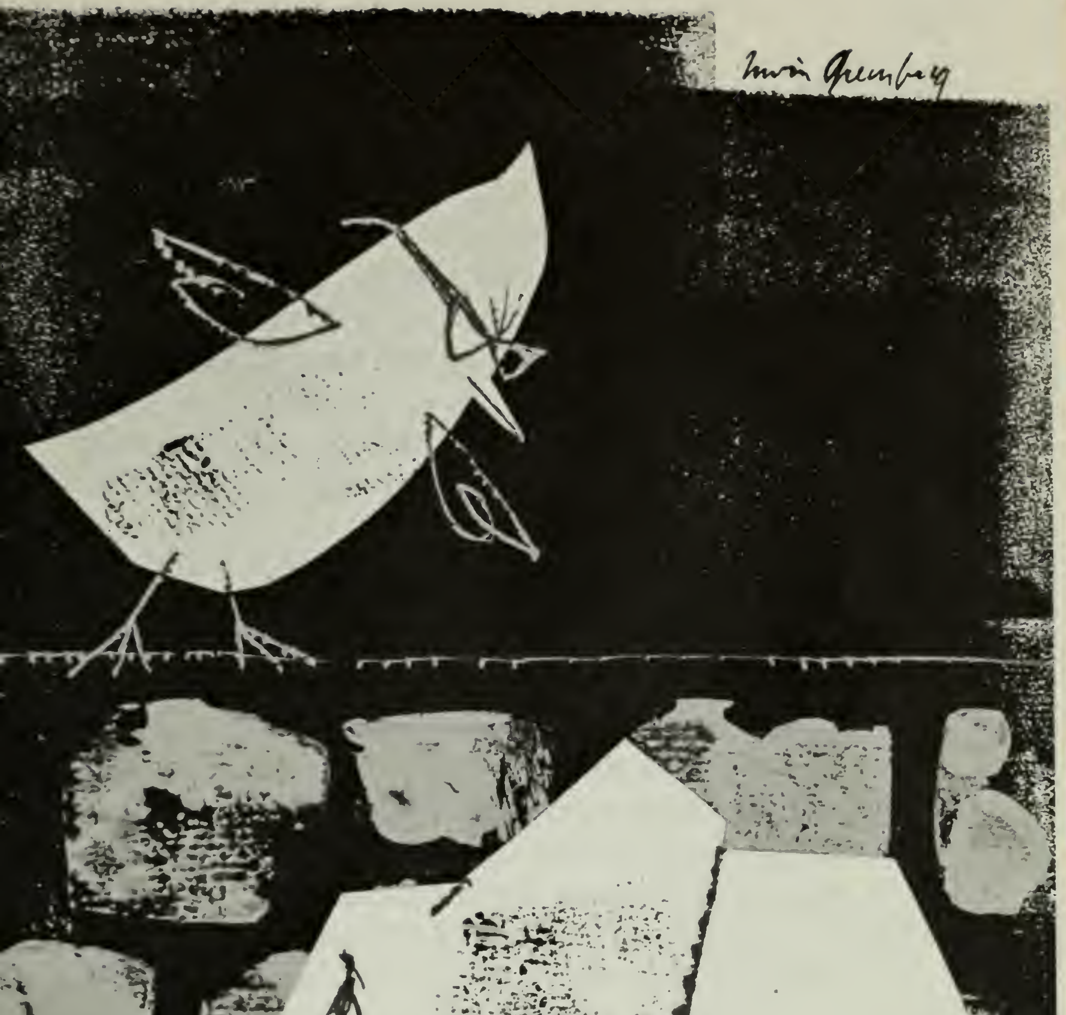
The Kolokolo Bird said, with a mournful cry, "Go to the banks of the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo River, all set about with fever-trees, and find out."

That very next morning, when there was nothing left of the Equinoxes, because the Precession had preceded according to precedent, this 'satiable Elephant's Child took a hundred pounds of bananas (the little short red kind), and a hundred pounds of sugar-cane (the long purple kind), and seventeen melons (the greeny-crackly kind), and said to all his dear families, "Good-bye. I am going to the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo River, all set about with fever-trees, to find out what the Crocodile has for dinner." And they spanked him once more for luck, though he asked them most politely to stop.

Then he went away, a little warm, but not at all astonished, eating melons, and throwing the rind about, because he could not pick it up.

He went from Graham's Town to Kimberley, and from Kimberley to Khama's Country, and from Khama's Country he went east by north, eating melons all the time, till at last he came to the banks of the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo River, all set about with fever-trees, precisely as Kolokolo Bird had said.

Now you must know and understand, O Best Beloved, that till that very week, and day, and hour, and minute,


Irwin Greenberg

this 'satiable Elephant's Child had never seen a Crocodile, and did not know what one was like. It was all his 'satiable curtiosity.

The first thing that he found was a Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake curled round a rock.

"'Scuse me," said the Elephant's Child most politely, "but have you seen such a thing as a Crocodile in these promiscuous parts?"

"*Have* I seen a Crocodile?" said the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake, in a voice of dretful scorn. "What will you ask me next?"

"'Scuse me," said the Elephant's Child, "but could you kindly tell me what he has for dinner?"

Then the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake uncoiled himself very quickly from the rock, and spanked the Elephant's Child with his scalesome, flailsome tail.

"That is odd," said the Elephant's Child, "because my father and my mother, and my uncle and my aunt, not to mention my other aunt, the Hippopotamus, and my other uncle, the Baboon, have all spanked me for my 'satiable curtiosity—and I suppose this is the same thing."

So he said good-bye very politely to the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake, and helped to coil him up on the rock again, and went on, a little warm, but not at all astonished, eating melons, and throwing the rind about, because he could not pick it up, till he trod on what he thought was a log of wood at the very edge of the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo River, all set about with fever-trees.

But it was really the Crocodile, O Best Beloved, and the Crocodile winked one eye—like this!

"'Scuse me," said the Elephant's Child most politely, "but do you happen to have seen a Crocodile in these promiscuous parts?"

Then the Crocodile winked the other eye, and lifted half his tail out of the mud; and the Elephant's Child stepped back most politely, because he did not wish to be spanked again.

"Come hither, Little One," said the Crocodile. "Why do you ask such things?"

"'Scuse me," said the Elephant's Child most politely, "but my father has spanked me, my mother has spanked me, not to mention my tall aunt, the Ostrich, and my tall uncle, the Giraffe, who can kick ever so hard, as well as my broad aunt, the Hippopotamus, and my hairy uncle, the Baboon, *and* including the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake, with the scalesome, flailsome tail, just up the bank, who spanks harder than any of them; and *so*, if it's quite all the same to you, I don't want to be spanked any more."

"Come hither, Little One," said the Crocodile, "for I am the Crocodile," and he wept crocodile-tears to show it was quite true.

Then the Elephant's Child grew all breathless, and panted, and kneeled down on the bank and said, "You are the very person I have been looking for all these long days. Will you please tell me what you have for dinner?"

"Come hither, Little One," said the Crocodile, "and I'll whisper."

Then the Elephant's Child put his head down close to the Crocodile's musky, tusky mouth, and the Crocodile caught him by his little nose, which up to that very week, day, hour, and minute, had been no bigger than a boot, though much more useful.

"I think," said the Crocodile—and he said it between his teeth, like this—"I think today I will begin with Elephant's Child!"

At this, O Best Beloved, the Elephant's Child was much annoyed, and he said, speaking through his nose, like this, "Led go! You are hurtig be!"

Then the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake scuffled down from the bank and said, "My young friend, if you do not now, immediately and instantly, pull as hard as ever you can, it is my opinion that your acquaintance in the large-pattern leather ulster" (and by this he meant the Crocodile) "will jerk you into yonder limpid stream before you can say Jack Robinson."

This is the way Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snakes always talk.

Then the Elephant's Child sat back on his little haunches, and pulled, and pulled, and pulled, and his nose began to stretch. And the Crocodile floundered into the water, making it all creamy with great sweeps of his tail, and *he* pulled, and pulled, and pulled.

And the Elephant's Child's nose kept on stretching; and the Elephant's Child spread all his little four legs and pulled, and pulled, and pulled, and his nose kept on stretching; and the Crocodile threshed his tail like an oar, and *he* pulled, and pulled, and pulled, and at each pull the Elephant's Child's nose grew longer and longer —and it hurt him hijjus!

Then the Elephant's Child felt his legs slipping, and he said through his nose, which was now nearly five feet long, "This is too butch for be!"

Then the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake came down from the bank, and knotted himself in a double-clove-hitch round the Elephant's Child's hind legs, and said, "Rash and inexperienced traveller, we will now seriously devote ourselves to a little high tension, because if we do not, it is my impression that yonder self-propelling man-of-war with the armour-plated upper deck" (and by this, O Best Beloved, he meant the Crocodile), "will permanently vitiate your future career."

That is the way all Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snakes always talk.

So he pulled, and the Elephant's Child pulled, and the Crocodile pulled; but the Elephant's Child and the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake pulled hardest; and at last the Crocodile let go of the Elephant's Child's nose with a plop that you could hear all up and down the Limpopo.

Then the Elephant's Child sat down most hard and sudden; but first he was careful to say 'Thank you' to the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake; and next he was kind to his poor pulled nose, and wrapped it all up in cool banana leaves, and hung it in the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo to cool.

"What are you doing that for?" said the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake.

"'Scuse me," said the Elephant's Child, "but my nose is badly out of shape, and I am waiting for it to shrink."

"Then you will have to wait a long time," said the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake. "Some people do not know what is good for them."

The Elephant's Child sat there for three days waiting for his nose to shrink. But it never grew any shorter, and, besides, it made him squint. For, O Best Beloved, you will see and understand that the Crocodile had pulled it out into a really truly trunk same as all Elephants have to-day.

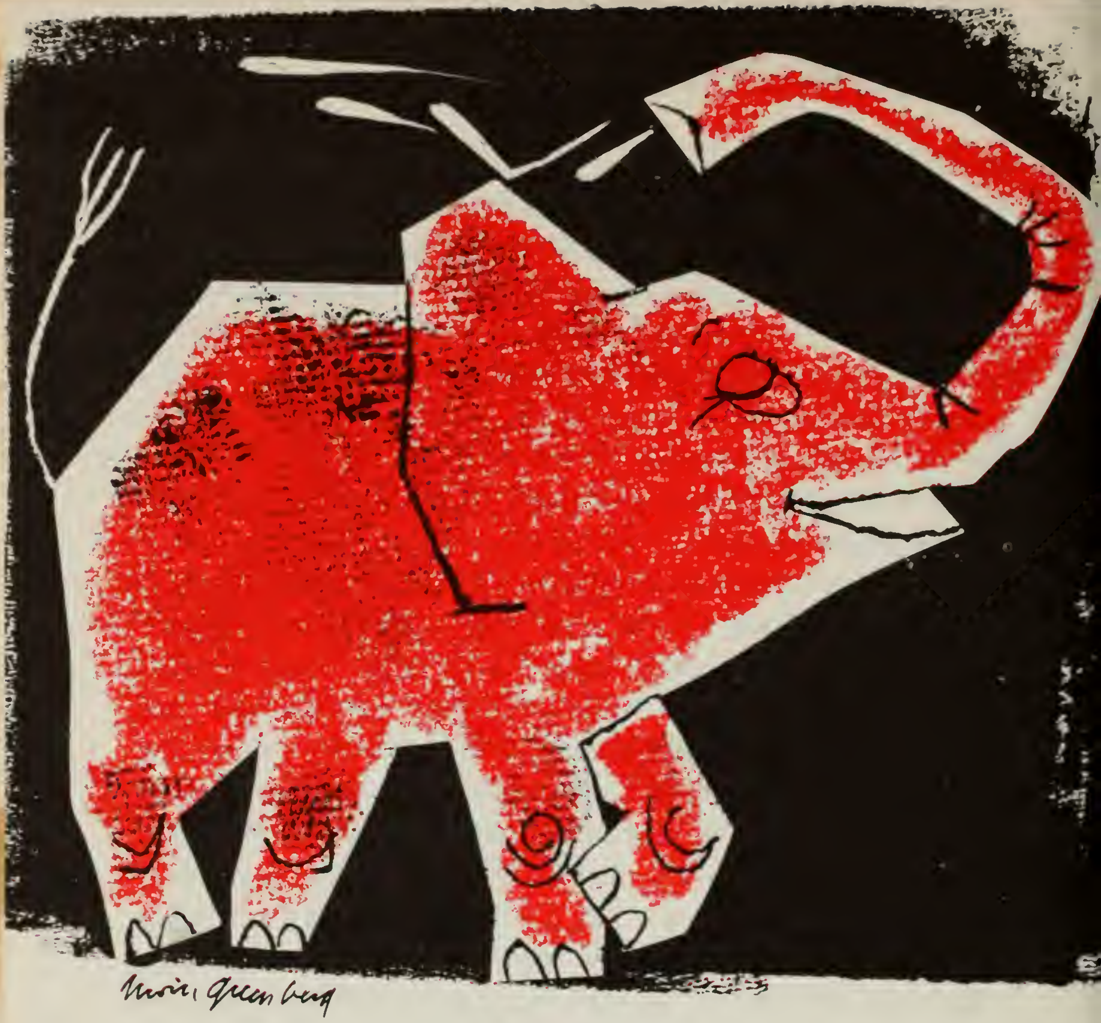
At the end of the third day a fly came and stung him on the shoulder, and before he knew what he was doing he lifted up his trunk and hit that fly dead with the end of it.

"'Vantage number one!" said the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake. "You couldn't have done that with a mere-smear nose. Try and eat a little now."

Before he thought what he was doing the Elephant's Child put out his trunk and plucked a large bundle of grass, dusted it clean against his fore-legs, and stuffed it into his own mouth.

"'Vantage number two!" said the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake. "You couldn't have done that with a mere-smear nose. Don't you think the sun is very hot here?"

"It is," said the Elephant's Child, and before he thought



what he was doing he schlooped up a schloop of mud from the banks of the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo, and slapped it on his head, where it made a cool schloopy-sloshy mud-cap all trickly behind his ears.

“’Vantage number three!” said the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake. “You couldn’t have done that with a mere-smear nose. Now how do you feel about being spanked again?”

“’Scuse me,” said the Elephant’s Child, “but I should not like it at all.”

“How would you like to spank somebody?” said the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake.

“I should like it very much indeed,” said the Elephant’s Child.

"Well," said the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake, "you will find that new nose of yours very useful to spank people with."

"Thank you," said the Elephant's Child, "I'll remember that; and now I think I'll go home to all my dear families and try."

So the Elephant's Child went home across Africa frisking and whisking his trunk. When he wanted fruit to eat he pulled fruit down from a tree, instead of waiting for it to fall as he used to do. When he wanted grass he plucked grass up from the ground, instead of going on his knees as he used to do. When the flies bit him he broke off the branch of a tree and used it as a fly-whisk; and he made himself a new, cool, slushy-squshy mud-cap whenever the sun was hot. When he felt lonely walking through Africa he sang to himself down his trunk, and the noise was louder than several brass bands. He went especially out of his way to find a broad Hippopotamus (she was no relation of his), and he spanked her very hard, to make sure that the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake had spoken the truth about his new trunk. The rest of the time he picked up the melon rinds that he had dropped on his way to the Limpopo—for he was a Tidy Pachyderm.

One dark evening he came back to all his dear families, and he coiled up his trunk and said, "How do you do?" They were very glad to see him, and immediately said, "Come here and be spanked for your 'satiable curtiosity."

"Pooh," said the Elephant's Child. "I don't think you peoples know anything about spanking; but *I* do, and I'll show you."

Then he uncurled his trunk and knocked two of his dear brothers head over heels.

"O Bananas!" said they. "Where did you learn that trick, and what have you done to your nose?"

"I got a new one from the Crocodile on the banks of the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo River," said the Elephant's Child. "I asked him what he had for dinner, and he gave me this to keep."

"It looks very ugly," said his hairy uncle, the Baboon.

"It does," said the Elephant's Child. "But it's very useful," and he picked up his hairy uncle, the Baboon, by one hairy leg, and hove him into a hornets' nest.

Then that bad Elephant's Child spanked all his dear families for a long time, till they were very warm and greatly astonished. He pulled out his tall Ostrich aunt's tail-feathers; and he caught his tall uncle, the Giraffe, by the hind-leg, and dragged him through a thorn-bush; and he shouted at his broad aunt, the Hippopotamus, and blew bubbles into her ear when she was sleeping in the water after meals; but he never let any one touch Kolokolo Bird.

At last things grew so exciting that his dear families went off one by one in a hurry to the banks of the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo River, all set about with fever-trees, to borrow new noses from the Crocodile. When they came back nobody spanked anybody any more; and ever since that day, O Best Beloved, all the Elephants you will ever see, besides all those that you won't, have trunks precisely like the trunk of the 'satiable Elephant's Child.

# How the Animals Lost Their Tails and Got Them Back Traveling from Philadelphia to Medicine Hat

BY CARL SANDBURG

*Illustrations by Maud and Miska Petersham*

FAR up in North America, near the Saskatchewan river, in the Winnipeg wheat country, not so far from the town of Moose Jaw named for the jaw of a moose shot by a hunter there, up where the blizzards and the chinooks begin, where nobody works unless they have to and they nearly all have to, there stands the place known as Medicine Hat.

And there on a high stool in a high tower on a high hill sits the Head Spotter of the Weather Makers.

When the animals lost their tails it was because the Head Spotter of the Weather Makers at Medicine Hat was careless.

The tails of the animals were stiff and dry because for a long while there was dusty dry weather. Then at last came rain. And the water from the sky poured on the tails of the animals and softened them.

Then the chilly chills came whistling with icy mittens and they froze all the tails stiff. A big wind blew up and blew and blew till all the tails of the animals blew off.

It was easy for the fat stub hogs with their fat stub tails. But it was not so easy for the blue fox who uses his tail to help him when he runs, when he eats, when he walks or talks, when he makes pictures or writes letters

From *Rootabaga Stories*, by Carl Sandburg. Copyright 1922, 1923, by Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc.; copyright 1950, 1951 by Carl Sandburg.

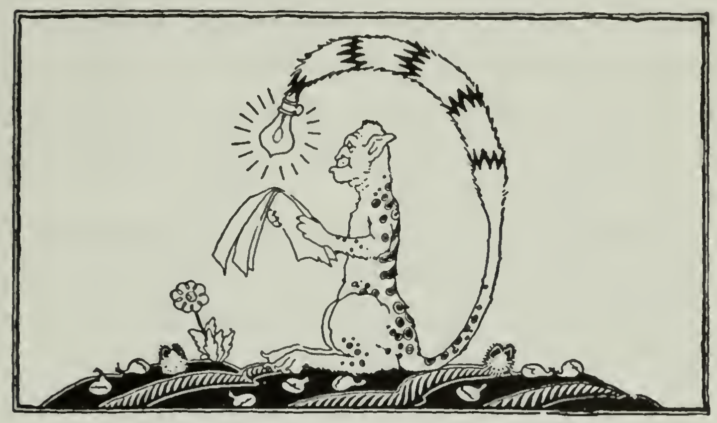
in the snow or when he puts a snack of bacon meat with stripes of fat and lean to hide till he wants it under a big rock by a river.

It was easy enough for the rabbit who has long ears and no tail at all except a white thumb of cotton. But it was hard for the yellow flongboo who at night lights up his house in a hollow tree with his fire yellow torch of a tail. It is hard for the yellow flongboo to lose his tail because it lights up his way when he sneaks at night on the prairie, sneaking up on the flangwayers, the hippers and hangjasts, so good to eat.

The animals picked a committee of representatives to represent them in a parleyhoo to see what steps could be taken by talking to do something. There were sixty-six representatives on the committee and they decided to call it the Committee of Sixty Six. It was a distinguished committee and when they all sat together holding their mouths under their noses (just like a distinguished committee) and blinking their eyes up over their noses and cleaning their ears and scratching themselves under the chin looking thoughtful (just like a distinguished committee) then anybody would say just to look at them, "This must be quite a distinguished committee."

Of course, they would all have looked more distinguished if they had had their tails on. If the big wavy streak of a blue tail blows off behind a blue fox, he doesn't look near so distinguished. Or, if the long yellow torch of a tail blows off behind a yellow flongboo, he doesn't look so distinguished as he did before the wind blew.

So the Committee of Sixty Six had a meeting and a parleyhoo to decide what steps could be taken by talking to do something. For chairman they picked an old flongboo who was an umpire and used to umpire many mixups. Among the flongboos he was called "the umpire of umpires," "the king of umpires," "the prince of umpires," "the peer of umpires." When there was a fight and a snag and a wrangle between two families living next door neighbors to each other and this old flongboo was called in to umpire and to say which family was right and which family was wrong, which family started it and which family ought to stop it, he used to say, "The best umpire is the one who knows just how far to go and how far not to go." He was from Massachusetts, born near Chappaquiddick, this old flongboo, and he lived there in a horse chestnut tree six feet thick half way between South Hadley and Northampton. And at night, before he lost his tail, he lighted up the big hollow cave inside the horse chestnut tree with his yellow torch of a tail.



After he was nominated with speeches and elected with votes to be the chairman, he stood up on the platform and took a gavel and banged with the gavel and made the Committee of Sixty Six come to order.

"It is no picnic to lose your tail and we are here for business," he said, banging his gavel again.

A blue fox from Waco, Texas, with his ears full of dry bluebonnet leaves from a hole where he lived near the Brazos river, stood up and said, "Mr. Chairman, do I have the floor?"

"You have whatever you get away with—I get your number," said the chairman.

"I make a motion," said the blue fox from Waco, "and I move you, Sir, that this committee get on a train at Philadelphia and ride on the train till it stops and then take another train and take more trains and keep on riding till we get to Medicine Hat, near the Saskatchewan river, in the Winnipeg wheat country where the Head Spotter of the Weather Makers sits on a high stool in a high tower on a high hill spotting the weather. There we will ask him if he will respectfully let us beseech him to bring back weather that will bring back our tails. It was the weather took away our tails; it is the weather can bring back our tails."

"All in favor of the motion," said the chairman, "will clean their right ears with their right paws."

And all the blue foxes and the yellow flongboos began cleaning their right ears with their right paws.

"All who are against the motion will clean their left ears with their left paws," said the chairman.

And all the blue foxes and all the yellow flongboos began cleaning their left ears with their left paws.

"The motion is carried both ways—it is a razmataz," said the chairman. "Once again, all in favor of the motion will stand up on the toes of their hind legs and stick their noses straight up in the air." And all the blue foxes and all the yellow flongboos stood up on the toes of their hind legs and stuck their noses straight up in the air.

"And now," said the chairman, "all who are against the motion will stand on the top and the apex of their heads, stick their hind legs straight up in the air, and make a noise like a woof woof."

And then not one of the blue foxes and not one of the yellow flongboos stood on the top and the apex of his head nor stuck his hind legs up in the air nor made a noise like a woof woof.

"The motion is carried and this is no picnic," said the chairman.

So the committee went to Philadelphia to get on a train to ride on.

"Would you be so kind as to tell us the way to the union depot," the chairman asked a policeman. It was the first time a flongboo ever spoke to a policeman on the streets of Philadelphia.

"It pays to be polite," said the policeman.

"May I ask you again if you would kindly direct us to the union depot? We wish to ride on a train," said the flongboo.

"Polite persons and angry persons are different kinds," said the policeman.

The flongboo's eyes changed their lights and a slow torch of fire sprang out behind where his tail used to be. And speaking to the policeman, he said, "Sir, I must inform you, publicly and respectfully, that we are The Committee of Sixty Six. We are honorable and distinguished representatives from places your honest and ignorant geography never told you about. This committee is going to ride on the cars to Medicine Hat near the Saskatchewan river in the Winnipeg wheat country where the blizzards and chinooks begin. We have a special message and a secret errand for the Head Spotter of the Weather Makers."

"I am a polite friend of all respectable people—that is why I wear this star to arrest people who are not respectable," said the policeman, touching with his pointing finger the silver and nickel star fastened with a safety pin on his blue uniform coat.

"This is the first time ever in the history of the United States that a committee of sixty-six blue foxes and flongboos has ever visited a city in the United States," insinuated the flongboo.

"I beg to be mistaken," finished the policeman. "The union depot is under that clock." And he pointed to a clock near by.

"I thank you for myself, I thank you for the Committee of Sixty Six, I thank you for the sake of all the animals in the United States who have lost their tails," finished the chairman.

Over to the Philadelphia union depot they went, all sixty-six, half blue foxes, half flongboos. As they pattered pitty-pat, pitty-pat, each with feet and toenails, ears and hair, everything but tails, into the Philadelphia union depot, they had nothing to say. And yet though they had nothing to say the passengers in the union depot waiting for trains thought they had something to say and were saying it. So the passengers in the union depot waiting for trains listened. But with all their listening the passengers never heard the blue foxes and yellow flongboos say anything.

"They are saying it to each other in some strange language from where they belong," said one passenger waiting for a train.

"They have secrets to keep among each other, and never tell us," said another passenger.

"We will find out all about it reading the newspapers upside down to-morrow morning," said a third passenger.

Then the blue foxes and the yellow flongboos pattered pitty-pat, pitty-pat, each with feet and toenails, ears and hair, everything except tails, pattered scritch scratch over the stone floors out into the train shed. They climbed into a special smoking car hooked on ahead of the engine.

"This car hooked on ahead of the engine was put on special for us so we will always be ahead and we will get there before the train does," said the chairman to the committee.

The train ran out of the train shed. It kept on the tracks and never left the rails. It came to the Horseshoe Curve near Altoona where the tracks bend like a big horseshoe. Instead of going around the long winding bend of the horseshoe tracks up and around the mountains, the train acted different. The train jumped off the tracks down into the valley and cut across in a straight line on a cut-off, jumped on the tracks again and went on toward Ohio.

The conductor said, "If you are going to jump the train off the tracks, tell us about it beforehand."

"When we lost our tails nobody told us about it beforehand," said the old flongboo umpire.

Two baby blue foxes, the youngest on the committee, sat on the front platform. Mile after mile of chimneys went by. Four hundred smokestacks stood in a row and tubs on tubs of sooty black soot marched out.

"This is the place where the black cats come to be washed," said the first baby blue fox.

"I believe your affidavit," said the second blue fox.

Crossing Ohio and Indiana at night the flongboos took off the roof of the car. The conductor told them, "I must have an explanation." "It was between us and the stars," they told him.

The train ran into Chicago. That afternoon there were pictures upside down in the newspapers showing the blue foxes and the yellow flongboos climbing telephone poles standing on their heads eating pink ice cream with iron axes.

Each blue fox and yellow flongboo got a newspaper for himself and each one looked long and careful upside down to see how he looked in the picture in the newspaper climbing a telephone pole standing on his head eating pink ice cream with an iron ax.

Crossing Minnesota the sky began to fill with the snow ghosts of Minnesota snow weather. Again the foxes and flongboos lifted the roof off the car, telling the conductor they would rather wreck the train than miss the big show of the snow ghosts of the first Minnesota snow weather of the winter.

Some went to sleep but the two baby blue foxes stayed up all night watching the snow ghosts and telling snow ghost stories to each other.

Early in the night the first baby blue fox said to the second, "Who are the snow ghosts the ghosts of?" The second baby blue fox answered, "Everybody who makes a snowball, a snow man, a snow fox or a snow fish or a snow pattycake, everybody has a snow ghost."

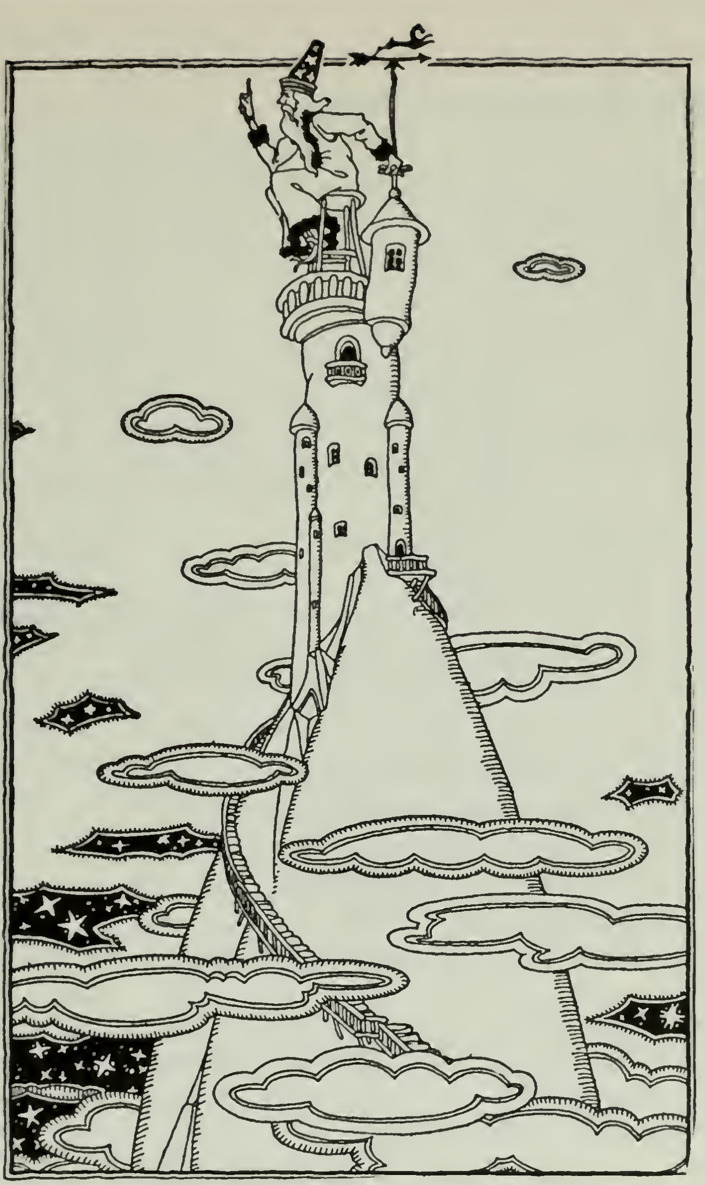
And that was only the beginning of their talk. It would take a big book to tell all that the two baby foxes told each other that night about the Minnesota snow ghosts, because they sat up all night telling old stories their fathers and mothers and grandfathers and grandmothers told them, and making up new stories never heard before about where the snow ghosts go on Christmas morning and how the snow ghosts watch the New Year in.

Somewhere between Winnipeg and Moose Jaw, somewhere it was they stopped the train and all ran out in the snow where the white moon was shining down a valley of birch trees. It was the Snowbird Valley where all the snowbirds of Canada come early in the winter and make their snow shoes.

At last they came to Medicine Hat, near the Saskatchewan river, where the blizzards and the chinooks begin, where nobody works unless they have to and they nearly all have to. There they ran in the snow till they came to the place where the Head Spotter of the Weather Makers sits on a high stool in a high tower on a high hill watching the weather.

"Let loose another big wind to blow back our tails to us, let loose a big freeze to freeze our tails onto us again, and so let us get back our lost tails," they said to the Head Spotter of the Weather Makers.

Which was just what he did, giving them exactly what they wanted, so they all went back home satisfied, the



blue foxes each with a big wavy brush of a tail to help him when he runs, when he eats, when he walks or talks, when he makes pictures or writes letters in the snow or when he puts a snack of bacon meat with stripes of fat and lean to hide till he wants it under a big rock by the river—and the yellow flongboos each with a long yellow torch of a tail to light up his home in a hollow tree or to light up his way when he sneaks at night on the prairie, sneaking up on the flangwayer, the hipper or the hangjast.

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